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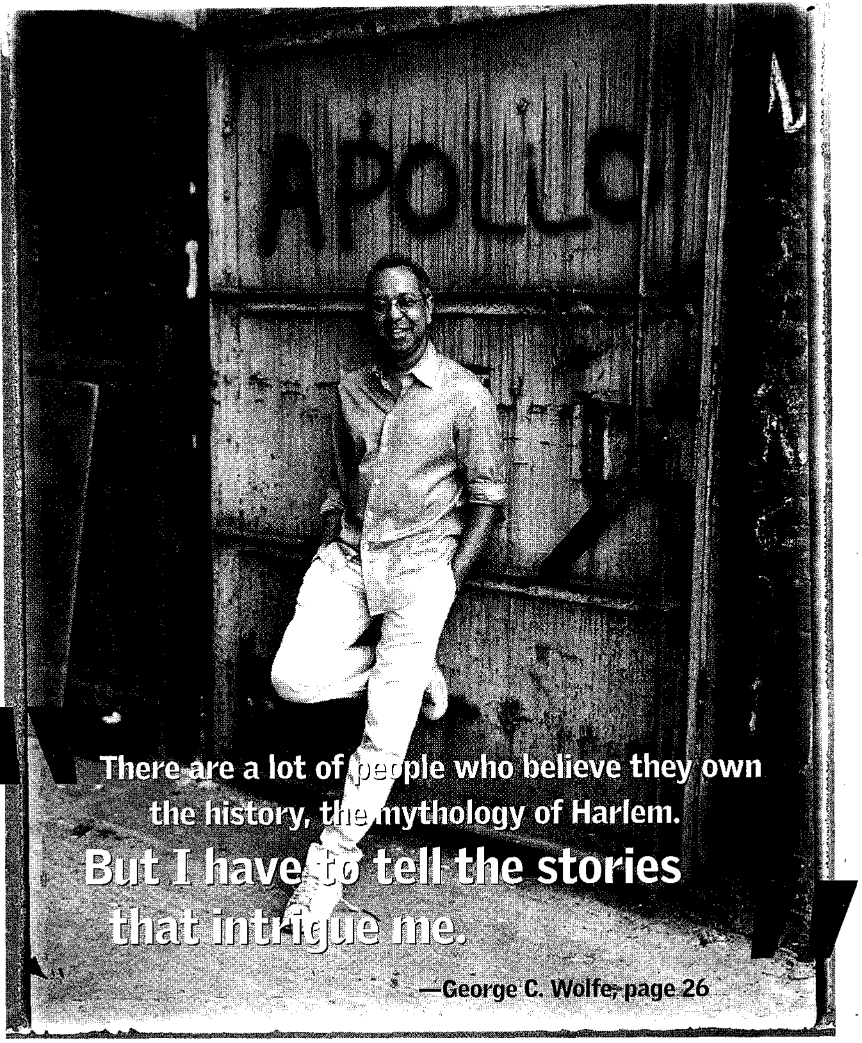

"There are a lot of people who believe they own the history, the mythology of Harlem. But I have to tell the stories that intrigue me."

—George C. Wolfe, page 26

20 Life and Debt By Melanie Thernstrom

Maxed out your credit line even though you bring home a paycheck that would allow you to live perfectly comfortably anywhere but here? Spending too much is a New Yorker's characteristic affliction. But the solution isn't always a new accountant or a new job or, God help us, a new credit card. Therapists are now treating overspending as a disorder with a dynamic all its own. And the symptoms are painfully familiar.

26 Showtime—Again—at the Apollo

By Craig Horowitz

Bringing back the Apollo, and making it the flagship of a resurgent Harlem, is a dream that's been deferred numerous times over the past few decades. George C. Wolfe's *Harlem Song* headlines the latest and most ambitious attempt, with an open-ended run, a shrewd marketing plan, and a tourist-friendly deal with Gray Line buses.

32 Down and Out By Ben Kaplan

He's young, straight, and eager to please. But suddenly, though his heart is willing, the flesh is, well, weak. And he's not alone. Just as women all over town have become more assertive about their sexual needs, a surprising number of men in their twenties and thirties are having trouble holding up their side. What gives? A candid account of one man's odyssey through the weird (did we mention terrifying?) world of ED—that's erectile dysfunction—treatment and therapy.

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVA MUELLER.

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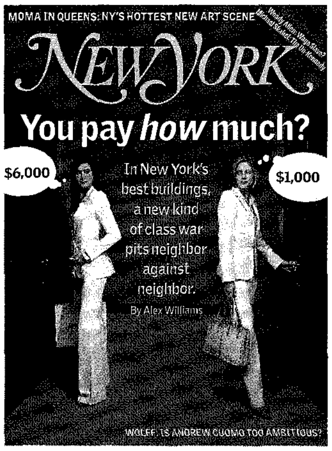
Letters

> **"Resentment and envy are getting in the way of the real issue: the landlords, who want to do away with all rent regulation."**
>
> —Debra Cardona

Upstairs, Downstairs

Your article on rent control in New York ["Rent Asunder," by Alex Williams, June 17] points to the illogic of a system that neither protects the poor nor serves to promote efficiency and improvement in the real-estate market. It would be much wiser if the state provided vouchers for those with incomes below a certain level that could be used to defray the costs of renting. Under the current system, rent control is a selective tax on property owners, one that progressive New Yorkers may favor in principle but is patently unfair and breeds resentment and hostility among neighbors. New York should follow the example of Massachusetts, which eliminated rent control about eight years ago.
Jeff Kahana, QUEENS


MOMA IN QUEENS: NY'S HOTTEST NEW ART SCENE
Woody Allen: Wage Slave?
Michael Skakel: The Un-Kennedy
NEW YORK
You pay *how* much?
$6,000
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In New York's best buildings, a new kind of class war pits neighbor against neighbor.
By Alex Williams
WOLFF: IS ANDREW CUOMO TOO AMBITIOUS?

Alex Williams unfairly implies that all rent-stabilized tenants are wealthy, selfish system abusers with second homes. In fact, many of us are in unrenovated studios and one-bedrooms with decrepit, wood-rotted windows, intermittent hot water, and poorly lit hallways. We may have affordable rents, but we have lousy services.
Jane Robinson, MANHATTAN

Rent control and rent stabilization are often demonized for artificially inflating New York real-estate prices, yet the real problem is with landlords. Landlords insist they need high rents to make up for being forced to keep some rents abnormally low, and yet, even without rent control, landlords would continue to charge extremely high prices for spaces barely worth anything.
Jason Andra, MANHATTAN

I am a shareholder in a Washington Heights co-op, and many of my neighbors living in apartments identical to mine are protected by rent control. I have never felt anything but neighborly toward them, and there is no feeling in the buildings of "us vs. them." This leads me to believe that the problem lies with the new breed of spoiled and overindulged owners and renters, such as the ones interviewed in Alex Williams's article.
Katie Bowen-Kosh, MANHATTAN

Your article could have emphasized how reasonable rents would be if we got rid of rent regulations. New York is not a terribly expensive place to live; according to 2000 Census data, the median rent in New York City is still only $705 a month. It's just that rent regulations distort the market. Half the city's apartments almost never change hands, which means that everyone else must shop for the unregulated half, driving unregulated rents higher.
William Tucker, BROOKLYN

I couldn't help being amused by one rent-controlled tenant's contention ("Without rent control, it would be a city of bland, boring rich people") that being impecunious somehow makes one interesting. Really, what could be *less* interesting than the lockstep "nonconformity" of New York's pseudo-boho types?
Jeffrey Gross, BROOKLYN

How irresponsible of you to incite people to blame their neighbors for their landlords' greed. Most of the rent-stabilized and rent-controlled tenants where I live are retired persons living on fixed incomes, and many of them are active in local issues. It is these old-timers, not the self-absorbed newcomers obsessed with having a "hot" address, who make a neighborhood a community.
Miriam Sarzin, MANHATTAN

The first person to agree to pay $6,000 a month for an apartment worth only $800 was a fool. If no one had ever agreed to pay these inflated prices in the first place, no landlord would ever have charged so much. Resentment and envy are getting in the way of the real issue. Rent-stabilized tenants are not the problem. It is the landlords, who have wanted to do away with all rent regulations so that they can be free to charge whatever they wish.
Debra Cardona, MANHATTAN

Oh, how my heart bled for all those beleaguered apartment-dwellers who weren't lucky enough to fall into a rent-control situation. And you really wrenched my heart when you wrote about that poor family that had to suffer the horrible indignity of moving to (of all places) New Jersey!
Larissa Kebuz, MAPLEWOOD, N.J.

For those hoping their elderly neighbors with rent-controlled apartments might die: My aunt moved into such a situation when widowed in 1961, her living room commanding a view of the park and swallowing two nine-by-twelve rugs. She was paying less than $300 a month when she died 40 years later at 103.
Norma Hutman, ONEONTA, N.Y.

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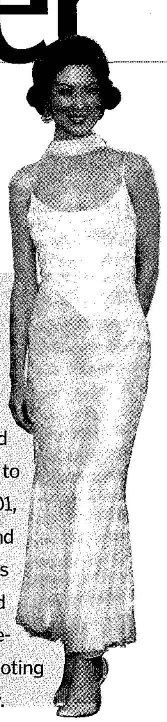
Intelligencer

By Marc S. Malkin

Lara Flynn Boyle and Matthew Perry: More Than Friends?



Lara Flynn Boyle just keeps us guessing. While her on-again-off-again beau **Jack Nicholson** accompanied her to last week's private screening of *Men In Black II* at director **Barry Sonnenfeld**'s house in East Hampton, we hear Boyle's been getting cozy on the West Coast with *Friends* star **Matthew Perry**. A source tells us they started seeing each other after bonding during the *MIB* premiere party on the Santa Monica Pier on June 26. Boyle and Perry, both 32, have certainly had their share of celebrity romances. Perry was linked to **Julia Roberts** in 1996 and former ABC entertainment president **Jamie Tarses** in 2001, and in the last month alone, he's been spotted with **Heather Graham**, **Amanda Peet**, and tennis champ **Jennifer Capriati**. In addition to Big Jack, Boyle's fueled the gossip mills with links to **David Spade** in 1999, followed by **Harrison Ford** a few months later, and then, about a year ago, **Eric Dane**, the hunkster who played Dr. Wyatt Cooper on the defunct TV medical drama *Gideon's Crossing*. Coincidentally, Nicholson is currently shooting *Anger Management*, which co-stars **Krista Allen**, another gal recently attached to Perry.

Calvin Klein Plays House

Calvin Klein can't seem to make up his mind when it comes to the layout of his new triplex in **Richard Meier**'s building on Perry Street. So he's asked **John Pawson**—the minimalist architect behind Klein's stores in New York, London, Paris, Tokyo, and Seoul, among others—to construct a temporary layout, complete with stairs and walls. Before anything is permanently installed, Klein will get a feel for his new place with a full-scale wooden replica fitted into the raw space. Estimated cost? $250,000. But that's mere pin money to the fashion icon. He reportedly bought the place for $14 million—and that doesn't include Pawson's $9 million decorating budget.

Don DeLillo Gets Writer's Block

Don DeLillo's play *Valparaiso* got great reviews in Montreal and San Diego, but the playwright is trying to shut out New York critics when it hits town this month. Rude Mechanicals Theater Company, which is producing the show at the Blue Heron Arts Center, isn't comping any press tickets. "They said I could buy one if I agreed not to write anything," one journalist told us. A rep for the theater said there are no press tickets because the New York show is a workshop and not a full-scale production and that the company disinvited critics as soon as it learned of the no-media clause in DeLillo's contract.

Food for Thought

Something smells fishy at Citarella. The gourmet grocery has apparently served up a lawsuit against the Latino advocacy group Workers in Action Committee after it staged a protest and distributed flyers outside the Upper West Side store in support of three former workers. According to WAC, **Facundo Bravo**, an eight-year veteran, arrived at work one day to discover he was being replaced as pasta manager. WAC says management ordered Bravo, **Jose Mercado**, and **Jesus Mercado** to train Bravo's successor, who just happened to be Italian. When they refused, says WAC, they were fired and are still owed vacation pay. Citarella did not return calls for comment.

Lizzie Grubman Goes Bargain Hunting

It appears **Lizzie Grubman** is ready to pay her debt to society. Sort of. A source tells us that during plea-bargaining discussions, the possibility of community service came up, at which point Grubman's attorneys suggested the embattled P.R. princess put her skills to work for the Fresh Air Fund. Prosecutors were unimpressed, insisting that the gig would be too easy for Grubman since she's already done pro bono work for the nonprofit children's group. Instead, our source says, prosecutors would like to see Grubman undertake some "hard community service," like working at a maximum-security prison. Assistant district attorney **Joy Watson** would say only that "no agreement whatsoever in regards to a plea bargain has been made." Grubman lawyer **Stephen Scaring** declined to comment. The case should go to trial in the fall. If convicted, Grubman could face up to eight years in jail, although most observers believe she won't have to serve any time behind bars.

TOO KOOL: Dutch architect **Rem Koolhaas** has no problem with American money, he just doesn't like Americans. During a meeting with U.S. journalists in his Rotterdam office recently, he launched into a diatribe, snarling that "Americans are anti-European." We're also told that after we revealed details of his proposed Whitney Museum expansion last month, the small-scale model in his office was covered with garbage bags, and visitors must now sign confidentiality agreements.

SAM I AM: He may be the new "It" man of insider trading, but there are still some who haven't heard of **Sam Waksal**, even in his own backyard. The embattled ImClone honcho was spotted last week buying a bag of groceries at Barefoot Contessa in East Hampton, telling the cashier to add the tab to his house account. The clueless cashier asked him to repeat his name. Looking quite perturbed, he grunted, "Waksal—W-A-K-S-A-L!"

With Catherine Townsend.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, DEBBIE VAN STORY/IMAGEDIRECT; TSUNI/IMAGEDIRECT; HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS.

Scene

Back in Black

"I never make the scene," joked **Steven Spielberg** during the East Hampton premiere of *Men in Black II*, which benefited the Hayground School. He and wife **Kate Capshaw** were holding court in the back room of Nick & Toni's. Suddenly, a rail-thin **Lara Flynn Boyle** made her entrance, effusing, "I can't believe I get to be in a major blockbuster." Behind her trailed **Jack Nicholson** and the film's director, **Barry Sonnenfeld.** Outside, in the tent, **Roy Scheider**, one of the school's founders, beamed at the evening's success. "Everyone is so disgusted and despondent about the thing that called itself a documentary. It's nice to get back to things we can be proud of." BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Kiss and Tell

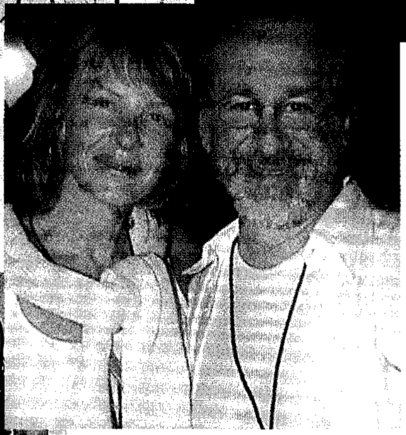
Al Gore arrived at his fund-raiser at Lot 61 on June 27 in a regular old Town Car, escorted by a single staff member with an umbrella. He saluted the bouncers, popped a cheese cube into his mouth, then started to work the room, a mix of old friends (**Jonathan Tisch, Denny Farrell**) and young supporters. "I'm a visiting professor now," he said onstage. "VP—it's a way of hanging on." The beard had disappeared. "Hey, man, it's the summer," he said. "You got to stay cool." **Karenna Gore Schiff** stayed after her dad left. "My clubbing has seriously diminished now that I've got two kids at home in diapers," she said. **Gene Simmons** was late. No matter: "Wherever there are girls, it's always a good time."

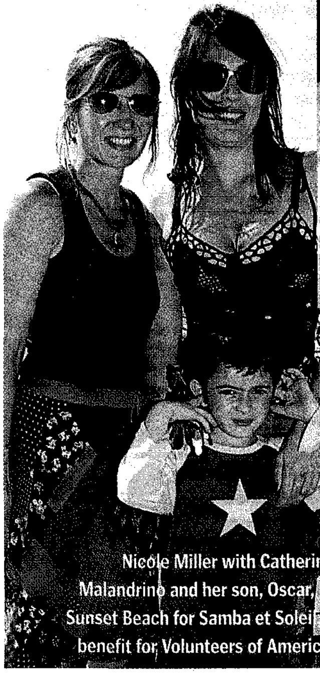
GEOFFREY GRAY

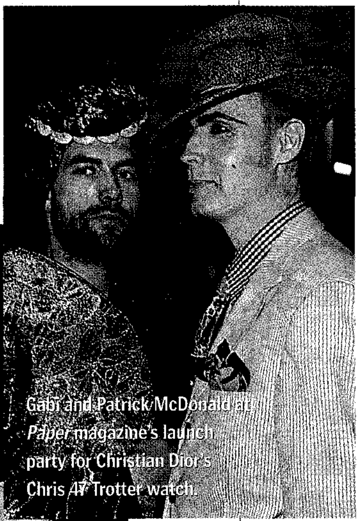
Judi Nathan, Rudolph Giuliani, and Britney Spears at the opening of Nyla.

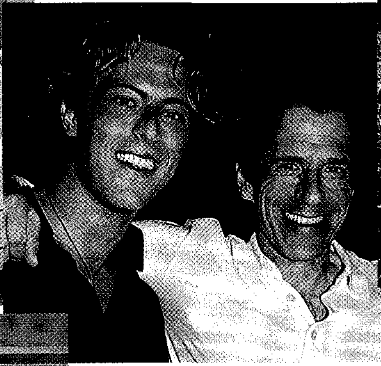
Chris Judd, Antonio "L.A." Reid, and Usher at Pier 59.

Al Gore at Lot 61.

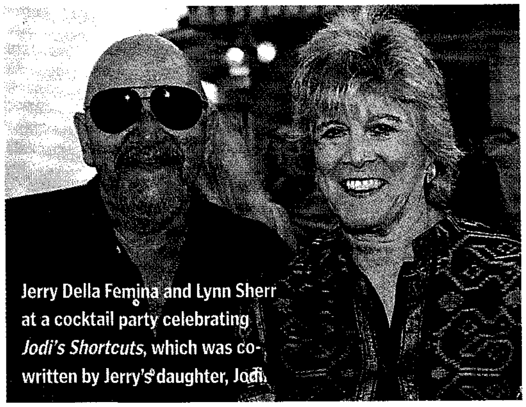

Kate Capshaw and Steven Spielberg at the premiere of *Men in Black II.*


Nicole Miller with Catherine Malandrino and her son, Oscar, at Sunset Beach for Samba et Soleil, a benefit for Volunteers of America.

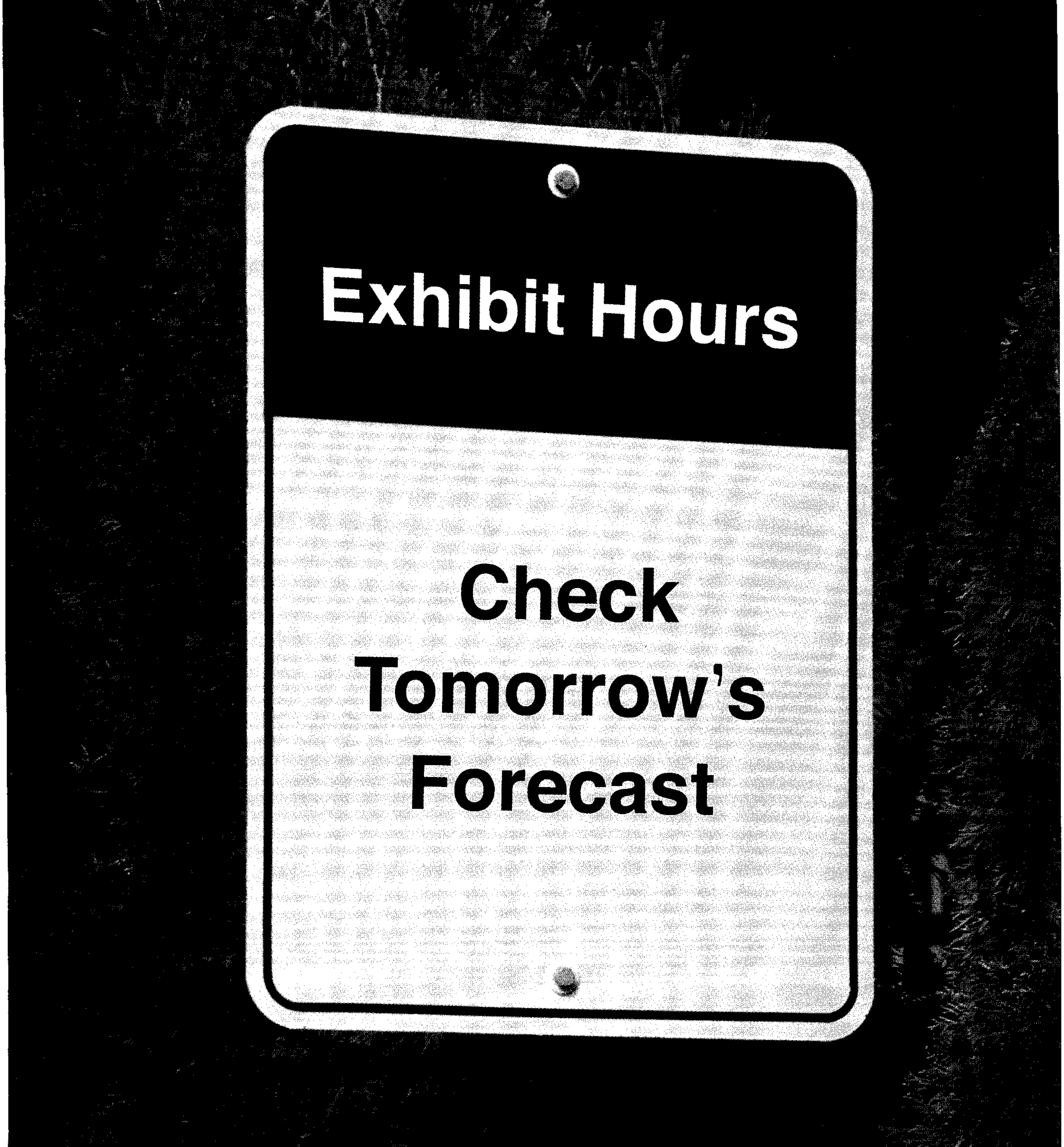

Gabi and Patrick McDonald at *Paper* magazine's launch party for Christian Dior's Chris 47 Trotter watch.


Harry and Peter Morton at Love Heals, the Alison Gertz Foundation benefit at Luna Farm.

Marley Shelton, Donald Faison, and Britney Murphy at Butter for a party in honor of Robin Thicke.


Jerry Della Femina and Lynn Sherr at a cocktail party celebrating *Jodi's Shortcuts*, which was co-written by Jerry's daughter, Jodi.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



TARGET ART IN THE PARK

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The capsized city, half-capsized, anyway—Maeve Brennan

GOTHAM

Life in the New City

Social Anxiety

SEPTEMBER
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Across the city, publicists and party promoters are nervously debating how to plan non-9/11 events around September 11. By Meryl Gordon

Not since the British government imposed the Gregorian calendar on the American colonies in 1752 has there been such scheduling havoc in New York. As people debate how best to commemorate September 11, others are worrying about how to plan around the mournful anniversary: The usual post–Labor Day social-season kickoff—charity galas, book parties, movie premieres, fashion events—has been postponed while publicists and social committees wrestle with questions of taste and timing.

One public-relations exec says she recently persuaded a foreign client to delay the opening of a new Manhattan boutique until later in the fall. "How shallow can you be to try to hype $600 blouses in September?" With Fashion Week pushed back to start the 18th, planners are scrambling for acceptable dates for pre- and post-collection celebrations. "I wouldn't touch the week of September 11," says publicist Nadine Johnson. "And nobody wants to do anything on the 18th or 19th either."

"I've never seen such fear," says one caterer. **"Everybody's afraid to be the first to book."**

The same nervous mood extends to the book circuit. "Normally, the season for authors commences the day after Labor Day, but this year it will start September 16," says Random House spokesman Stuart Applebaum. Given that TV shows and newspapers will be saturated with remembrances, he says, trying to plug a new novel would be inappropriate (and unprofitable).

At entertainment networks, programmers are also concerned about striking the right tone. "We want to be respectful," says Patty Newburger, Comedy Central's vice-president for films, who has pushed back the air date for the network's first original movie, *Porn n' Chicken*, a true-life tale of Yale students who went from watching porn to (pretending to) make it. By mid-October, however, she thinks viewers will welcome a comic romp.

Just how long the social blackout should last is being quietly discussed all over town. Society caterer Sean Driscoll, co-owner of Glorious Food, says that the 11th, combined with the early Jewish holidays, means the caviar-canapé circuit will be slow mid-month: "We don't have anything yet for September 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, or 16." Adds Liz Neumark, owner of the caterer Great Performances, "I've never seen such fear and uncertainty. Everybody's afraid to be the first to book."

Of course, there are those contrarians who expect New Yorkers to fall silent for a day or two and then carry on. As movie publicist Peggy Siegal says, "I can't see the entire city coming to a screeching halt in September." Restaurateurs and hoteliers hope she's right. Drew Nieporent, who is considering closing Montrachet and Tribeca Grill on the 11th, says, "I think it'll be a one-day issue. If we keep mourning this, we'll never get over it."

And then there are those unfortunate organizations that find themselves locked into September dates arranged years ago. Paul Kellogg, the general director of the New York City Opera, sounds somewhat pained as he explains that he can't reschedule the September 10 gala opening since the opera shares the Lincoln Center hall with the ballet: "We have very little flexibility," he sighs. Last year's gala, on September 11, was canceled, and this year's scaled-down version offers only a dinner before the performance for the $500-a-ticket patrons and no dancing afterward. "It's totally inappropriate to do a celebratory party," Kellogg says, "but we hope people will find solace in the music."

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL BAXTER.

Grann Exit

Did Random House disappoint the queen of publishing—or vice versa? By Amy Cortese

It looked like just another power breakfast. On June 26, Phyllis Grann huddled over coffee at the Harvard Club with friend and boss Peter Olson, chairman of Random House. Grann did most of the talking, but “it seemed like business as usual,” reports a publishing insider who dined nearby. Yet just days later, Grann abruptly resigned her post of vice-chairman of Random House after only six months, setting the industry abuzz.

Word had it she was bored with the job, which gave her no direct control over any of the house’s fiercely independent divisions, run by such famously retiring personalities as Ann Godoff and Sonny Mehta. “Peter hired her in a fit of inspiration but failed to give her any specific responsibilities,” says one Penguin Putnam editor. “She didn’t make a secret of her unhappiness.”

As the first woman CEO in publishing, Grann made Penguin Putnam the envy of the business by concentrating on authors like serial blockbuster Tom Clancy. But the sixtysomething quit in a huff last September after disagreements with management.

When she joined Random House, some said her vague role foretold trouble: “It’s not really clear what I’m going to do,” she said at the time. “Peter and I are going to discuss it.”

Clearly, it didn’t work out—though why is still up for debate, with some suggesting that Olson was disappointed when she didn’t bring over her big-name “repeaters.” As one former publisher close to Random House says, “When you bring in a high-powered person like that, it’s not just to keep them off the street.”

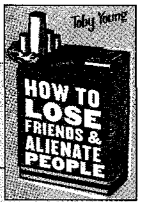
Perhaps to block an exodus, Susan Petersen Kennedy—Grann’s protégée and successor at Penguin Putnam—went on a charm offensive. Tom Clancy didn’t take much persuading to stay on. And Patricia Cornwell broadened her contract to include two more books. “Phyllis was not the only person here,” says one editor. “There are a whole lot of us that Clancy worked with.”

“Kennedy scrambled and defended her flank,” says one source. “Penguin won.”

Anglos in America

It’s been a decade or so since British journalists began to swamp New York’s magazine world. So now the memoirs are trickling in, most recently Toby Young’s *How to Lose Friends and Alienate People*. It’s a familiar Englishman-fails-in-New York tale—particularly to anyone who’s read Alexander Chancellor’s 1999 book *Some Times in America*. Below, what to read while you’re waiting for Tina to write *her* book.

CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

	Some Times in America	*How to Lose Friends and Alienate People* 
Why New York?	Tina Brown imported him to edit “The Talk of the Town.”	Graydon Carter imported him to write for *Vanity Fair.*
Can I buy you a drink?	“I generally drank too much . . .”	“I was putting away the best part of a bottle of Scotch a day.”
Professional faux pas	Turned in a “Talk” piece about his astonished discovery of a big Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center.	While profiling a then tightly closeted Nathan Lane, bluntly asked him, “Are you gay?”
Decline and fall	“Things were going badly at ‘The Talk of the Town’ because I couldn’t do the kind of column Tina wanted, and she didn’t want me to do the kind of column I could do.”	“ ‘I’m gonna have to take your name off the masthead. . . . What the hell happened?’ asked Graydon. ‘I gave you the opportunity of a lifetime and you fucked the dog.’ ”
But on the last page, let’s be pals	“One can do one’s dreaming anywhere. But it wouldn’t be as vivid without my time at the *New Yorker,* and I will always be grateful to Tina for letting me have it.”	“Finally, I’d like to thank Graydon Carter. . . . Without Graydon this book would never have been written.”

Trash and Carry

It’s been about a decade since Carol Schneider and her husband last schlepped their recyclables to their country house in Connecticut from their apartment on East 78th Street. “We *love* recycling. We were great recyclers from the get-go,” even before New York had a program, says the transplanted Londoner.

Last week, of course, New York became the first city in the country to considerably scale back on recycling, but the Schneiders aren’t about to give in. Like many other New Yorkers, they feel guilty—downright weird, in fact—about throwing out beer bottles and OJ containers after years of putting them into tidy blue bags. “This is a *huge* blow,” she says, “and we’re actually talking about dragging our bottles up to Connecticut again—in spite of the fact that we take the train up on Fridays.”

“I just couldn’t bring myself to throw it in the garbage,” says Tzvi Mackson. “It’s like, I *wanna* recycle this stuff.” So when he went to Michigan for the holiday, he took a bag of plastics with him. And instead of dragging along laundry when he flew to see his parents in Maryland, 26-year-old rabbinical student Aaron Levy brought his newly nonrecyclables: “I actually thought about whether it’d be better to check it or take it as carry-on,” he says. (He chose carry-on.)

But he also came up with a more permanent solution—he persuaded a classmate who lives in New Jersey to take home his weekly stash. The guy was “a little thrown,” says Levy, but then he even offered to take some *each day*. “He asked a good question, though: ‘Are you doing this because you really think the few things that you give to me make a difference, or are you doing this more for symbolic value?’ I said, ‘Both.’ ”

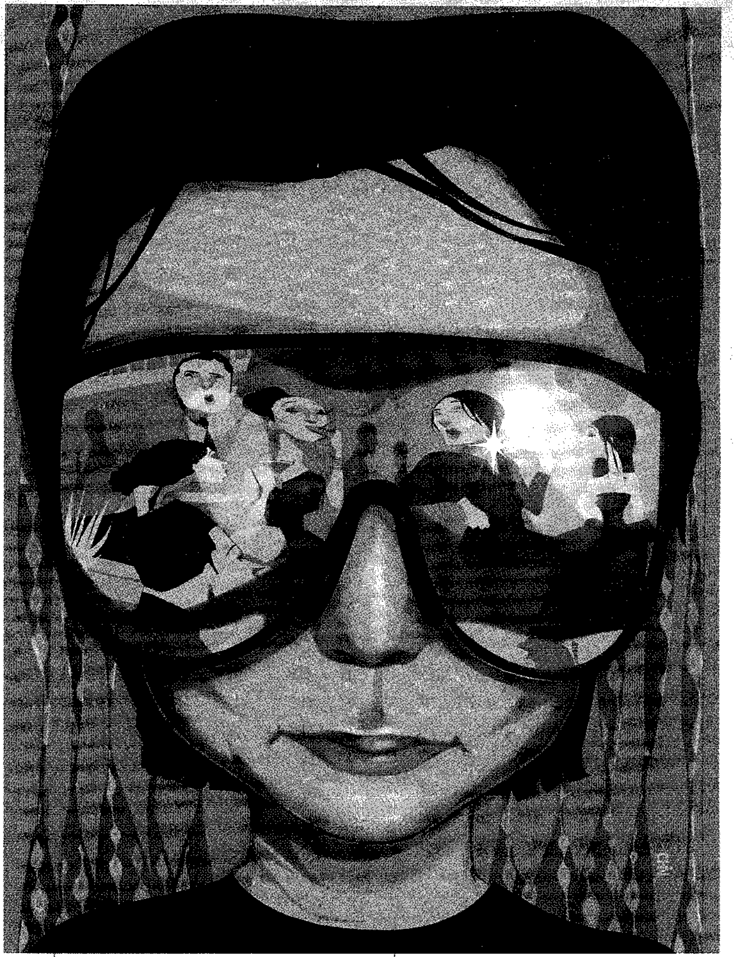
ALICIA ZUCKERMAN

PHOTOGRAPH: TOP, BRIAN DOBEN.

The Onophiles

The much-maligned Yoko Ono finds a brand-new audience in clubland.

By Christopher Tennant



Sometime after 10 A.M. on a Tuesday—eleven hours into Danny Tenaglia's marathon set at the Winter Music Conference in Miami—10,000 tweaked-out clubgoers are gyrating to the D.J.'s dirty beats and the guttural, *faux*-gasmic wails of a 69-year-old Japanese woman.

Standing atop a speaker wearing a white suit and sunglasses, Yoko Ono delivers each line of the song in her trademark warble—*"Opeeeen your booooox! . . . Opeeeen your leeeegs! . . . Opeeeen your mouuuuth!"*—as a sea of dilated pupils stares up in disbelief.

In one of those strange pop-cultural backflips, Ono's latest project, a collection of club remixes of tracks from her famously perplexing catalogue, finds her in the sweat-soaked center of electronic dance music—a place where she may finally get the artistic respect (not to mention chart success) that has eluded her for so long.

"Yoko and the Plastic Ono Band was greeted with such incredible hatred!" Ono exclaims. **"I mean, I was like 30 years ahead of my time!"**

"I feel like I've been given a lifeline," Ono says of the project. "The people who enjoy my work in the clubs are not connecting with me because I'm from some incredible empire or something but because they know I was an outsider and they feel close to me—there's a comradeship."

Ono's sitting in her apartment in the Dakota, shoes off. The most famous co-op in rock-and-roll history is strictly a "sock environment," her assistant, Curt, informed me before we shuffled down a long hallway—past Warhol portraits of Lennon and an Egyptian sarcophagus—and into a kitchen larger than the average two-bedroom. Ono looks more 49 than 69, but denies British tabloid charges that she's had work done: "I guess it's sort of a compliment?"

Referring to her newfound fans (many of whom are gay), she adds, "They know my history of being attacked all the time—*ostracized* is the word. I mean, everything in the world was done to me!"

Back in 1960, when the Beatles were still just an opening act in Liverpool, Ono was an established force in the downtown avant-garde scene, a pioneer of the Fluxus movement that included composer John Cage. But after her 1969 marriage to John Lennon, she quickly became a cartoon: the caterwauling, band-wrecking Dragon Lady. "It is quite likely that having John Lennon fall in love with her was the worst thing that could have happened to Yoko Ono's career," wrote the critic Robert Palmer.

Indeed, it wasn't until the late eighties that a new generation of music critics (with significantly less Beatles baggage) returned to albums like 1970's *Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band* and credited her for inspiring the cacophonous sound of bands like Sonic Youth and the B52's. "Yoko and the Plastic Ono Band was greeted with such incredible hatred!" Ono exclaims. "I mean, I was like 30 years ahead of my time!"

In fact, Ono has long been appreciated in clubland for her "Walking on Thin Ice" (a 1981 fusion of disco and funk that was her final collaboration with Lennon). And after the remix of "Open Your Box"—a raunchy paean to self-liberation that was banned in the U.K. in 1971—hit the club charts in November, her co-producer, Rob Stevens, approached her with the idea of assembling an entire album, due out sometime in 2003. The next single, "Kiss Kiss Kiss"—off Ono and Lennon's 1980 *Double Fantasy*—will be released July 15.

But no matter how much they love her at the Roxy, Ono will likely remain an easy target: "Yoko Ono in front of a microphone" was first on a recent *Esquire* list entitled "The 18 Least Fun Things in the World."

Will the world ever forgive her? Paul McCartney certainly hasn't. "We're not friends, man," he recently told a reporter.

"If Paul says something about me, there's many people who will write to him saying, 'Good for you! You said it!' " Ono responds. "There's a whole group of people who like to egg him on. If nobody were applauding, maybe Paul might shut up!"

For the most part, though, Ono has chosen to ignore her critics. "Instead of fighting people saying terrible things about me," she says. "I just kept wanting to create beautiful things. And maybe that was wrong, maybe I should have said something back to them. But that's not how I lived." She pauses. "Does that make any sense?"

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James J. Cramer THE BOTTOM LINE

Is This Goose Cooked?

The equities market used to be the long-term investor's golden goose—with blue chips as the perfect nest egg—but that was before Osama and WorldCom changed the rules.

WE HAD BEEN BRAINWASHED INTO THINKING that we were the most honest, hardest-working people on earth and that this country's securities laws and rules were the the toughest and the best. We laughed at other countries' stock markets; they were crony capitalists and socialists who didn't understand *real* capitalism. We had been brainwashed into thinking that buying and holding, not buying and doing homework and maintaining some discipline toward loss avoidance, meant getting and staying rich. We had even begun to believe that if you sold, you were un-American.

In the past two years, we have discovered just how brainwashed we were. Like Raymond Shaw, the Laurence Harvey character in *The Manchurian Candidate*, we are gradually waking up to the horrors of being all equities, all the time. We now recognize that our programming, if left alone, would destroy our nest eggs, not save them.

What has happened to the golden goose of American equities? What has gone so wrong so fast that lower interest rates and low inflation have led to staggering declines in all equities instead of the rally that has typically followed such actions? For all of the years that I have been trading, 21 so far, I could have told you that if I knew where rates and earnings were, I could figure out where stocks were going. Not this time. Because there are now two more variables in the equation, and both are serving as a ceiling, an invisible barrier on all stock prices: terror and ethics.

T&E, you see, can't be gamed. They can't be calculated or measured. But they have sapped our confidence and forced us to open our eyes to other alternatives that don't have nearly as much risk as the stock market, with, conceivably, more reward.

First, let's not kid ourselves about terror. It is aimed at us, or, more specifically, at U.S. equities. Tell me you wouldn't feel safer right now in a portfolio of Malaysian stocks, or Russian stocks, or even French, Japanese, or Thai stocks for that matter, because those countries aren't the targets. We are.

Their economies and their currencies are beneficiaries of the war we are fighting on behalf of civilization. The noncombatant nations are draining off investment money. For the first time in fifteen years, I know I have frantically tried to find Pacific Rim- and Euro-denominated equities because those markets have the wind behind their backs. Meanwhile, the dollar—the currency of the upholder of freedom—is undergoing the kind of punishment that is always meted out to any country that borrows recklessly, even if it has a good history of prudence.

We could handle that assault on equities if it weren't for the *E* in the equation—the ethics of corporate America. I have to laugh here at the wrongheadedness of all but Paul O'Neill in the government. That's right, once-hapless Paul O'Neill, he of quavering voice but of honesty and morality. Only O'Neill, with his harsh statements about corporate responsibility in the boardroom, seems to know that unless we crack down on the chicanery—and on the corporate lobbyists who are blocking us from cracking down—investors will flee to better alternatives, where U.S.-style corporate cronyism can't hurt us. Let me give you two huge examples: your home and gold. The latter's easy to figure—if you can mine something at $175 and sell it at $325, even dot-commers would realize that you can make a dandy profit. And there are no worries about bogus revenues and faked earnings. Gold's gold—nothing more, nothing less. Of course, there are liars in the gold world, too, but the older, better companies, like Barrick Gold Corp., are coining money right now and have not even a whiff of dishonesty.

But even that shiny metal pales in comparison with something else that America has fallen in love with: the home. Put $40,000 into the NASDAQ and you can turn it into $15,000 by picking the *best* of the selections. Put $40,000 into a new bathroom, and you might get $50,000 back, or more.

And the tax considerations for a home are better than for stocks! You get a onetime exclusion that allows you to book a huge profit. Is it any wonder that the one area of the stock market (after gold) that hangs in there is the sector that helps you augment your home—Masco, Ameri-

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ILLUSTRATION BY PJ LOUGHRAN.

can Standard, Fortune Brands, Lowe's? Your home, to mangle the metaphor, is the real money in the bank right now.

I realize that these options have always beckoned, but given the job that the mutual funds and brokers and academicians have done selling us on the long-term value of equities, almost everyone felt like a chump taking money out of the market from 1991 to 2001. Now, though, the only people who *aren't* glum at the cocktail parties are those who had to sell stocks to buy a home. They look like geniuses now. Your home doesn't suffer from the Terror & Ethics blight that has made U.S. equities such a gamble.

SO WHAT WILL TURN BACK THE TIDE OF T&E? To stomp out terror to the point where those of us downtown won't jump when we hear a jackhammer might take forever, but to get it under some reasonable control will take the kind of global offensive that President Bush has only started, and the stock market hasn't discounted it yet. To stamp out the ethics problems, we need a series of successful high-profile prosecutions. But this will take way too much time to save 2002 or, for that matter, 2003.

Until then, how can you immunize yourself from the pain? If your portfolio looks like so many I have seen in the past few months—the obligatory three semiconductor stocks coupled with two software companies, a wireless manufacturer, and a personal-computer assembler—I don't know if you can be saved. Or, to put it another way, I don't know if it is worth selling. Many of these stocks have lost 80 to 90 percent of their value, and the pleasure of at last jettisoning them may be overshadowed by the potential, if there is any at all, of a turn sometime in the next *decade*.

What you have to do is find a few narrow bull markets and diversify into them, perhaps through the only areas that seem to do well in this new environment—safety stocks like the products found in your supermarket, defense equities, a gold stock, and some health care that doesn't include drugs (we couldn't stop spending on that stuff even if we wanted to)—while putting some equity into your home. Do this, and you'll at least stay in the game until T&E get cleaned up.

I know this is not a prescription for big money. Let's face it, though: We wrote those prescriptions for a decade. Alas, we have now developed immunity to the drugs. ■

James J. Cramer is co-founder of TheStreet. com. At the time of publication, he owned stock in Barrick Gold. He often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns and articles, both before and after they are published, and the positions that he takes may change at any time. *E-mail: jjcletters@thestreet.com*

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Broadway Sosa

Boys don't sew. In the South Bronx, boys *definitely* don't sew. But Emilio Sosa did, and now he's one of the hottest costume designers in New York theater.

IN THE SEVENTIES, WHEN HE WAS GROWING up in the infamous Fort Apache section of the South Bronx, costume designer Emilio Sosa used to stare out the sixth-floor window of the small room he shared with his two brothers and grandmother. In the foreground was the street, Fox Street, a main marching ground for murderous street gangs like the Savage Skulls, the Mongols, and the Reapers back when the horizon was filled with smoke from the 12,000 or so arson fires a year. Past Fox Street and the mind-numbing whine of the Bruckner Expressway was Rikers Island, a mile out into the East River, next stop for many of the Fox Street boys. Beyond Rikers was La Guardia Airport, where great silver planes disappeared into the clouds, to parts unknown.

"It was right out there, freedom and incarceration, two ways it could go," says Emilio, now 36. "All I knew was I had to get out of the Bronx."

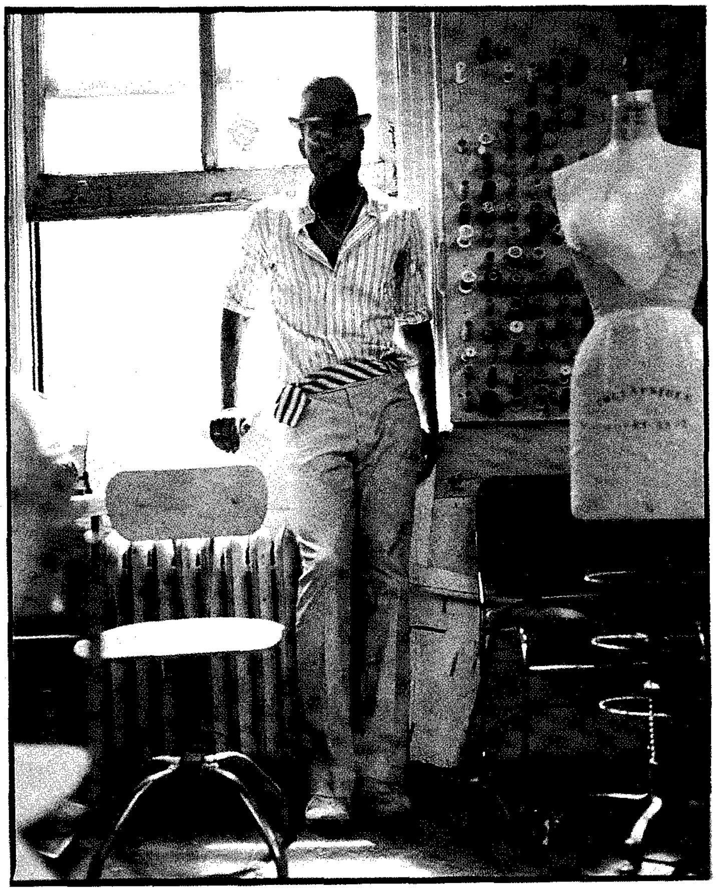
Arriving here from the Dominican Republic at age 3, growing up as one more Fox Street kid who took his first Communion from Father Louis Gigante, brother of Vincent the Chin, Emilio did get out of the Bronx, sort of. Riding an indefatigable font of immigrant zeal, an endearingly offhand self-presentation, and an acute sense of where street culture meets the high tone, Sosa has become one of the hottest and most eclectic costume designers in town. His work can be seen in such far-flung venues as MTV, Lincoln Center, Clearasil and State Farm commercials, Spike Lee movies (*Bamboozled* most recently), and the Broadway hit *Topdog/Underdog*. As Jeffrey Wright, the Tony-nominated star of *Topdog*, says, "Emilio, he's a natural. These drawers he picks fit like a glove."

It has been that way since Sosa snuck out of the neighborhood to the High School of Art and Design and then Pratt, winding up as personal dresser for Judith Jameson and apprentice costume-maker for the Alvin Ailey group, a gig that would take him to Taiwan, Malaysia, and Japan, places La Guardia planes do not fly to.

Still, Emilio comes back to Fox Street. His parents live in the same apartment house where his father worked as the super and handyman for more than two decades. Since his mom and dad have nineteen brothers and sisters between them and everyone's close, just walking down Fox Street can take hours, what with 50 different cousins hanging out their windows screaming hello. Besides, the neighborhood functions as a muse for Emilio, who used to walk up the hill on Prospect Avenue where the landscape of bombed-out, abandoned buildings stretched for miles. "The exteriors were gone on the buildings," Emilio recalls. You could see how people painted their apartments. "It taught me a lot about how to mix colors."

The old neighborhood was full of personal pain, too, Emilio says, looking at himself as an apprehensive 12-year-old in a picture of the Revista Temas Little League team, hung on a wall of the Sosa house. "Baseball is like religion with Dominicans, you know," Emilio says, "especially with my dad. He was the coach, and I, like, suck. Everyone knew I'd rather be in my room, drawing. That we were both called Emilio Sosa only compounded that shit."

It was his mother, a tiny, bright-eyed woman who has just retired after 30 years on the clock at a plastics factory, who saved him, Emilio says. "There'd be guys in the lobby with cans of gasoline telling her, 'Don't worry, honey, this is for the building around the corner, not this one,' and she's signing me up for the Cub Scouts so everything can seem normal. I was the youngest



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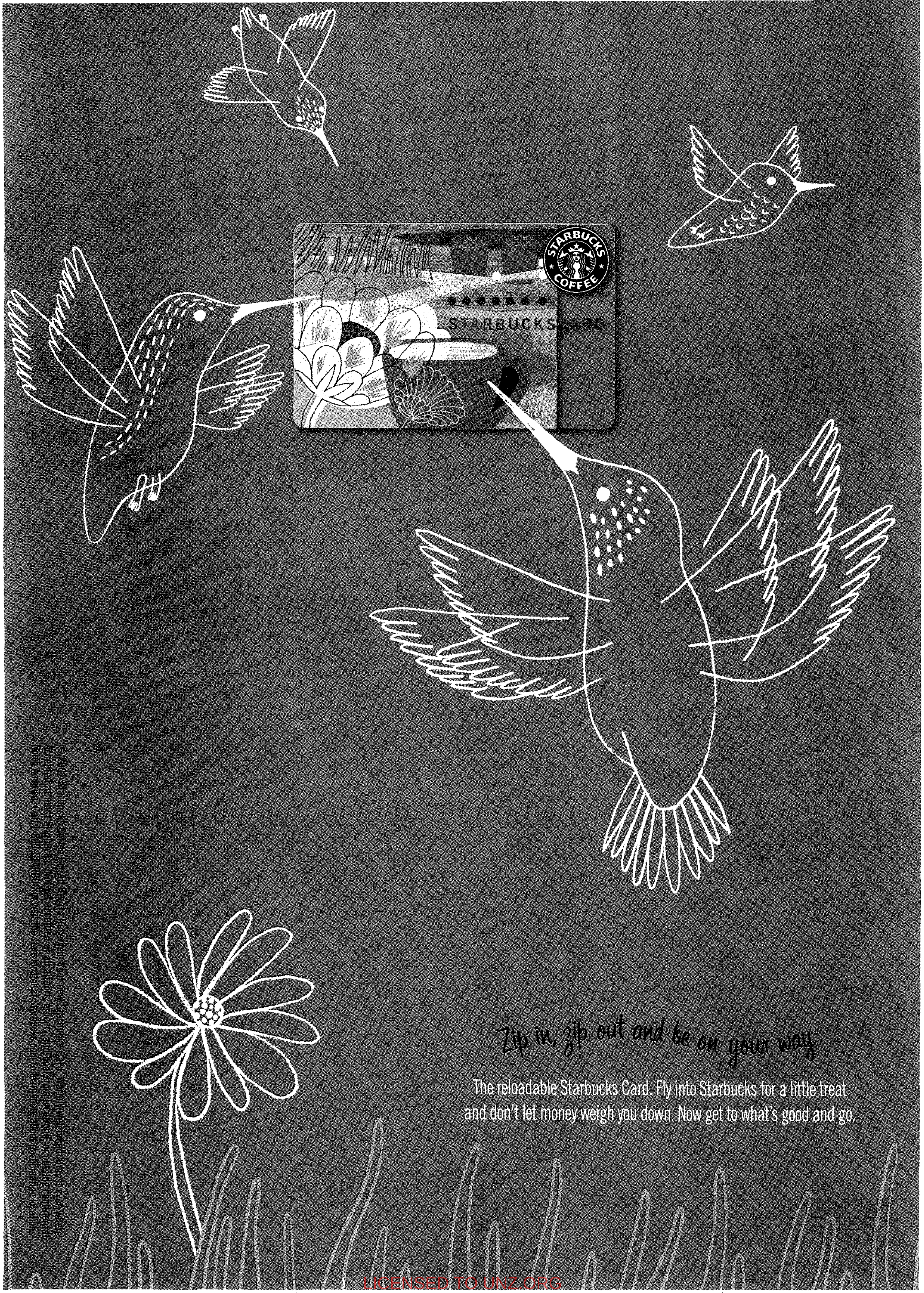

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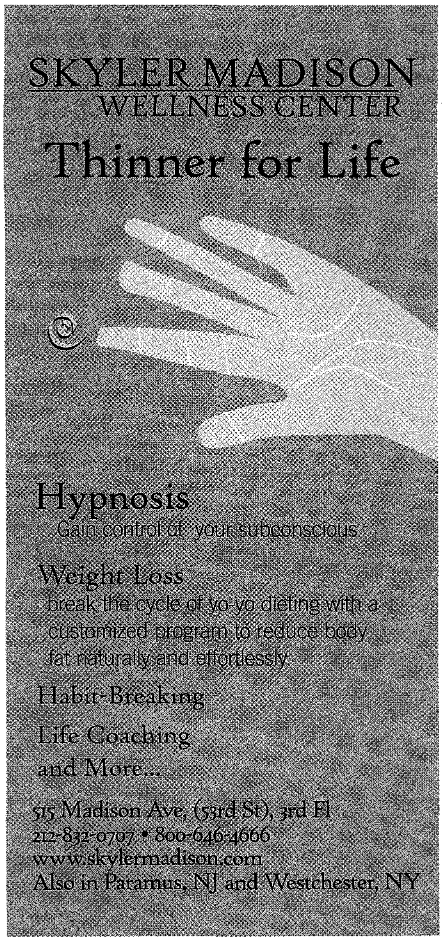

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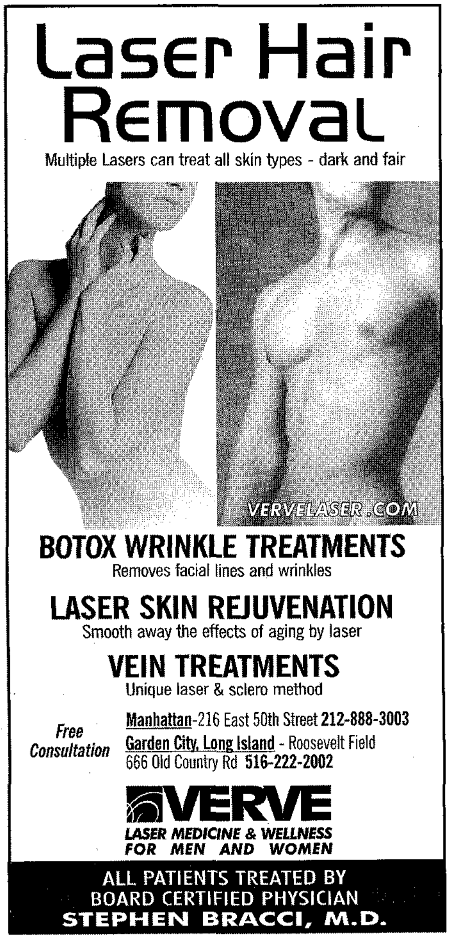

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damn Cub Scout in the history of the South Bronx. Forget baseball, she said: 'You want to be an artist, be an artist.' "

However, it was Emilio's dad who became his fashion avatar, even if the old man didn't know it then. "He grew up hard, working in the sugar mills, but he loved his '68 Caprice Classic and was the sharpest dresser around," Emilio says.

"We were the same size, we still are," Emilio says. "I'd go into his closet, take the fabulous stuff. Then I'd sneak it back in. He'd never know. With Dad's shit on, I'd go downtown and nobody could touch me."

"GOT TO HUSTLE," EMILIO SAYS, KNIFING HIS lithe body with sure-foot New York–boy panache through the crowd to the N train. Today has been tight, lots of clients, lots of calls. First stop was the dry cleaner, to pick up 50 shirts for the Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra. Emilio is the band's "image consultant," picking out the group's shirts, ties, and suits. "They were in these dull things, gray businessman suits. I've got them working with a bigger palette," Emilio says, noting that all choices are subject to band leader Wynton Marsalis's approval. This is cool, since Emilio and Wynton are tight sartorially and spiritually, except for Sosa's abhorrence of that "crazy quarter-inch of shirt" that Marsalis insists on allowing to protrude beyond the sleeve of his jacket.

"He grew up hard, working in the sugar mills," says Emilio of his dad. "But he was the **sharpest dresser around.**"

This done, Emilio is on his way to the New York City Ballet, where he is an artist-in-residence. Peter Martins, the director, is working out a new dance, and the costuming gig is up for grabs. Emilio has done dozens of dance wardrobes, including his slinky nostalgia-cum-sci-fi ensemble for the Ballet Hispanico's *Club Havana*. But classical ballet is a whole other deal. Looking for an edge, he sits with Holly Hynes, head of the ballet's costume department and one of Emilio's many mentors, leafing through drawings of outfits once worn by Darci Kistler and Jock Soto to see what Martins has used before. "Just remember," Hynes says, "no yellow. Peter hates yellow."

After a cell-phone conversation about a production of Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, which Emilio admits he hasn't "exactly" read (he is relieved to hear Woody Allen's *Hannah and Her Sisters* is a little like it), Emilio arrives for a rehearsal for Suzan-Lori Parks's soon-to-be-Pulitzer-winning *Topdog/Underdog*. Before the show opened downtown at the Public Theater, Emilio, out of the blue, sent some drawings to director George Wolfe, including a note saying no designer understood Parks's ghetto sibling rivalry the way he did. Three weeks later, Wolfe offered Sosa the job.

Emilio is bringing Mos Def a new pair of two-tone shoes. More "clothing journalist" than fashionista, Emilio located most of the original *Topdog* costumes within walking distance of his 137th Street apartment, in Harlem thrift stores catering to "the stylishly down-and-out man of color." Utilizing skills picked up as a shoe clerk in both Thom McAnn's on East 149th Street and a $500-a-pair boutique on Rodeo Drive, Emilio conducts the fitting in Mos Def's dressing room, painted "millionaire's red" to distinguish it from the "millionaire's blue" of Mos Def's other dressing room. The shoes fit. "Right," Def says.

Later, Emilio banters with the playwright, the fabulous Ms. Parks. The two go back a while. When Parks got married during *Topdog*'s downtown run, Emilio designed her dress. "Design a woman's wedding dress, she'll never forget you," Emilio notes, asking if Parks would like something new for *Topdog*'s opening.

"Let me hook you up," Emilio cajoles.

Parks demurs, saying she's going with her "little black dress." Its been lucky for her, she says.

"Can't compete with luck," Emilio says.

A HALF-HOUR LATER, EMILIO IS SITTING BEHIND his desk at the Grace Costume shop on 54th Street. The shop, first opened in 1961 by the late Grace Miceli, is the oldest costume store on Broadway. Emilio has been here for fifteen years now, since his Pratt days. "For me, this was it," Emilio says, walking through the Grace office, past the thicket of mannequins and card-catalogue-like drawers containing swatches, buttons, and trim of every costume ever "built" here, for shows like *Fiddler on the Roof* and *The Wiz*.

Emilio figures he could have wound up "facedown in some stupid club" without the shop. His patron is Maria Brizzi, Grace's sister. Possessed of a deeply "philosophical" bearing, and a twinkling eye behind her really nifty Lina Wertmüller–style glasses, Maria, who grew up in Sicily, has been trying to get Emilio, whom she clearly loves, to be "more thick-skinned." The business is "full of deceit," Maria says; Emilio shouldn't be so nice to everyone.

A couple months ago, in a surprise, Maria made Emilio a partner in the business, which more or less puts him in charge, opening the doors every morning, closing at night. This is an honor, Emilio says, because Grace, built by another generation of immigrants, connects to when Broadway was really Broadway. But with responsibility comes terror, Emilio notes, because "business kind of sucks" right now.

"You have to do things fast to compete," Emilio says. "But how am I going to tell Sebastian, our tailor, who's been here for 38 years, to use a glue adhesive when he's always made beautiful things by hand?"

A young woman comes in. She's just been hired for *Beauty and the Beast* and needs a fitting. Grace did some of the show's original costumes, so they make the replacements, too. The woman, who looks to be in her early twenties, smiles uneasily as Emilio gets her measurements. Her role is not big, but she just got into town, so, yeah: Maybe she is a little nervous. It is a timeless tableau, the new kid's looking for a break, a scene no more or less sentimental now that the real *Sweet Smell of Success* sharpies are long gone and Broadway is for tourists at $100 a pop.

"Don't worry, you'll be cool," Emilio says, tapping the woman's shoulder.

A COUPLE NIGHTS LATER, *TOPDOG/UNDERDOG* opens. For his Broadway debut, Emilio has eschewed his usual wool skullcap, baggy jeans, and sneakers, breaking out a slim silver suit with matching metallic-toned tie. Instead of his former sidewalled semi-Mohawk, he's gone all skull after a visit to the Chinese guy on 38th Street, "the best $12 cutter of black people's hair in the city." Before the show, Emilio was worrying about Jeffrey Wright's Lincoln beard. The darts were messed up, and it looked like the actor was chewing on fake hair. But no problem, the beard is good, the play is a smash, and the boff *Times* review has a line touting Emilio Sosa's "astute" costumes.

After the show, shouting over the Times Square ruckus, Emilio calls Maria Brizzi on the cell phone. "Well, we're open on Broadway," Emilio tells Maria, assuring her he is, indeed, wearing "a coat and tie like a gentleman." Then, switching to Spanish, he calls his mom. The play was great, he tells her, the costumes are a success. "Tell Dad," he says, later noting that his father has "come around" over the years, that he likes to see the name Emilio Sosa in the newspapers. Then Emilio starts talking about opera. He's never dressed an opera, he says. That would really be something, doing an opera. ■

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spending sickness

Maxed out on your credit card? Struggling to make the mortgage? You may not need a new job or a new accountant. Experts say out-of-control spending is actually a disorder—think bulimia—that can be treated. Exploring a very New York affliction.

By Melanie Thernstrom

LIKE MANY PEOPLE, A. J. PIERCE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT SHE earns but has no idea what she spends—and she doesn't wish to know. She crosses her legs on the red sofa, blinks mascara-laden eyelashes, and anxiously fingers a yellow-gold strand of hair as if it were a good-luck coin. The prewar Upper East Side office she sits in is reassuringly reminiscent of a parlor, recalling a time when rich was something one simply *was*, and when those who had to concern themselves with figures simply were not. But the man sitting across from A.J. leans forward impatiently, tapping his pen on a fat yellow pad. They can talk about her feelings later; right now, he wants the goods. He wants her numbers.

Ron Gallen is neither a psychotherapist nor a financial planner, though his method borrows from both fields. He is a money counselor—a new breed whose specialty is the treatment of "money disorders": compulsive spending, hoarding, obsession, and addiction.

Popular discourse about money tends to take many forms—moral, legal, and cultural—more readily than the psychological. Talk of a rich person's pathology about money is seen as glorification ("Poor little rich girl—wish I had her problems!"). Talk of a poor person's pathology, on the other hand, seems like blaming the victim. But the fact is that money pathology is no more related to income than an eating disorder is to what's on your plate.

"First, what's your salary?" Ron asks.

A.J. brightens. If only the conversation would stay there! As a writer on a daily soap-opera, she earns $156,000 a year—seven times this country's median income. She likes the job, spinning fantasies of love among the wealthy for working-class women. Although her characters don't have jobs, they are always rich (except when the plot involves making them temporarily poor), and their lives are strewn with labels (e.g., Gucci and Fendi) that reassure them (and us) that their problems are romantic.

A.J. herself owns a heroine's wardrobe, and when she isn't at work, she is searching for outfits to match life's many scenes. During one such search last month, however, an ATM declined her. All around, machines were squirting out bills to happy customers while hers was dry. When she visited the bank teller, she discovered that the problem was not mechanical: Discover had obtained a court-ordered lien on her bank account. Her bank balance was now overdrawn by $4,000 (Discover had frozen twice the amount owed). She had nothing in her wallet

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EVA MUELLER

but a subway card. Dizzily, she felt as though her life had been placed on lien, her plug pulled, her screen blank.

"Assets?" Ron asks.

A.J. now has $2,000 in a checking account and no savings account.

"Debts?"

Her smallest debts are to her old credit cards—$1,200 to Discover and $800 apiece to two others. The pettiness of the sum she owed Discover accounted partly for the insult of the lien. But eight years after graduating from NYU with a degree in dramatic writing, she still owes the government $30,000 in student loans. It was the loans that started her out on the wrong path, she thinks: From the moment she graduated, she was already so deeply in debt, there seemed like nothing to do but add to it.

She also owes $2,000 to $3,000 in back taxes. For reasons she can't explain, she didn't pay taxes for a full ten years. Although she had some success working sporadically as a freelance screenwriter—winning an AMPAS Student Academy Award for the first screenplay she wrote, a short, independent film that went on to Sundance—she made very little money. The idea of giving any of her scant income to the government struck her as punishing. Perhaps Uncle Sam reminded her of her adopted father, a minister who preached the Gospel of Poverty—a message she never swallowed. "I'm kind of defiantly clueless when it comes to money," she says in her soft, self-effacing manner.

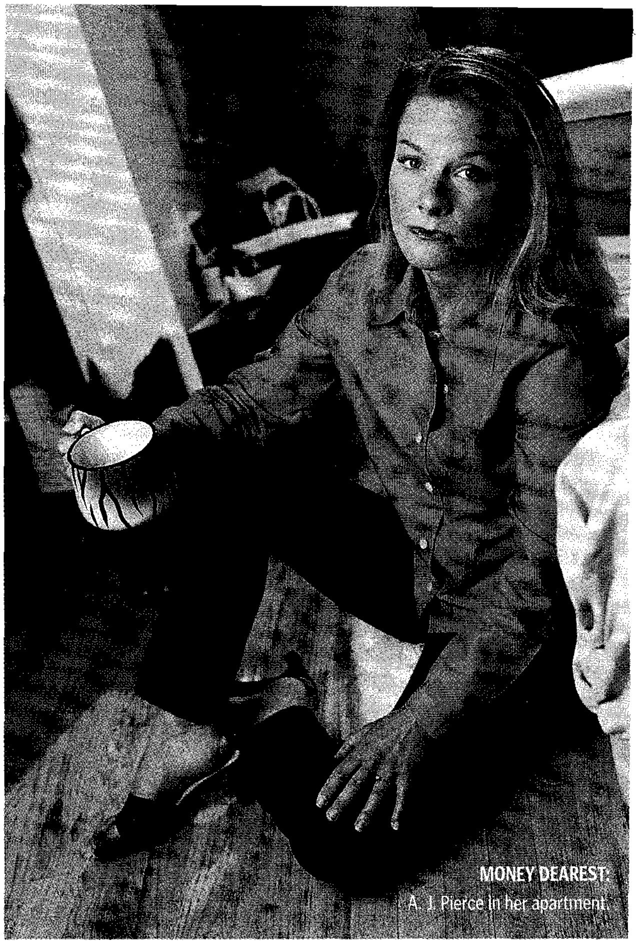
A.J. has never been in psychotherapy, and the class conflicts that haunted her throughout childhood and college still seem very present. In many respects, she lives the way her parents want. She and Tony, her fiancé, inhabit a poorly furnished one-bedroom apartment in the financial district for $1,500 a month, of which Tony occasionally contributes some portion. Her cookies are what so many New York women crave: taxis, restaurants, facials, manicures, perfume, and clothing. Each week, she spends a couple of hundred dollars eating out; she pays for Tony, a frustrated musician and graphic designer, giving him around $200 in cash a few times a month.

"There's a rush of anxiety at a sale—it's a kind of high," **A.J. says.** "It's a very primal thing, the hunt of it—**riffling through clothes, competing, scoring: spearing something with your credit card."**

"Our work is all about clarity," Ron says. "You're going to write down every penny you spend—to the penny. If it's a dollar and 2 cents, you're not going to write down a dollar because we're going to send a message to the deep-underground debting part of you and tell it: 'I'm not even going to let you get 2 cents, because I am in control now.' "

The *I* in this sentence is as much Ron as it is A.J. In accordance with the principles of Debtors Anonymous, Ron tries to sell his clients on the idea that money for them is like alcohol or heroin; they must acknowledge that they have no control over it. "We're going to cut off your stash," he announces.

All Ron's clients must commit to living exclusively on a cash basis. They must "put a Ziploc seal" around their credit cards. They cannot borrow anything; "If you don't have $1.50 for a subway, walk," Ron says. In the next six weeks, he will design a contract with A.J.—a spending plan that will specify the precise amount of money she is allowed to spend weekly, including saving and repaying debts. She must not overspend or underspend. If she has not spent enough in certain categories one week, she will have to go spend it the next, because "the plan is not about saving money; it's about spending appropriately."


MONEY DEAREST: A. J. Pierce in her apartment.

WHO DOESN'T HAVE A FRAUGHT RELATIONSHIP to money? What makes money problems a "disorder"? Debtors Anonymous's poignantly titled Friday-night "Prosperity Meeting" puts the question to rest. It is filled with people who are drawn to "getting to zero," literally as well as figuratively ("When I see a couple of hundred dollars in the bank, I have to spend it"). They grope for metaphors of breath to explain how vital their money problems feel: They are drowning or crushed or pressed or flattened by mountains of debt. They do things like freeze their credit cards into blocks of ice and then go ahead and call Land's End and use the number anyway. "It's as if I keep my dollar bills on top of my head and whenever I step out, they just blow away," a man complains. An Upper East Sider reflects how she married three times for money—three!—in order to underwrite compulsive spending before she got help.

Although money has always been an important motif in psychotherapy, thinking about how to treat money problems has begun to change in recent years. Such problems had always been considered secondary symptoms of neurotic conflicts or underlying mental illnesses, such as bipolar disease. However, clinicians have observed that money pathology, like alcoholism, has a tendency to take on a life of its own, and become a dominant defining condition. The DSM (the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*) may include "compulsive shopping" in its next edition, in a section on impulse-control disorders, such as compulsive gambling and kleptomania. Such an inclusion would make it an official, insurance-covered psychiatric disorder.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY GULLIXSON.

Carl Jung defined addiction as a low-level spiritual quest—a phrase that seems to capture the truth that the longings that drive addiction also drive the basic human quests for love, meaning, and peace. The snake in the garden of addiction is the transience of its fruits. The addict's pathology is underscored by her keen awareness that her satisfactions are increasingly brief and her letdowns increasingly cruel—and by her decision to keep at it anyway.

Overspending generally divides along gender lines: 70 to 75 percent of compulsive gamblers are male, whereas 80 to 90 percent of compulsive shoppers are female. According to Harvey Greenberg, professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, existent studies suggest compulsive shopping affects between 1 and 5 percent of the population (in comparison, anorexia and bulimia affect almost 3 percent.) Compulsive shoppers average $20,000 to $27,000 in credit-card debt. They gravitate toward crowded stores, buzzing with action and lit timelessly, like casinos, where they experience rising tension and excitement. But they also describe a sense of agony, of wrestling to control their impulses even while succumbing to them. At the moment of purchase, they feel a sense of relief, satisfying as an orgasm, followed by depressive deflation, despair, and guilt. Interestingly, studies show the same letdown among rich and poor women alike, suggesting that the depressive effect is not a result of regret over having spent money they can't afford but an organic part of the cycle.

"There's a rush of anxiety at a sale—it's a kind of high," A.J. says. "It's a very primal thing, the hunt of it—riffling through clothes, competing, scoring: spearing something with your credit card."

Yet the shopper typically has little interest in the things themselves. One sign separating a compulsive spender from an ordinary shop-till-you-drop type is the tags still hanging on her walls of clothes. Sarah Jessica Parker may have hundreds of pairs of shoes, but she actually *likes* shoes, whereas one of Ron's clients, who has 300 pairs, wears the same shabby loafers day after day.

Although society tends to diagnose such people as suffering from terminal shallowness, compulsive shopping behaves similarly to—and is often accompanied by—other disorders, such as anxiety or depression. Treatment may include Prozac and mood stabilizers such as lithium. Although it typically begins in adolescence and blooms in the late twenties and early thirties, its causes remain obscure. In psychoanalysis, it is viewed as a complex symbolic restitution redressing low self-esteem, fear of death, depressive emptiness, and the filling of a void.

Since—unlike the Debtors Anonymous crowd—none of Ron's clients is actually poor, it's easy to see that the source of their problems is in their heads, not their wallets. (His fee selects an affluent population: $150 for a 45-minute session, with a typical spending plan requiring at least eight sessions for setup and many more for maintenance.) But in contrast to traditional therapy, Ron's counseling does not focus on plumbing the patient's emotions. "The hope that insight-oriented therapy will translate into behavioral changes doesn't work with money addictions any more than it did with alcoholism," he says. "First, you have to stop the behavior."

TEN STEPS TO TAKE IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A MONEY DISORDER.

BY RON GALLEN

1 Admit that your problem may go deeper than just money.

2 Stop borrowing money and using credit cards. Close the accounts and cut up the cards.

3 Spend money only when you can pay cash. If you have to have that pair of shoes, take the money out of the ATM.

4 Avoid situations that trigger your spending (favorite stores, envy-inducing or wealthier friends).

5 Don't spend to change your mood.

6 Get clear about your situation. Go through all your unopened bills and make an honest list of your assets and debts.

7 Write down everything you spend, and don't forget the small stuff. Every cent counts.

8 Create a spending plan that takes care of your needs, but more modestly. You can still buy yourself flowers and lingerie, just less often. And once you've cut back, the pleasures you do allow yourself should be guilt-free.

9 Develop a repayment plan with your creditors that doesn't leave you strapped, even if that means paying less than the monthly minimum required. (Credit-card companies are more flexible than you might think.)

10 Get professional help.

Ron's authority, like that of most addiction counselors, is based as much as anything on personal experience. At 49, he has a prosperous, well-fed look, with silver hair, baby-blue eyes, and little round reading glasses he puts on when looking at figures. His rapid-fire questioning style betrays the manic businessman he once was.

"I have dollar signs in the synapses of my brain," he is fond of saying. His lineage includes a Cain-and-Abel fable: His uncle, Herb Gallen (the founder of the clothing line Ellen Tracy), was rich; his father, who worked for him yet didn't speak to him, "was not." Ron inherited his father's money lust. He recalls walking down Fifth Avenue one day while calculating the cost of the clothing he was wearing, which included a Bijan suit, "to see if I was okay—if the figure was high enough," he says. The sum was a satisfying $10,000. Should he add his Rolex watch, he wondered?

Drinking, scoring cocaine, and trying to retain the attention of a high-maintenance model, he woke up in the summer of 1987 seven figures in debt, with calls from 48 creditors. He went into recovery and eventually became an alcohol-and-drug counselor. But he came to feel that the missing piece of his clients' treatment was money.

In his recently published first book, *The Money Trap,* Ron describes many versions of the disorder: money obsessives, overspenders, and underearners, or what Debtors Anonymous terms "anorectic spenders." The latter group are afraid of spending—and often of earning—money, like the client who is proud that he has brought the cost of his breakfast down to 9 cents a day by buying oatmeal in bulk. People frequently suffer from a confusing combination of underspending and overspending: The oatmeal eater has a $160 million portfolio and favors Italian suits. Another equally wealthy executive earnestly explained to Ron that he had started ordering tap water at lunch because he couldn't afford Perrier. A woman client spends $4,000 a month on clothes but hasn't bought underwear in three years.

Most overspenders have a primal moment of deprivation—a time they couldn't afford something they really wanted and couldn't tolerate the feeling that provoked. The anorectic spenders respond in the converse way; they deal with not being able to afford something by shutting down their desires. Living like church mice makes them feel safe. "Anorectic spenders are seeking the same sense of control as anorexics," Ron says. "But when you start shrinking desire, you always overshoot the mark."

THE PITCH THAT RON MAKES TO HIS CLIENTS is that a spending plan is *totally different* from a budget. "A budget is about what you can't do," he commences. "A spending plan says: *I have all this money and I get to spend it however I want.* Budgets fail for the same reason diets fail. We rebel against internalized parents as much as real ones." The success of his treatment may hinge on whether his clients buy the distinction.

Developing a spending plan begins with a trip to "the Everything in the World Store—the store where there is food, housing, trips to the Caribbean, CDs, and cashmere." After taking out money for taxes and agency commission, A.J. has $6,632 a month to bring to that store. From that, $487 is designated for debt repayment and $560 for savings—8 percent of take-home pay, which will cover one month's expenses in a year's time. Ron recommends that self-employed people keep a six-month reserve. Since an overspender's dominant fear is deprivation, self-care is always the first category in his or her spending plan. "Self-care is a different thing for everyone," Ron says. "What we want to find out is, what does it mean to take care of A.J.?"

By junior high school, studies have shown, kids have sophisticated methods for reading visual clues about economic status. The messages that A.J.'s appearance conveys, however, are confusing. "A funny mixture of expensive and cheap," Ron—who used to work in the clothing industry—tells me.

The money part of the message today is a silky Pucci-inspired magenta-and-lavender shirt, a short black leather skirt, and shiny black leather high-heeled boots. But squarely in front of the couch is a sad Canal Street imitation of a Louis Vuitton bag. And her hair is an unnatural shade of gold—a color she obtains through using the old-fashioned peroxide bleach Sun-In because "coloring is so expensive."

"What clothes do you need to take care of you over a year? I'm not asking what clothes you want or usually buy," he reminds her, "but what do you truly *need*?"

What's striking about A.J.'s reply is less the prices than the volume. It's as if she's picturing shopping for a naked orphan rather than for a woman whose closets are groaning. Her words trip over each other as she lists four skirts a year (two $100 skirts, one $20 skirt, and one $200 skirt), three to four $50 pairs of jeans, two $500 evening dresses, four $150 jackets, one $200 coat, five $50 sweaters, fourteen $50 tops, ten $100 pairs of shoes (five for winter and five for summer), two $200 pairs of boots, two $75-to-$100 pairs of sneakers, one really nice $500 handbag, two $50 ones, and one $20 Chinatown knockoff. Although she doesn't indulge in real jewelry, she says, she buys $100 worth of costume jewelry each month and five $100 bottles of perfume a year. Punching underwear, gloves, scarves, hats, nightgowns, and a warm-up suit into his calculator, Ron brings the total to $8,556 a year—or about 10 percent of her take-home pay.

"When we add that to your other expenses, you've already overspent your income, even without paying back your debts or saving," Ron says.

Ron asks if she has other addictive tendencies, and she says she has always struggled with her weight and with eating sweets (though there's no visual evidence of it). She nods when he asks, "Is sugar a trigger for you to shop? If you eat a frosted cake, do you feel you might as well buy a twinset because you're already in free fall?"

He moves to the trickiest area: giving money to Tony. In Ron's program, giving money is practically as taboo as borrowing money—it's sharing your stash, it's co-dependency, it's bad for you and bad for your dependent. He fires a series of questions at her designed to ferret out why Tony can't live on his $50,000 salary ("Booze? Grass?"). A.J. seems extremely offended. She doesn't know what Tony spends money on, but she thinks he wouldn't ask if he didn't need it, and she doesn't want to say no: "He's supported me in the past. I can't lecture him about money."

"If you can't put a boundary around that, then you can't have a spending plan," Ron says.

None of the plan Ron designs with A.J. over the next five sessions seems to require undue sacrifice. Instead of planning an $8,000 wardrobe, could she budget for a $5,000 one? "By giving yourself permission to shop, you'll break the taboo that drives the compulsion," Ron assures her. Some of the savings will be transferred to new categories of self-care, to try to cultivate pleasures besides shopping: She'll go to the opera once a month, take a cooking or language class, save for a trip to Italy, and get a housekeeper—all things she had thought she couldn't afford.

But will she follow the plan?

"Most addiction programs have a success rate of 25 to 30 percent," Ron tells me. "I have an astonishing track record of 50 percent."

"Ron talks a good talk," A.J. says. "But I don't know if I can put my money where his mouth is."

IN HER BOOK *THE OVERSPENT AMERICAN,* HARvard economist Juliet Schor describes what she calls the "new consumerism": the way in which the culture of spending has changed and intensified in the past half-century. In the early postwar decades, Americans spent to keep up with the famous Joneses—to not be the last one on the block to have a car or automated washing machine. But now the ethos has changed from spending in order to conform to spending in order to express individuality—a much more expensive proposition.

ORGANIZATIONS OFFERING FINANCIAL COUNSELING

Budget & Credit Counseling Services, or BuCCS

(212-675-5070 or buccs.com)

Method: One-on-one counseling. BuCCs negotiates with creditors to reduce monthly payments and interest charges and waive late fees. Clients agree to make monthly payments for four years. Cost: $50 counseling fee.

Myvesta

(800-MYVESTA or myvesta.org)

Method: Twenty-two programs, including One-Pay, which consolidates your bills and deals with creditors on the creditors' terms (no additional fee); AllPaid, which deposits your money in an insured account and uses that to pay your bills ($395 for setup and $60 or more per month); and DebtTectives, which negotiates with creditors to get your debt down ($399 per account). For the completely destitute, there's CBA, or Comprehensive Bankruptcy Alternative, a $2,900 (onetime) jump-start to a new life in which Myvesta counsels you for 30 to 40 hours and helps you find a new house, a new job, even a lawyer if you need one.

Debtors Anonymous

(781-453-2743 or debtorsanonymous.org)

Method: Support groups and twelve-step program derived from Alcoholics Anonymous. Regular meetings, sponsorship by members in recovery.

SHOW ME THE MONEY:
Ron Gallen.

Daniel's income topped $1 million last year but he only opened a 401(k) last year. "It's unbelievable," says his wife, Lisa, her perky voice dropping. "How can we make so much and have this little to show? It's a sickness."

Moreover, everyone in the Joneses' neighborhood earned roughly the same amount, so keeping up with them wasn't too much of a stretch. Today, however, our "reference groups" are much more diverse and include co-workers or TV "friends." Yet, Schor writes, when "poet-waiters earning $18,000 a year, teachers earning $30,000, and editors and publishers earning six-figure incomes all aspire to be part of one urban literary referent group, which exerts pressure to drink the same brand of bottled water and wine, wear the same urban literary clothing, and appoint their apartment with the same urban literary furnishings, those at the lower end of the spectrum find themselves in an untenable situation."

The result is that only one third of households making more than $100,000 a year (and 40 percent making $50,000 to $100,000) agree with the statement "I can afford to buy everything I really need." Overall, "half the population of the richest country in the world say they cannot afford everything they really need," she concludes. "And it's not just the poorer half."

Nowhere are these problems more evident than in New York—a city in which there is no middle class, or where middle-class life requires upper-class means. Lisa O'Brien, president of the New York Charter Schools Association, is typical of the six- and seven-figure hand-to-mouth earners: She and her husband, Daniel, a commercial-real-estate developer, still have trouble paying off their American Express card some months even though, after some bad business years, Daniel's income topped $1 million last year. Although they've finally succeeded in taking care of the balance of their $100,000 Saratoga Springs wedding five years ago, Daniel only opened a 401(k) last year. It's unbelievable," she says, her perky voice dropping. "How can we make so much and have this little to show? I wasn't raised to live like this. It's a sickness."

Most Americans rely on credit cards to fill the gap between reality and desire. Many spending disorders would remain latent tendencies without the enabling credit cards. Kim Miller, for example, who spent $60,000 on consumer goods while getting a Ph.D. in English at SUNY-Buffalo, had 21 credit cards: Whenever she maxed one out, there was always a fresh start greeting her in the mail.

According to economic sociologist Robert Manning, author of *Credit Card Nation: The Consequence of America's Addiction to Debt,* 60 percent of Americans do not pay off their balance in full each month; these families average more than $12,000 in credit-card debt, which means they're paying $1,800 to $2,200 in interest alone every year. And at 18 percent, interest rates have never been farther from the prime-lending rate, 4.75 percent. (Many of the people carrying balances would be eligible for bank loans against their mortgages.) Paying the minimum monthly balance on $12,000, it would take at least 30 years to reduce the debt.

The average rate of savings fell from 10 percent of income in 1980 to zero in 2000—a fact that economists fear will have long-term negative consequences for the economy as a whole (although savings increased very slightly as consumption has declined during the recession). People are offered credit lines that are much greater than they can afford with their income. If applicants dissemble a little on the form, the disparity can be increased exponentially. Yet attempts at credit-card reform are routinely defeated. (The credit-card industry was a major campaign contributor to President Bush.) The result: One in 69 American households has filed for personal bankruptcy. And the figures are likely to go up.

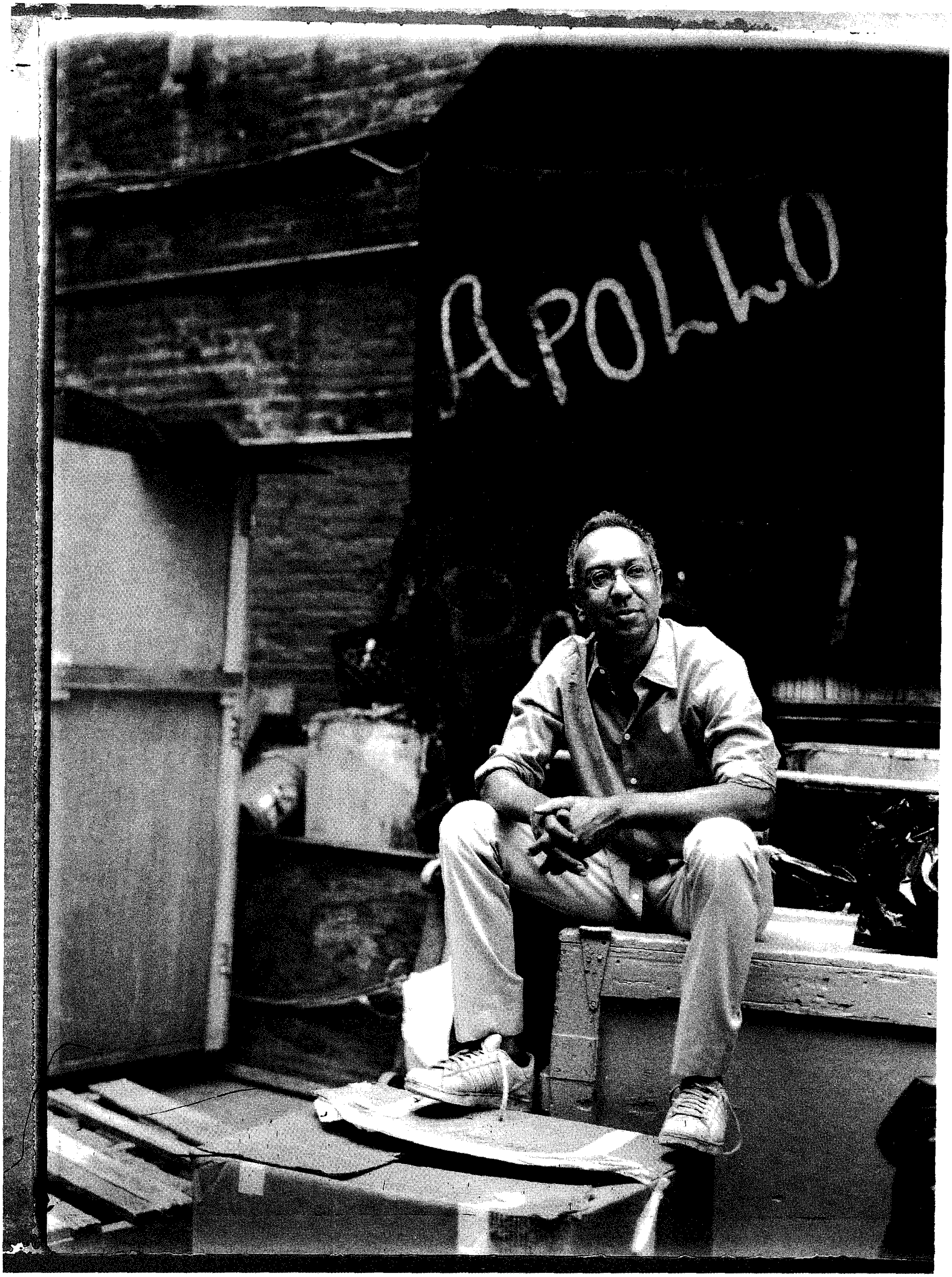
LIKE OTHER PEOPLE WITH MONEY DISORDERS, A.J. has plenty of insight into her problems' origins, but—as the saying goes—the insight never put a nickel in her pocket. "On a good day—a non-bloating, going-to-the-gym day—shopping is a celebration," A.J. explains matter-of factly. "On a bad day, it's making up for feeling fat and ugly and hairy like a monster."

In North Carolina, her family lived near the poverty line in a preppy, class-conscious area—the kind of place where all the kids wore Polo Ralph Lauren and the like. All of her feelings of insecurity became transposed onto these external differences—feelings with which her parents did not empathize. She sees her "propensity for label-whoredom" now as all about trying to "go back and get acceptance from the peers who rejected me as a small person who didn't have the right uniform." She remembers once as a child cutting out a paper alligator and pasting it on a Dollar-Mart shirt. It still pains her to think about how it didn't fool anybody.

Her first attempt at getting help was five years ago when she went to BuCCS, a debt-consolidation agency. Debt-consolidation agencies were originally a noble idea, funded by the banks, but as their numbers grew they were underwritten by credit-card companies themselves. The credit-card companies pay the agencies a kickback—a percentage of the debt they were able to collect from clients—creating an inherent conflict of interest. Under the guise of nonprofit organizations, the agencies, in fact, function as collection agencies

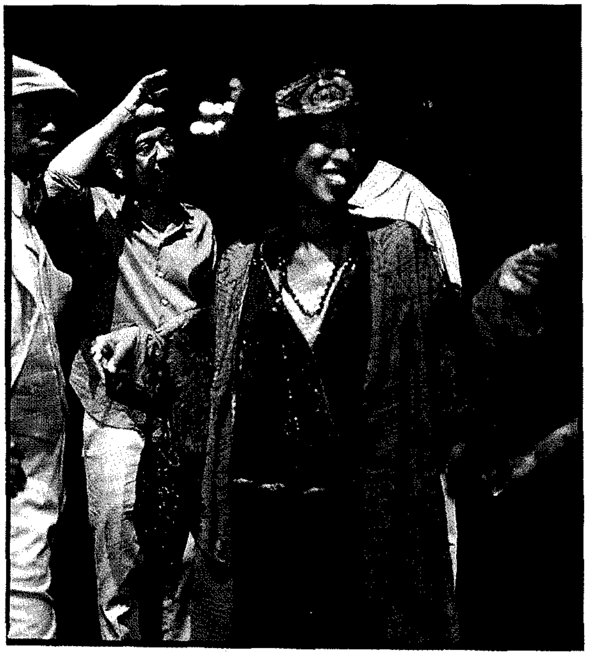
(continued on page 102)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY GULLIXSON.


APOLLO

How Harlem Got Its Groove Back

Can Harlem's future be built on its history? George C. Wolfe, whose *Harlem Song* just opened at the Apollo complete with tourist-friendly marketing plan, is the latest to make the attempt. But, as always, not without controversy. By Craig Horowitz



WOLFE AT THE DOOR: Opposite: George C. Wolfe at the Apollo's backstage courtyard. Above: Rehearsing *Harlem Song.*

ABOUT FOUR MILES SOUTH OF THE Apollo Theatre, home of the new musical *Harlem Song,* George C. Wolfe, the show's creator, is sitting in his softly lit second-floor office at the Public Theater getting ready to go to a rehearsal. It is a steamy summer afternoon near the end of June, but Wolfe, the Tony-winning writer, director, and producer, exhibits no signs that he is wilting from the heat of the day or the pressure of opening a new show.

Instead of obsessing, the slim, loose-limbed Wolfe is doing one of the things he does best: telling stories, stories about putting *Harlem Song* together. "Oh, God, I had this open call for the show that started at 10:30 in the morning and didn't finish until 10 at night. For close to twelve hours, we had people lined up to dance and sing. It was astonishing. I found one woman so intriguing and really moving," he says, shifting in his chair like a nervous teenager.

"She came out onstage, dressed very nicely, and she said, 'I've never done anything like this before.' She sang a song, and it was clear she was not a performer. And I was wondering, did she sneak away to do this? Did her children know she was coming? Did her husband know? Did she come with her girlfriend? I just love the fact that she did it."

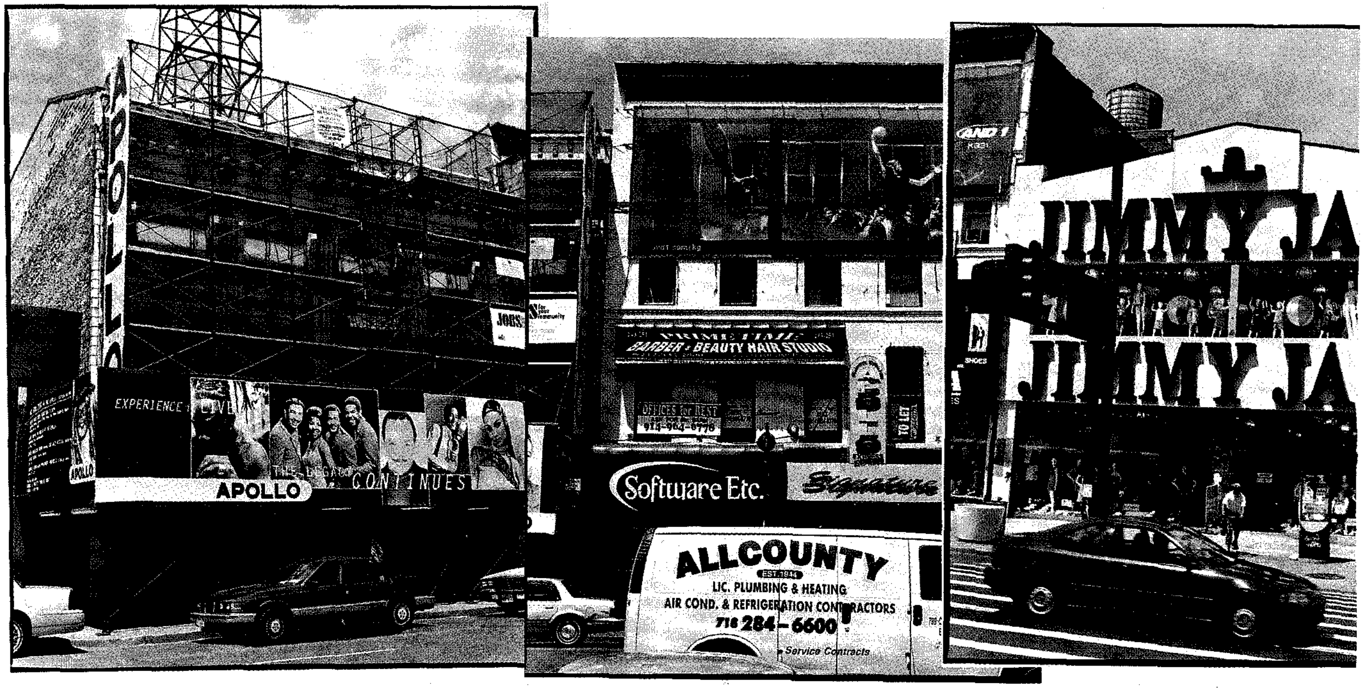
Then he tells the story of an Asian woman at the audition who walked out onstage and sang "Precious Lord." "Her performance was filled with these gospel riffs and the whole thing. And she didn't speak a word of English. It was just so wonderful."

One reason Wolfe isn't feeling the pressure is that he's handled it before. He's had ten shows on Broadway in the past ten years, including (along with a couple of flops) such diverse hits as *Topdog/Underdog, Elaine Stritch at Liberty, Bring in 'da Noise Bring in 'da Funk,* and *Angels in America.* But, exuberance notwithstanding, *Harlem Song,* in its first week of previews, is the biggest challenge he's faced in years. It is the first time in the Apollo's history that it will be home to a show with an open-ended run. *Harlem Song* is scheduled for seven performances a week, three on Saturdays, two on Sundays, and two on Mondays.

Raising the stakes, Wolfe has chosen to tell the social, cultural, and by extension the political history of Harlem from the Roaring Twenties to the present within the confines of a 90-minute musical revue that is striving for the broadest possible appeal. "I know there's going to be criticism," Wolfe says equably. "There are a lot of people who believe they own the history, the mythology of Harlem. You know, they believe it's their story. But I have to tell the stories that intrigue me. The piece is about the energy of the day and, ultimately, about the regenerative power of community. That gave me my clues about what I needed to do."

This is not a typical Broadway or Off-Broadway opening—in fact, the show is, in a very real way, about the future of Harlem. And it carries with it the hopes

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LAVINE



and expectations of the community. "This is not just about *Harlem Song* or the Apollo," says Derek Johnson, a Harlem resident and former AOL Time Warner executive who left his corporate post to head the Apollo Foundation and to direct the renovation and (he hopes) the resurgence of the forlorn landmark. "This can be a transforming, catalytic event for the community that will have great spillover effect for all of the other businesses."

HARLEM SONG COMES AT A CRITICAL POINT IN Harlem's still-nascent resurgence. After almost ten years of significant capital investment in residential and commercial projects, the community is at a kind of crossroads. Five years ago, Harlem, which has about the same population as Vermont, had no supermarket, no video store, no place to get a salad at lunchtime, buy a television, or go to the movies. Private investment was kept away for years by Harlem's political cronyism. "But that's all changed dramatically," says developer Bruce Ratner, head of Forest City Ratner, which is completing a 300,000-square-foot retail and office building on 125th and Lenox Avenue called Harlem Center. "And you have to give the credit to Governor Pataki. You wouldn't have expected it given that there's not a lot of Republican votes uptown. But he and his people took the politics out of what was being done up there."

Then a Pathmark supermarket, a Blockbuster video store, movie theaters, a mall, and a variety of other retail outlets opened up. And now that the path has been cleared, there are at least a dozen new commercial developments under way. At the north end of Central Park will be a 220,000-square-foot cultural and office complex slated to house the corporate headquarters of Edison Schools and the Museum for African Art.

Gotham Plaza on 125th Street is due to open in a matter of weeks with its own payload of chains and national brands. On 135th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, in what used to be Smalls' Paradise, the Reverend Calvin Butts and the Abyssinian Development Corporation are building a new home for the Thurgood Marshall Academy, a successful public school started by the Abyssinian Baptist Church. Over on the east end of 125th Street, Potamkin has planned an auto mall that will fill three blocks from 125th to 128th. There's also Gateway Plaza, a retail center on 125th near Lexington; as well as the Hue-Man Bookstore, at 125th and Frederick Douglass Boulevard, specializing in black history and culture, due to open in a few weeks. And lest you think the picture seems somehow incomplete, Harlem already has a Starbucks.

But retail development has its limits, particularly on 125th Street, which will, from river to river, very shortly be almost unrecognizable from what it was a few years ago. Consequently, people are now starting to look at the future, at the next step. And that is where the opening of *Harlem Song* and the $54 million renovation of the Apollo Theatre are expected by many people to play a crucial role.

If phase one of the Harlem revitalization was eliminating the impediment of the local politicians (who were stunningly inept, except for maintaining their own power) and phase two was that first burst of commercial and residential development, what shape should phase three take? "The real issue now is to get people to come up and spend money here," says Derek Johnson. "For too long we've been recycling the same dollars in this community."

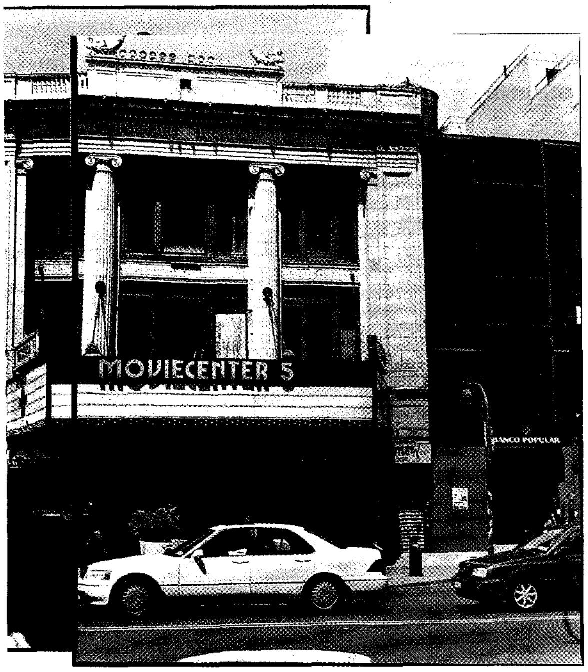
The way to get people uptown, particularly when significant psychological barriers still exist for many, is to give them a compelling reason to go. "The crux of this whole Harlem economic revitalization has nothing to do with the Disney store or any of the other chains that are opening on 125th Street," says Michael Eberstadt, owner of Slice of Harlem, a pizzeria, and a creole restaurant named Bayou, both on 125th. "It's just more retail, and who cares? Nobody is coming uptown for the glory of shopping in overpriced sneaker stores on 125th Street."

Eberstadt, who is white, opened his first Harlem restaurant a little over four years ago after working in social services (he ran a soup kitchen) and completing a master's in public policy at Columbia. He believes his experience with Bayou illustrates the difference between Harlem's current economic reality and its potential.

Eberstadt has struggled with Bayou for two years and is just beginning to break even now, though the restaurant has gotten lots of good press (in part because he has regularly catered events for 125th Street's best-known resident, William Jefferson Clinton) and word of mouth.

"People might come up here the way they'd go to an interesting Indian place in Jackson Heights, or an Italian restaurant in Bensonhurst," Eberstadt says. "They'll go once for an unusual experience and to tell their friends they did it, but they won't come a second time, and repeat business is where the money is in restaurants."

But when there are shows at the Apollo, like recent appearances by Whoopi Gold-



HARLEM'S NEW DAY: Four views of the streetscape around the Apollo.

berg and by Wynton Marsalis and his Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, Bayou is packed. “The real underlying economic asset of Harlem is that it's the capital of African-American culture, past and present,” says Eberstadt. “And moving forward now, that's what everything else should be built around. This gives people a real reason to come uptown. That's why *Harlem Song* is so important. It will show what the potential up here really is.”

"This is not just about *Harlem Song* or the Apollo," says Derek Johnson. “This can be a transforming, catalytic event for the community.”

WHILE EVERY PRODUCER WILL TELL YOU IT'S A challenge getting an audience to come to anything, the people behind *Harlem Song* know that getting people to go above 96th Street is a special challenge. Everything flows from ticket sales, so the producers have identified half a dozen different audiences they are targeting: residents of upper Manhattan (meaning blacks and Latinos); domestic and international tourists; students and college groups; avid theatergoers; eventgoers (families who plan four or five outings a year in the city); and culture seekers (Manhattan opinion leaders and trendsetters).

Harlem Song producer John Schreiber, whose credits include *Hard Rock Live* on VH1 and, with George Wolfe, *Elaine Stritch at Liberty*, knew when he began this project that Harlem is the third-most-visited tourist destination in the city. “The problem is the tourists often don't get off the bus except maybe for church or Sylvia's.” To change this, Schreiber and his partners have made a deal with Gray Line tours to be a featured attraction, which means the guides will talk up the show. They have also made a deal with a group of eleven nonprofit institutions—including the Studio Museum and the Dance Theatre of Harlem—known as the Harlem Strategic Cultural Collaborative. One dollar from every ticket sold will go to the group, which will cross-promote the show.

They've even tried to address the comfort level of potential showgoers who are perhaps a little nervous about going to Harlem. Free parking has been arranged at a garage one block from the theater, and there will be concierge service in the lobby of the Apollo available to arrange car service or dinner reservations.

The hope is that a successful run for *Harlem Song* will provide the kind of boost that will resuscitate the moribund landmark. Ever since the state took over the shuttered and bankrupt theater in 1992 and leased it back to the nonprofit Apollo Foundation, the woeful history has been one of underperformance, financial impropriety, and flat-out neglect.

Finally, in 1998, the state attorney general stepped in and the mess—which essentially centered on Percy Sutton and the contract held by his company Inner City Broadcasting to produce the syndicated television program *It's Showtime at the Apollo*—began to get cleaned up. In the process, Sutton, a close friend of Congressman Charles Rangel's, was forced to make a million dollars in back payments, and there was a shakeup of the board that oversees the theater, including Rangel's resignation.

Now Derek Johnson has put together a new team that includes David Rodriguez, an experienced theater manager, and Nicole Bernard, a sharp lawyer and businesswoman who will handle marketing, new business, and promotion of the Apollo as a brand. The first task was fixing up the tattered Harlem icon, which had, essentially, become a dump. Seats were broken and torn, the carpeting was ripped and worn out, the paint was peeling.

The renovation is in its first phase, a $14 million sprucing-up that includes new carpeting, fixing the broken seats (and eventually replacing them), splashing around some fresh paint, bringing the sound and lighting up to current standards, repairing the famed yellow-and-red blade sign, and computerizing the marquee. The $39 million second phase will include restoring neglected architectural details; constructing a new lobby, gift shop, and bathrooms; and redoing the dressing rooms.

But returning the Apollo to anything resembling its glory days will require more than new seats and fresh paint. “We realize that credibility is a huge issue,” says Johnson. “We're trying to distance ourselves from the theater's recent history, and the best way for us to accomplish that is to do what we say we're going to do.”

There are also long-range plans for the Apollo, which involve using the theater as the focal point for a huge performing-arts center that would require taking over several retail spaces immediately to the east as well as the Victoria theater, a movie house that's been closed for years.

This would include building a larger theater—one of the Apollo's primary problems is that it doesn't have enough seats to be economically competitive in today's entertainment market—more rehearsal space, and perhaps a hotel and jazz museum. Johnson refers to these plans as “aspirational,” but quiet fund-raising has actually been going on for some time.

Throughout the difficulties, the Apollo, or at least the idea of the Apollo, has maintained its luster. “Performers know there is something special about this place,” says Rodriguez. “A couple of times recently, James Brown has pulled up unannounced out front and asked to come in and just play the piano for five minutes. People really want to experience the ghosts here.”

NOT EVERYONE AGREES THAT ONE OF THE keys to the community's economic future is a thriving Apollo Theatre. Carl Redding, owner of Amy Ruth's, the popular soul-food restaurant on 116th Street, is skeptical about trying to attract visitors by turning Harlem into a kind of living museum dedicated to the arts and culture. “The people who come to Amy Ruth's are primarily people from the community,” says Redding, a lifelong Harlem resident who spent eight years as Al Sharpton's driver before opening his restaurant three years ago.

Partly because of his time with Sharpton, the restaurant attracts celebrities in politics, sports, and entertainment.

"I put no faith and no trust in tourists. And 9/11 proved it. When the tourists stopped coming, places like Sylvia's suffered," says Redding. "My business went up during that period, because people in the community were looking for a place to get together and talk and to mourn."

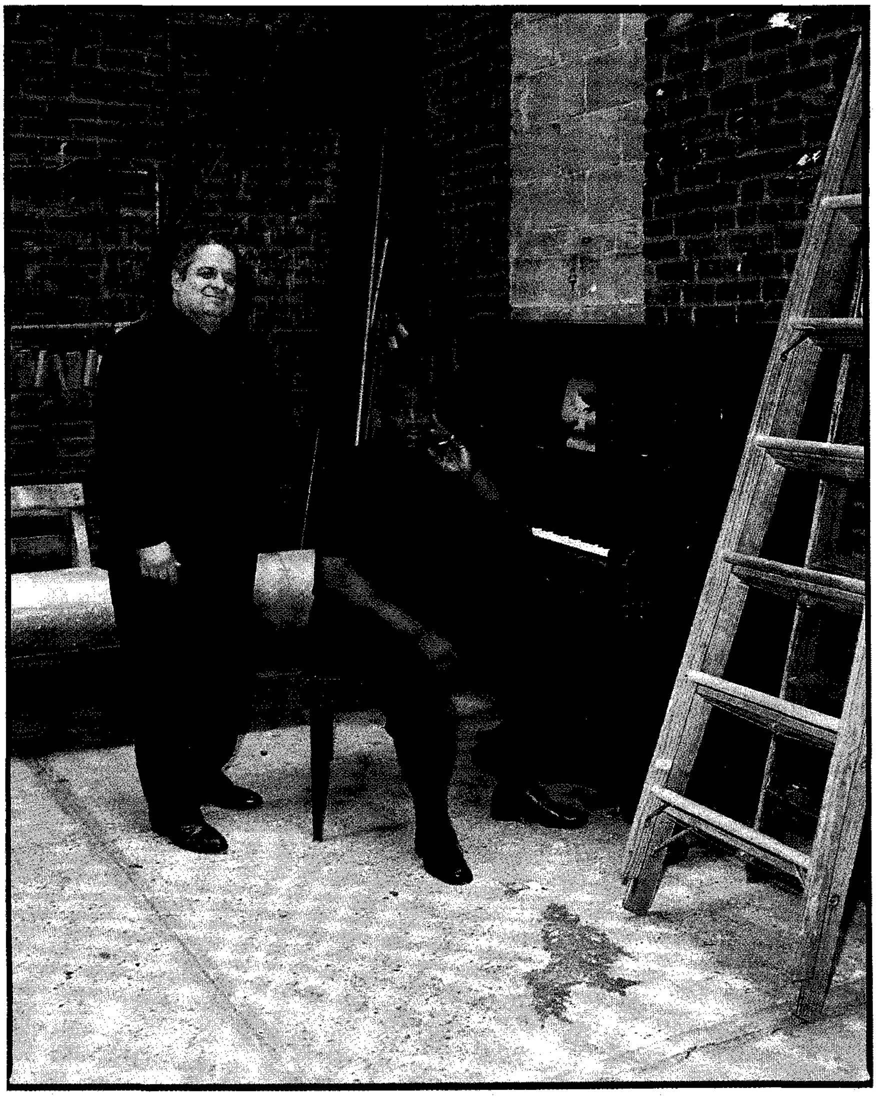
Redding is an interesting case, because he represents both the old and the new Harlem. He is at once a testament to the opportunities that now exist uptown for the savvy, determined small-business man as well as an example of all those residents who are angry about what they believe is the gentrification of Harlem.

While he dismisses the tourist business ("I used to get angry when I'd see the buses riding through filled with people looking at us like we were monkeys in the zoo") and ambitious attempts to attract outsiders on the one hand, he applauds the arrival of what he calls triple-A businesses like Starbucks, Pathmark, Disney, and Magic Johnson's movie theaters on the other. And when he praises these changes, he points out that he knows there will be lots of people who won't be happy about his comments.

Redding started Amy Ruth's by getting some of the people he'd met through Sharpton to invest in his idea (Percy Sutton and Johnnie Cochran, to name just two). He didn't go to the empowerment zone for help. "I had no credit and no financial history, which is usually the problem with black businesses."

But there was another reason as well. "I'd heard all the bad stuff about them," he says. "They had a really bad reputation. Everyone said the empowerment zone was only here to re-gentrify Harlem. That they were only giving loans to big businesses coming in from outside the community like Starbucks and Disney and they didn't care about the small, black businessman."

Redding is not alone in his ambivalence about the changes uptown. Harlem's state assemblyman, Keith Wright, who lives with his family in the very same Harlem apartment he grew up in, has similarly conflicting emotions. "Every community wants to see progress and development," says Wright, "but you have to balance it by making sure the indigenous folks don't get left out. And right now there are a lot of folks up here who are feeling left out. People are worried about rising housing costs, and I have to say it's reaching crisis proportions. I've been here all my life, and I can't afford one of these brownstones now which are selling for $700,000 and up."



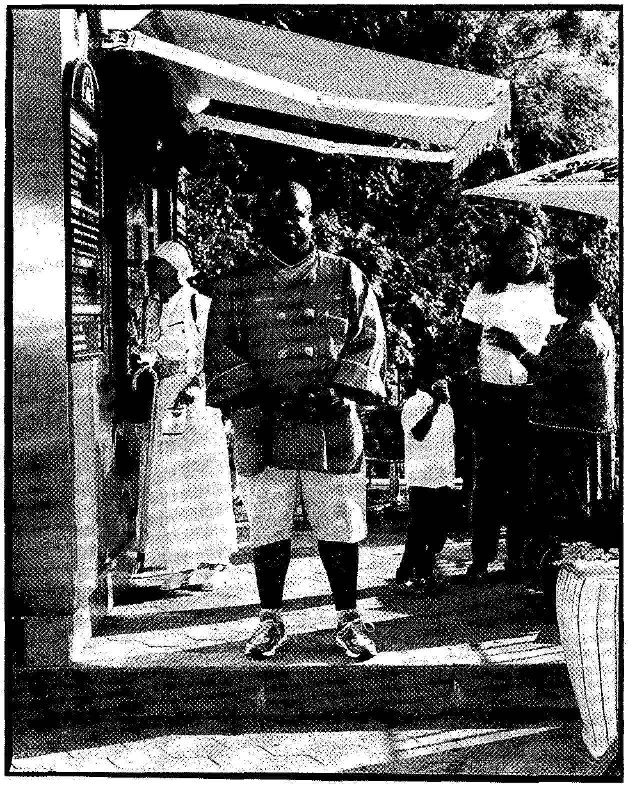
In truth, however, with all of the change and development that have taken place, Harlem is light-years away from being gentrified. It is, in every sense, still what politicians and developers euphemistically refer to as an emerging neighborhood. In other words, it remains predominantly a neighborhood of poor people. Much of the investment, particularly the high-profile kind, has taken place on the major commercial strips, including 116th, 125th, and 145th Streets. In between these thoroughfares, there are islands of rehabbed and renovated and newly built residential properties floating in a sea of run-down and abandoned buildings.

Many in the community, like the Reverend Calvin Butts, believe that arts and culture are critical to Harlem's continued revival, but that affordable middle-class housing is as well. And that means housing for two-income couples making between $60,000 and $100,000 a year, to build a desperately needed middle class in the community. "Phase three," says New York secretary of state Randy Daniels, "must be home-ownership. Right now it's only about 6 percent in Harlem. But if we could get it up around the citywide average of 30 percent, that would do more for long-term empowerment of the residents than just about anything else. It gives you a stake, and we've got to preach it from the pulpits. It's an absolutely essential step."

And with all of the change in how things are done uptown, there are still anachronistic pockets of the old obstructionist political infighting. The empowerment zone, for example, continues to be a kind of rat's nest of animosity between the governor, Rangel, and the mayor (though perhaps not as bad as when Rudy Giuliani was in office). In seven years, the zone has given out only slightly more than a third of its $300 million. And only three weeks ago, Terry Lane, head of the empowerment zone, announced his resignation.

Insiders say that city and state officials have long been unhappy with Lane. They claim, however, that Rangel protected him. But all that changed when Johnnie Cochran was named to head the zone's board. He surprised everyone who assumed he'd be

"I put no faith and no trust in tourists," says Carl Redding, owner of Amy Ruth's and formerly Al Sharpton's driver.



COMMUNITY ACTORS: Carl Redding outside his café near Morningside Park. Opposite: Apollo executive director David Rodriguez and Apollo Foundation head Derek Johnson.

just a figurehead by actually attending board meetings and, as one official put it, "looking under the skirts" to find out why the place was such a mess. Cochran challenged Lane's management, the two men clashed, and Lane's hand was finally forced. Lane emphatically denies this version of events. He says leaving was his decision and he and Cochran continue to have a good relationship.

Even at the Apollo, some things are more intractable than others. Almost inexplicably, after the financial mess was uncovered by the attorney general's office in 1998, Sutton's company was allowed to renew its contract for *It's Showtime at the Apollo.*

That agreement has now expired again, and the Apollo is now seeking bids. One of those who want the contract is Frank Mercado-Valdes, founder and CEO of the Heritage Network, a $60 million television-sales-and-syndication company. Mercado-Valdes's company, now located in the financial district, is set to move to Harlem Center next year. The building, on 125th and Lenox, is on the same corner where Mercado-Valdes once sold T-shirts.

His welcome in Harlem, however, may be a little muted. Mercado-Valdes, a voluble, ambitious salesman, tried to secure the rights to the Apollo show back in 1998 when Sutton was under investigation. Sutton retained the contract, but because of Mercado-Valdes's bid ended up paying 30 times what he had been paying: The fees for the rights went from $50,000 to $1.6 million.

Mercado-Valdes's bidding war with Sutton attracted the attention and wrath of his friend Charlie Rangel: "I was turned into a pariah. In fact, I'm still a pariah. I still can't give my credit card to half the people in Harlem without them looking at the name and saying, 'Oh, you're that guy who went after Mr. Sutton.' When I decided to move my company uptown, I put in a grant application with the empowerment zone. But when I found out Rangel still has a problem with me and the application wouldn't be approved, I withdrew it." (Rangel says he wouldn't know Mercado-Valdes if he bumped into him. However, he says he does remember Mercado-Valdes bidding in 1998.)

Mercado-Valdes started his company ten years ago with a simple idea. He'd read that Ted Turner had purchased the rights to all the old MGM movies to run them on his cable channel. Mercado-Valdes decided to do the same thing with black movies: secure the rights to run them on TV in syndication.

Now his company, which was once called the African Heritage Network, also produces original programming, including a syndicated show called *The Source: All-Access,* done in conjunction with the hip-hop magazine, and a new fall show being done with Dick Clark called *Livin' Large,* which is a kind of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* meets *Cribs.*

"My feeling about the Apollo deal is that it should be kept in Harlem," he says. "Let Sutton and his company continue to produce the show, and my company will handle syndication and sales. Why let a syndicator like King World do it? They're part of Viacom, which just moved BET out of Harlem. But I know Sutton will never go for it. I can't beat that guy."

FOR GEORGE C. WOLFE, THE IDEA OF CREATing an original piece about Harlem, a piece that would be a running attraction at the Apollo and a kind of symbol of the community's continuing vitality, was irresistible.

"I've had, for lack of a better word, a very fortunate career downtown. So the idea that I could use my skills and my profile to bring energy to the Harlem community appealed to me on a very fundamental level," Wolfe says.

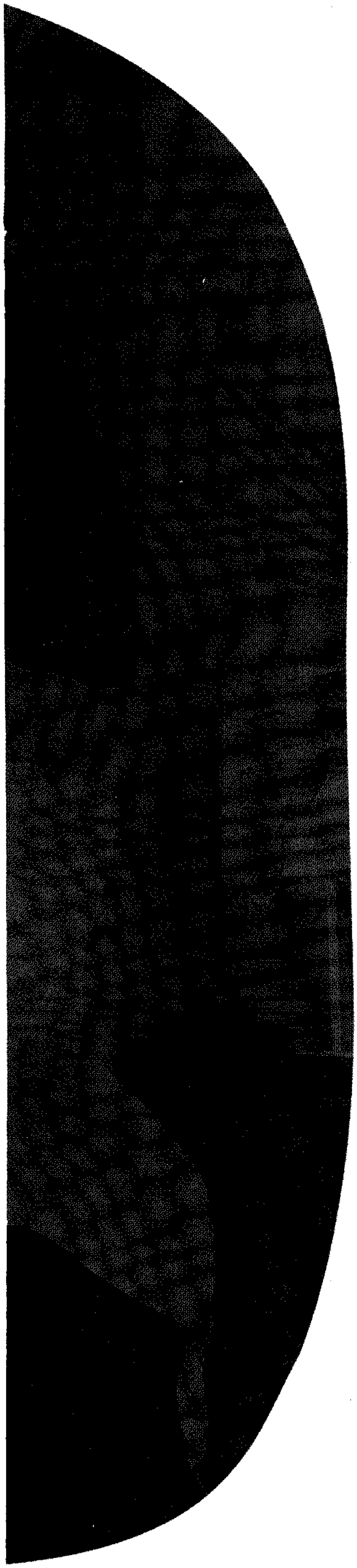
A particular challenge within this context would seem to be the past 30 years, those decades when the community was declining and suffering and yielding few if any reasons to celebrate.

"I don't look at it that way," Wolfe says. "I think one of the unwritten stories of the history of Harlem, which is the story of every single thriving black community in America, is the consequences of integration." Wolfe recounts a trip he made with his father ten years ago back to his hometown in Kentucky. "I was riding around with his sister and she was going, 'Oh, and the ballroom was over there. And that's where Dr. So-and-so's office was. And the coffee shop was on that street.' And she was describing all these black-owned businesses in this little town of Providence, Kentucky, which was completely segregated, so black people had to have all their own things," he says, narrowing his eyes and leaning forward.

"So a real phenomenon is that from Harlem's inception as a thriving black community and well into the fifties, it was the only game in town for black people living in wonderful, fabulous places and not being victimized. So what ends up happening is not how the community died, because it didn't, but how the community was dissipated by the phenomenon of integration and who and what kept the community together. The story throughout *Harlem Song* is what is the driving collective energy of the day."

Of course, he also hopes that *Harlem Song* will contribute to the *current* collective energy. "I would love this piece to be a source of pride for the community and for it to serve as an economic catalyst," he says, standing in the doorway now.

"And I'd really love it if *Harlem Song* could contribute to shattering the idea that Harlem is a separate nation on the island of Manhattan." ■



WHERE'S WOODY?

THE *SEX AND THE CITY* REVOLUTION HAS MADE PLENTY OF MEN NERVOUS. BUT WHEN A TRUSTED FRIEND IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND AT THE MOMENT OF TRUTH, A YOUNG STUD WANTS ANSWERS. ONE GUY'S MEDICAL ODYSSEY IN SEARCH OF THE HARD FACTS.

BY BEN KAPLAN

THE CHALLENGE, AS I REMEMBER IT, is getting them to this place, not what happens once they're here. And Erica is here. We're in my bed doing the sweaty grapple. I like her, and although we've just met, I'm surprised and excited that it's gone this far. She's older than me, a sex columnist, more successful, and besides that, she has long blonde hair and tight leather jeans. Anyway, she looks good. • But there's a problem. For all the kissing and rubbing, the bump and the jeans-on-jeans grind, I'm not getting hard. She tongues my ear, flexes her hips, stretches her fingers to explore my chest. But something is wrong—and if I notice, then so must she. Our foreplay becomes a game of hide-and-go-seek, with her reaching for me, and me twisting away. • I exhale heartily, feigning pleasure. Finally, when our jeans wind up

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balled on the side of my bed, there is no escaping what's not there. "Is there something you'd like me to do?" Erica asks. But it isn't her. There is nothing I want her to do. All I want is for her to be pleased. All I want is for this to be over.

"No, I'm sorry, you're great, just keep doing what you're doing," I say. All I can do is buy time, and after about six more minutes, as we search for a Kimono, my concern blossoms into full-fledged panic. I'm 26 years old! Inside the condom, I'm a size-4 shoe in a size-16 boot. What the fuck is the matter with me?

I can penetrate, but only perfunctorily, so when she begins raising the volume of her exhaled breaths, of course I assume that she's faking now, too. I'm thinking too much, enjoying too little, seeing what's happening from above, as if I were at Madison Square Garden watching someone else performing onstage. Erica gets on top, writhing, gaining speed and momentum as she works herself up. I'm punch-drunk, thawing; paralyzed and deflated, with my eyes wide open, hands clenched at my thighs and as she jackhammers away, I'm mentally two steps past her, planning my apology for when she's through. I'm worried about what she's going to say to her friends. I'm worried about what she's going to write in her column. I'm worried that—*Oh, my God*—this might happen again.

IN FACT, IT DOES. AND NOT JUST TO me. Doctors say that more 21-to-31-year-olds in Manhattan are complaining about erectile dysfunction—ED—than they've ever seen before. I know this because after a couple of stagnant nights with Erica turned into a few weeks and then several months, I started making frantic calls—to doctors, all of my friends, an ex-girlfriend, and even Bob Dole. Andrew McCullough, a midtown urologist, says he's seeing twice as many guys under 30 complaining about ED than even four years ago, when Viagra was introduced. "Maybe I'd see three young guys a week," he says. "Now it's more like six or seven." Urologist Laurence A. Levine says he has seen an 800 percent increase in his patients under 40 in those same four years. And Ursula Ofman, a clinical psychologist and sex therapist, says a third of her patients are young men.

What's going on here? "The reason is simple," says McCullough. "It's the anxiety and expectations of living in New York. Add to that the attention surrounding Monica and Bill and the advent of Viagra, and people are complaining about ED because there's an increase in sexual awareness."

Another way of looking at this is: It's Samantha's fault. The *Sex and the City* vixen's craving for size, for novelty, for frequency, for orgasm on demand raised—or actually lowered—the bar for New York men like me. Faced with a city of women who now consider satisfaction to be their birthright, many of us have developed chronic performance anxiety. Or maybe men want to be loved for themselves, not their sexual characteristics.

"Every girlfriend I have has experienced this," says Kathy, who is 25 and one of my best friends. "What's surprising isn't that it's happening—it's when a relationship can survive."

My friend Bobby, 26, who lives in Gramercy Park and hasn't had sex with his girlfriend in three months, thinks we'll be fine. And Michael, 27, who admits that "half the time I have sex, something goes wrong," believes we'll work it out.

I appreciate their confidence, but I need to understand why I don't work. I've worked in the past. And sometimes I work now. Why aren't I working more often?

IT ISN'T EASY MAKING AN APPOINTMENT WITH a doctor when you work in a cubicle. Not because the doctor is busy, but because your co-workers aren't. For my insurance to pay for a specialist, I'll need a referral from my primary-care physician—and, of course, his business hours are the same as mine. "What's the reason for your visit?" his secretary asks. "I'm having a problem sustaining an erection," I answer through clenched teeth. Eyebrows arch to my left and my right.

My doctor is Irish, a redheaded Russell Crowe type who wears a wedding band and looks like he belongs on a rugby field, not the other side of a desk listening to me whine about my penis. He draws blood to measure my testosterone. But then a funny thing happens on my way to telling him about Erica. He tells me about Nicole.

"Once, I traveled to England to meet this girl, Nicole," he says. "Man, she was hot." He kicks his feet onto his desk—mud-colored Cole Haan shoes and mauve socks—and contemplatively locks his hands behind his head. "I get there, right? And things are going nicely—dinner, dancing, the works. But when we got home that night . . . I couldn't perform. God, I felt like an asshole." I'm on the edge of my seat. So what did you do? "What *could* I do?" he says sadly, frowning. "I waited out the trip and never saw her again."

AN ERECTION IS CAUSED BY the oxygenated blood flow to the penis. When a man is sexually aroused, the blood flows faster, which stretches the muscle fibers and causes the penis to enlarge. All sorts of things can screw that up: prostate cancer, bike riding, a bad day on Wall Street. I'm not sure what my problem is. I don't even like riding bikes. I don't feel acutely stressed out, but I do drink, and I smoke, so I don't know, maybe I am . . .

At this point, I'm willing to believe everything, try anything, because Erica and I are just barely surviving. We've been together for about six weeks, and I still haven't been able to get a regular, sustained erection. I don't even like to be around her because I know where the night will end. This leads to premature evacuation. She begins to think I don't like her. I haven't told my mom or dad, but Erica and I have discussed it to death: Bad sex, as a topic for a sex columnist, never seems to get old. Sex has become a battle pitting me against myself, and I'm getting my ass kicked all over Mulberry Street.

When my testosterone test comes back, the results are "normal low." I have no idea what the numbers mean (my prolactin is 3.4 out of a 3.0 to 19.0 range; my TSH is 2.35 uIU/mL out of a .40 to 5.50 range), but my doctor dismisses me over the phone with a final "You're fine." I'm disappointed. I don't feel fine; I feel *soft*. I've had years of good-if-not-great sex. Okay, sometimes I'm quick on the trigger, but even if I wasn't always fantastic, at least I was functional. "Normal low?" Normal, I understand. "Normal low" sounds un-normal, abnormal. It sounds no good at all. After a few more badgering phone calls, he refers me to Jed Kaminetsky, a Lexington Avenue erectionologist I'd told him I wanted to see.

Even Kaminetsky's waiting room is humiliating. One of his five secretaries hands me the standard doctor-issue paper cup to pee in, and there's a line to the small bathroom. When I get in, the age-spotted men talking testes in the john block my passageway to the sink. It's all I can do not to run out of his office.

TWO WIRES PLUG INTO THE COMPUTER, ending in two loops that lasso my penis—one at the tip, one at the base. The loops expand and contract every fifteen seconds. Between blasts, I lie awake, **BRACING FOR THE NEXT CLAMP.**

After setting the cup on a tray full of them, I am handed a questionnaire, and the pain begins. "What's the reason for your visit?" *Erectile dysfunction.* "How long has it been since your penis functioned the way you think it should?" *Fluctuates.* "Are there any positional variations in your ability to obtain or maintain an erection?" *Jesus Christ, I don't know.* "Please circle the number which best describes the quality of your erection with self-masturbation," the questionnaire goes on. "Do you have any curvature on the penis with erection?" And on: "Do you have trouble with ejaculation?" And on: "Please circle the number which best describes the quality of your erections when your partner stimulates you orally." (This on a small graph with numbers from 1—none—to 10—rigid.)

Kaminetsky is a little man with big hair and a blue Viagra paperweight on his desk. His assistant, Betsy, has a framed picture of her Dalmatian mounted on a block of Viagra notepads. Though primary-care physicians write most Viagra prescriptions, it isn't difficult to deduce that Kaminetsky has done his bit for Pfizer, the maker of the drug. He draws more blood, takes more tests, including one extremely unpleasant probe involving a rubber glove and a Vaseline swab. I'm not sure what Kaminetsky is looking for that my regular doctor couldn't find, but the end result is his prescribing a nocturnal-penile-tumescence machine called a RigiScan.

The RigiScan does what its name implies—it scans the penis for rigidity, recording my erections during the course of the night. The average sleeping man has three to six erections, each lasting as long as 60 minutes. If you're having no problem sustaining an unconscious hard-on, the thinking goes, the problem must be mental, not physical.

There are three parts to the RigiScan. The clunkiest piece is the white plastic computer—it looks something like a Wet Tunes shower radio—that takes the readings; it weighs about three pounds, requires six nine-volt batteries, and gets Velcro'd from my knee to the top of my thigh. Two wires plug into the computer, ending in two loops that lasso my penis—one at the tip, one at the base. The loops expand and contract every fifteen seconds. This circuit measures and records erections, then the doctor downloads the results. There is to be no alcohol or ejaculating prior to strapping myself into the RigiScan, which I'm to use for four consecutive nights, the last one preceded by a dose of Viagra.

The RigiScan feels like an electronic boa constrictor that pulses every fifteen seconds and squeezes with a grip I imagine Derek Jeter might use on his Louisville Slugger. Between blasts, which aren't hard enough to hurt and are too mechanical to feel good, I lie awake, bracing for the next clamp.

Kaminetsky's gut tells him my problems are mental, not physical. But my biggest erection problem tonight is that I'm strapped into this fucking machine. I can't sleep a wink. To take a piss involves disassembling the network, turning on the lights, and then, once I'm wide awake, putting my penis back into the vise. *You* try falling asleep after that. It will be ten days before I use it again.

Kaminetsky has given me three Viagra pills. I give one to my dad, and I need only one for the RigiScan, so the indomitably curious Erica and I decide to test making love after I pop the third one and we share a bottle of red wine. We look forward to it like payday.

But I don't like Viagra. You know how when you have a headache and you take a Tylenol, you can't feel it do anything? Viagra is the opposite of that. You take the pill, then shoot up in the air like someone's stomped on the tail of your skateboard. I walk around my small apartment with an aching erection the size of a Poland Springs water bottle. The last thing you want to do is make love with an erection like that. My penis feels as if there were a weight attached to it, like it wants to drop, but the medicine won't let it. It feels disconnected from the rest of my body, like a prosthetic arm or a remote-controlled robot with somebody else in command. But this is our make-or-break moment, and Erica and I make love on my floor. It's a science project—a missionary, joyless affair.

"I'm never doing that again," I say when it's over.

"Bull*shit*," she says.

IT TOOK ME MORE THAN A MONTH TO USE THE RigiScan four times, and by then, of course, Erica and I had broken up. To celebrate my 27th birthday, my 53-year-old father, his two brothers from the Lower East Side, and my 16-year-old cousin took me out for a sangria-fueled dinner in Chelsea. My father had come in from Potomac, Maryland, to surprise me. He couldn't have imagined the surprise I had waiting for him. This is why I called former Senator Bob Dole: I needed some help in breaking the news. "Your dad is younger than I am," he said. "Be honest. When I did the Pfizer spot, I knew I'd catch flak. But it's more important to get the word out. To help people. So I said, 'Okay, let her rip.' Your dad will understand." He paused a beat, and added, "It's your mom I might not tell." And so I told Mom about breaking up with Erica; I told Dad about my ED.

"Your grandfather would roll over in his grave!" he said at my birthday dinner. Grandpa Matthew was a fur trader, a Polish immigrant whose pinochle-playing friends flooded his Knickerbocker Village apartment with tequila and cigar smoke. His three sons—Kenny, a court clerk; Chet, a music teacher; and Lester, my father, who works with the Housing Opportunities Commission in Washington, D.C.—were liberal family men, but still gruff: The air-conditioning drip didn't fall far from the fire escape. My father broke the long silence: "You mean you have a problem with your prick?"

"I don't know what the problem is," I said. They were drop-jawed, silent, staring at me as if I'd sprouted eight heads or just told them I was gay. My cousin couldn't understand. But then a strange thing happened. My dad said, "The truth is, I remember your grandfather telling me about when it happened to him." He smiled, and then he added, "I also remember when it happened to me." And so the conversation went, everyone clamoring for an opportunity to tell about the time *he* couldn't get it up.

A STRANGE THING HAPPENED. My dad said, "The truth is, I remember your grandfather telling me about when it happened to him." He smiled, and then he added, "I also remember **WHEN IT HAPPENED TO ME."**

"I THINK THE NUMBER OF YOUNG MEN COMplaining about erectile dysfunction caught doctors by surprise," says Ed Laumann, a physician and supervisor of *The National Health and Social Life Survey,* the bible of erectile dysfunction. "We did a population survey in 1999, and 7 percent of 30-year-old men said they suffered from ED for at least two months in a row. Now, young people aren't rushing up saying, 'I'm impotent!,' and I think this could be underreported by about 30 percent." And that is young men suffering ED for *at least* two months. That excludes the whiskey-dicked, the Mister Softees who can't get hard on a shame-inducing Saturday night. Two years ago, Laumann conducted a test in China, adding the word *intermittent* to the questionnaire and again asking 30-year-old men if they'd experienced ED: Over 35 percent answered yes. That could mean up to 65 percent of 30-year-old men experienced episodic ED in the past year. But no one is studying this, and we aren't speaking out. Nobody wants to admit it.

"Everyone keeps erectile dysfunction private because it relates to their self-esteem," Laumann says. "Young men aren't coming forward because of their egos—but I think that's beginning to change." Evidently, Pfizer does not. It repeatedly ignored interview requests for this story. Perhaps this is because it has been widely reportedly that men (and sometimes women) are taking Viagra, its $1.2 billion-a-year drug, for recreational purposes. Whatever the case, Pfizer recently commissioned Laumann to conduct a national erectile-dysfunction poll, and the age demographics begin at 40. If the leader of the erectile-dysfunctionary revolution doesn't want to help my demographic, where is a young man to look?

"SEX FOR LIFE!!" READS THE ADVERTISEMENT in the *Daily News* for the Boston Medical Group, on 37th Street near Second Avenue. ERECTION PROBLEMS? PREMATURE EJACULATION? IMMEDIATE RESULTS, the ad also purrs. I call Boston Medical on Tuesday, and on Friday I am waiting in a small, cream-colored office surrounded by full-color diagrams of penises; there's a latex glove on the floor. It feels like an abandoned inner-city sex-ed classroom. I fill out a short form that asks about diabetes, heart disease, cancer. I check *no* to every question except smoking and booze, sign a release, and wait, flipping through a worn, five-year-old issue of *Sports Illustrated.* And then I see Farhad Mohebban.

Mohebban is a chatty Iranian Jew whose eely bedside manner makes a routine exam seem perverse. "You should marry in the faith," the doctor says as he palms my testicles and inspects my penis. His are the fifth and sixth male hands I've had on me since this problem began. I think I may never have an erection again.

And then, because the next set of tests has to be conducted with an erection, he injects the side of my penis with protein. "You can play, of course you can," Mohebban continues, "but when it comes time to marry, it should be with one of your own."

The intracavernous pharmacotherapy (ICP) doesn't hurt, but what nearly kills me is watching a needle be inserted into my defenseless prick. After the shot, which sends a rush of oxygen and hormones called a vasodilator directly into the tissue, I pull up my pants and waddle into a different cream-colored room. I brace myself as a thunderous erection involuntarily rises while I read about a young golf rookie named Tiger Woods. My penis feels like it's carrying dumbbells. *It* feels like a dumbbell, leaden and strained—uncomfortable, like an erectile migraine. The injection makes Viagra feel like a kiss. After 25 minutes of raw, scared regret, I'm back in Mohebban's office.

"Do you have an erection?" he asks.

"Ripping through my fucking jeans," I reply.

"Drop them, please," he orders. "You're a good-looking Jewish boy." The room feels as though it will swallow me whole.

"I think your problem is premature ejaculation," he says. What?! How the hell did he come up with that? I want to be treated for erectile dysfunction, but whatever your ailment, Boston Medical can promise SEX FOR LIFE!! because it offers one remedy: the ICP shots. It then sells you the ICP in two discount-via-frequency packages—six months for $1,150, two months for $520.

Mohebban tells me this is what I need: self-administered shots into my penis that will force an erection, and then I'll be so erect that I'll have time to practice ejaculating. After six months, he says, I'll have learned how to control my ejaculation, and I can stop taking the shots. Maybe I'd find a nice Jewish girl who'd administer them, he jokes. Then, erect, on my way back to a small waiting room, I see a kid with headphones over a Yankees baseball cap. He's wearing a baggy Roca Wear T-shirt over draping Sean John jean shorts and filling out a medical checklist. He looks like he's 18. We look at each other for a moment from across the hall, but I flinch, turning the corner and ducking into my cream-colored room. The Boston Medical Group's office is not a place to make friends.

Victor Marrero, 30, Mohebban's assistant, has a slight mustache and wears a high-school ring under his latex glove. His are hands Nos. 7 and 8; 7 holds my penis from the bottom, 8 presses a thumb at different points down from the top. Victor tells me it's been about 30 minutes since I was injected with ICP, and I'm about 60 percent erect. I ask him if he went to medical school. "No," he says, "medical-assistant school." Marrero starts to sell me the ICP. I pay $175 for my visit and feel like I've just been erectly screwed.

THE RIGISCAN RESULTS COME BACK MIXED. I don't know why doctors administer all of these medical tests, because when the results come back, if there's anything that doesn't make sense, the doctor just discounts it with a nonchalant dismissal. If these tests don't matter, why did you have me put an electronic boa constrictor around my cock? The results show that I have normal nighttime erections, but that the base of my penis is more rigid than the tip. Kaminetsky calls that a medical impossibility. Then reiterates that I am fine. That my problem is mental. Kaminetsky recommends a visit with Ursula Ofman, Psy.D.

Ofman's office is on a perch high above Impotency Row. She is wide-bodied, blunt, German, indiscriminately dressed. Her waiting room is stocked with recent *New Yorkers.*

"What is the problem?" she asks.

"Erection thing," I say.

"When did it begin?"

"I guess when I started seeing this girl."

"Tell me about it. Tell me where it all began."

We're walking through what happened with Erica, and little details are bringing back larger pictures. Erica talked a lot about sex. There was the time I cooked salmon. Had we acknowledged then what was not right? Our first morning together was February 14. I wished her a happy Valentine's Day as she came out of the shower. The night before, I'd gotten hard, I just hadn't come.

"I didn't come!" I yell to Ofman. "I didn't come because I didn't want to come too soon!"

"What happened next?" she asks. "Think details, tell me exactly what happened."

What happened? I thought. *Exactly what happened next?* I lie on Ursula Ofman's couch squeezing two beige pillows, surrounded by books like *Sex for Dummies* and *The New Male Sexuality.* The next night, I remember, was Erica's birthday party. There were drinks on the Bowery, I remember being nervous about meeting her friends, so a friend of mine joined the party. He bought Erica and me beers, had a Sprite and cranberry juice, then went home. I stayed on, I remember, and Erica and I wound up at her friend's apartment on the Lower East Side. She was house-sitting. There were CDs scattered all over the floor. We lay beside them. Again she was on top. It was our second time making love. The second time I didn't come.

"Again I didn't come!" I tell Ofman. "Again I didn't come!"

"Good," she says. "What happened next?"

And I remember the salmon. This was at my place on Mulberry Street: couscous, broccoli, a bottle of white wine. I'd bought a pint of Ben & Jerry's, but we didn't make it that far. That was the night we searched for the Kimono. My air-conditioning wasn't working. That is where it all began. I remember panicking, I tell Ofman. I remember being nervous, feeling judged. I remember watching myself. I remember wishing that we were through. "That's where it started," I say. "That's where my erectile dysfunction began."

"So you see," she says, "by trying so hard to please her, you forgot about yourself. Eventually, I think, you were trying so hard that you became physically disabled. You were no longer able to become erect. You took the pleasure out of making love. I don't think you have a problem. I just think you need to relax."

I could kiss her. I feel as if I could go out and sleep with the world. Later, I discover that ED in the majority of all men is psychosomatic. This problem doesn't just occur in young men. In Laumann's China study, where the average age was 41, 65 percent of the men's erection problems were nonmedical. Every year after 40, a man's erection problem is more likely to be physical by .6 percent. There are no studies with 30-year-olds, but Laumann believes that if you conducted this test in Manhattan, with my age demographic, all of these numbers would be higher.

"New York is more hedonistic than China," Laumann says. "People have more partners, it's more competitive, and that increased anxiety, especially among young men, would influence ED even more." This is why psychological factors figure so heavily into drug research—the body is tightly connected to the mind. You'd be amazed at the sexual consequences of even the most common drugs: Prozac can delay ejaculation. Propecia, a hair-loss retardant, can hinder sexual desire. And Pepcid AC, an antacid, can cause "dry" orgasms, where the semen is forced back into your bladder.

I want to call my doctor, explain Nicole to him. I want to call Kaminetsky, tell him to keep his Rigi-Scan results. I want to call Mohebban, call Victor, tell them to fuck off with their ICP. I want to call my cousin, Uncle Kenny, and Chet. I want to call Bob Dole. I need to speak with my dad right away.

First, though, I call Erica, and she just laughs. "You're not the only guy I've ever experienced this with," she says. "You're just the only guy who had it for so *long*."

FOUR MONTHS LATER, MY erection spring training is put to the World Series test.

Julie is a college senior at McGill University in Montreal. I got her number through the girlfriend of one of my best friends in New York. Visiting the city, I call Julie, and she meets me at a Best Western hotel. I'm smitten, all the clichés. We spend the whole weekend together, and on the day I leave, we find ourselves sweaty-grappling in her bed. She's younger than me, and I really like her, and besides that, she has curly brown hair, and wears a green bushy sweater with sleeves that go down past her hands. She looks good. And today there is no problem. Between the kissing and the rubbing, the bump and the jeans-on-jeans grind, I am totally erect, and I feel there's nothing we can't do.

The details, Julie says, I should keep to myself, but it's been six months since we met, and it may be time to look for another apartment: After Julie finishes college, she's moving in with me here in New York. ■

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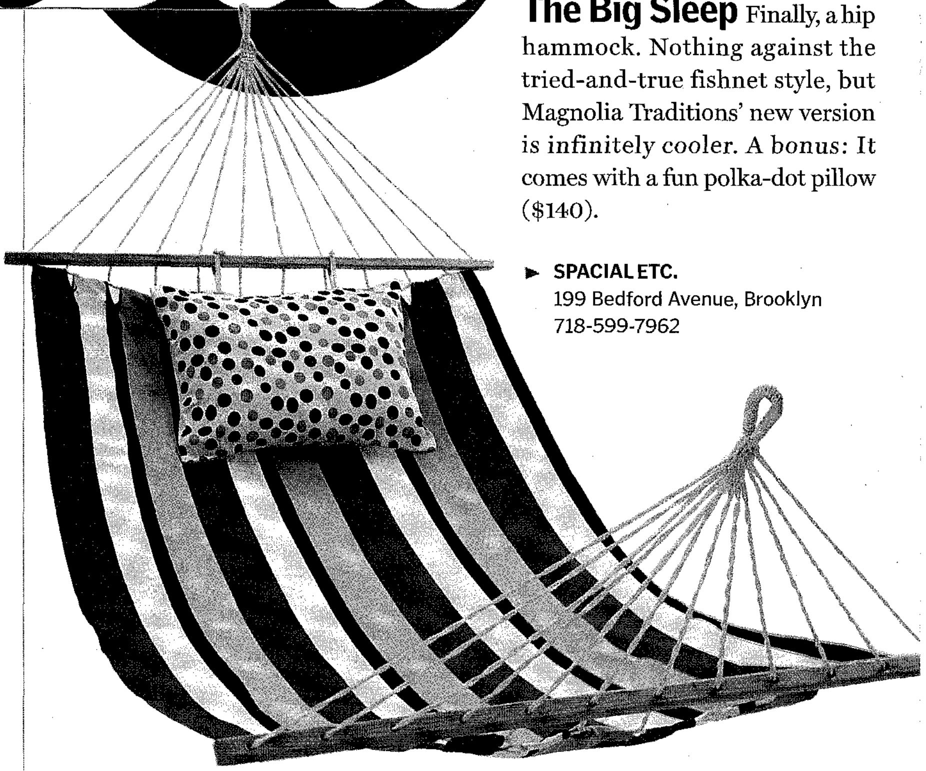


The Big Sleep

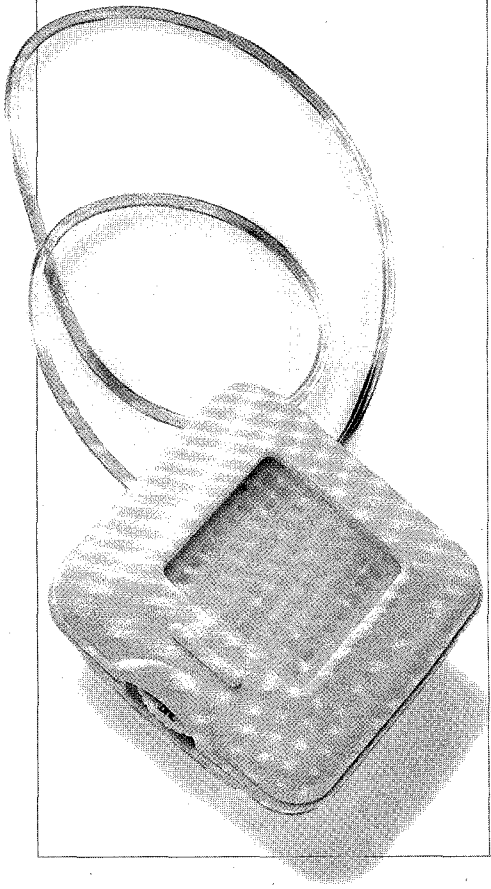
Finally, a hip hammock. Nothing against the tried-and-true fishnet style, but Magnolia Traditions' new version is infinitely cooler. A bonus: It comes with a fun polka-dot pillow ($140).

► **SPACIAL ETC.**
199 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn
718-599-7962

Bit of Fun

The Bitman is a small digital toy that you wear around your neck. It tells time, displays tickers that you program in, and features the signature Bitman, a dancing digital man. Turn the device, and he turns with it ($65). Coming soon: Bitman protective "skins" in red or green, for about $20.

► **TKNY**
21 Avenue B/212-677-0500



Jewel of the Nile

Imaan Selim didn't intend to start a jewelry line. "I wanted to make beaded curtains for myself," she explains, "but I realized it would be too expensive, so I made necklaces instead." Sold under the name Eswerä, which means "jewel" in Arabic, the pieces are made from glass, stone, and turquoise beads. The long lariat shown here can be worn as a short, sexy choker or a long, dangly necklace ($60–$90).

► **FLIRT**
252 Smith Street, Brooklyn/718-858-7931

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Wythe Avenue at North 3rd Street, Brooklyn
718-218-6743

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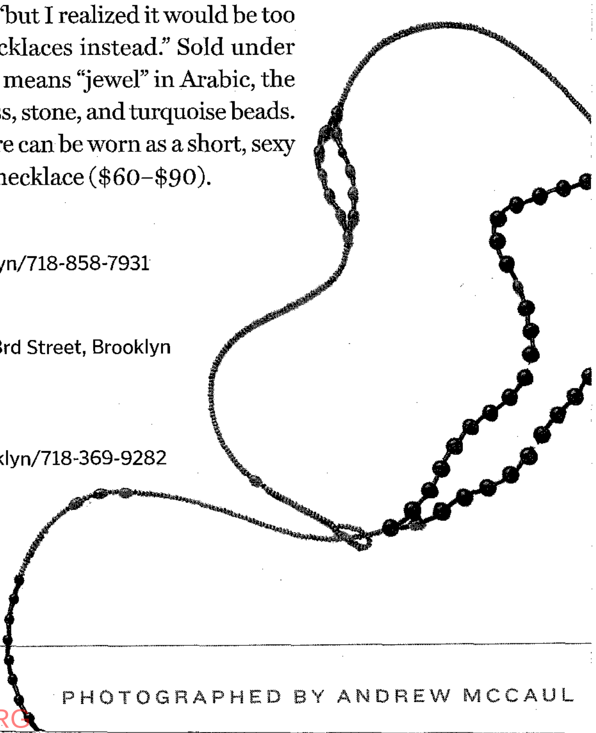
276–L Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn/718-369-9282

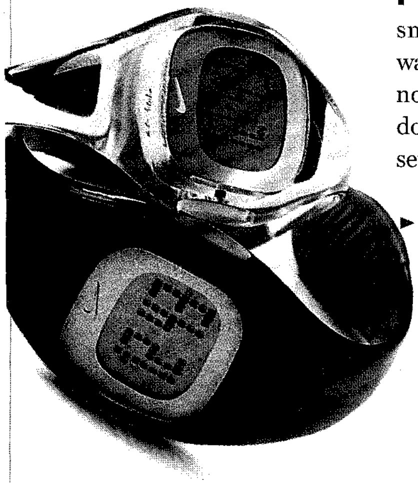


PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW MCCAUL

Good Grooming

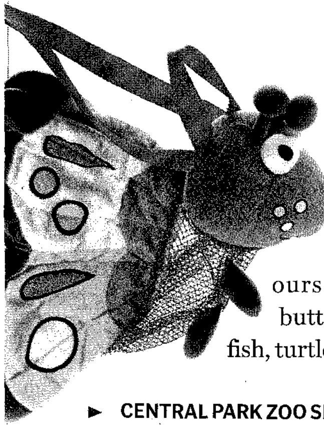
Kiehl's new Pocket Spike comb (shown here) was specifically designed to fit in today's super-snug jean pockets. There's also a detangling comb and three brushes made with synthetic bristles (in keeping with Kiehl's animal-friendly philosophy). Combs are $18.50; brushes range from $35 to $52.50.

► **KIEHL'S SINCE 1851**
109 Third Avenue/212-677-3171
www.kiehls.com



Presto Change-o Like Nike's Presto sneakers, the company's new Presto Cee watches are designed to slip on and off. There's no strap or buckle, but the cufflike design does fit securely on the wrist. In a choice of seven colors and three sizes ($59).

► **NIKETOWN**
6 East 57th Street/212-891-6453
www.nike-presto.com

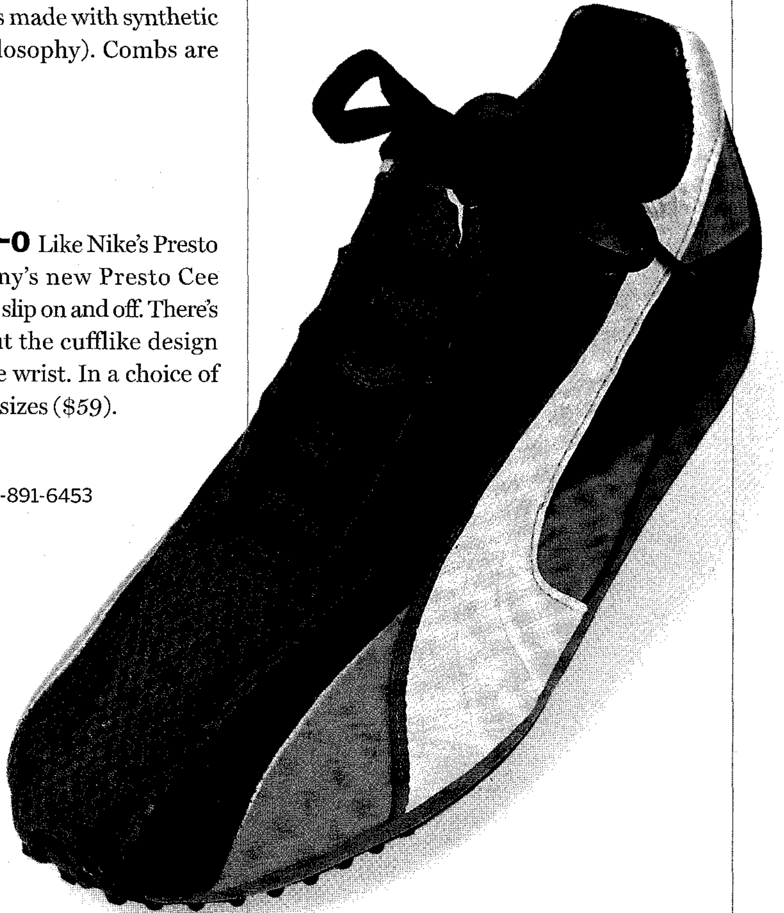


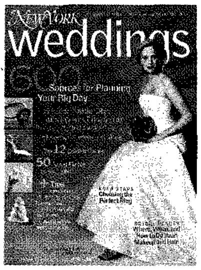
Leader of the Pack These colorful backpacks are strictly for kids—too bad, since they're so groovy we'd happily wear them ourselves. Shown here, caterpillar and butterfly. Other styles include shark, fish, turtle, and frog ($12.99).

► **CENTRAL PARK ZOO SHOP**
830 Fifth Avenue, at 64th Street
212-794-0284

Sneak Attack Shudoh, Japanese for "way to become the master of soccer," is the name of Puma's new soccer boot and similar-looking cleatless shoe (shown here). While it may not quite live up to its name, we have no doubt this light, comfortable sneaker will make you the envy of your friends ($100).

► **PUMA**
521 Broadway, near Spring Street
212-334-7861
www.puma.com





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KNOW YOUR PLACE: Clockwise from top right, tableware by Crate & Barrel, Bloomingdale's, Kmart, and Macy's.

Great Outdoors

For chic, easy summer entertaining, all you need is a grill, a patch of grass, and some groovy plastic tableware.

CHINA, SCHMINA—SUMmer-house entertaining calls for dishes that are light, plastic, and preferably indestructible. So go on: Move your everyday plates to the back of the cupboard and toss some burgers on the grill. Here, where to pick up our favorite paper-plate alternatives.

Cool stripes and bright hues never go out of style for poolside dining. Durable and timeless, **Macy's** colorful creations are destined for a repeat next season. Shown here: striped pitcher ($25), pink and blue glasses ($5 each), and striped tray ($10).

For a sharper alternative, head to **Bloomingdale's**, whose WOVO wares look swank enough for the sleekest modern table. Shown here: Chip 'n Dip bowl ($20), salad servers ($7), and small bowl ($8 for two).

Kmart's summer selection is as bright and cheery as you'd expect—and with Martha Stewart designing it, it's no surprise the sweet floral and gingham patterns are a breeze to mix and match. Shown here: seventeen-ounce tumbler ($1.49), bowl ($1.99), flatware (five four-piece settings and a rack for $19.99), and dinner plate ($2.99).

Looking for real retro flare? Add pizzazz to your table with Marimekko-style plastic tableware from **Crate & Barrel**. Shown here: tray ($8.95), large plate ($3.95), small plate ($2.50), bowl ($1.50), tumbler ($1.95), and swizzle sticks (set of six, $6.95).

LAUREN DECARLO

Picks of the Week

Sales beginning Wednesday, July 10, through Tuesday, July 16.

Metromom Maternity has stylish clothes for mommies-to-be for 30 to 40 percent off; matte jersey dresses are $60. Maternal Fitness, 108 E. 16th St., fourth fl. (212-353-1947); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/11 (8–8).

Tocca and Tibi's pretty, ultrafeminine dresses are being offered for 60 to 75 percent off ($85). SSS Sales, 261 W. 36th St., second fl. (212-947-8748); A.E., M.C., V.; through 7/15 (Mon., Wed., Fri. 10–6; Tue., Thurs. 10–7).

Jim Kempner Fine Art has works from Andy Warhol, Jim Dine, Jasper Johns, and others reduced by 10 to 40 percent; a Sam Francis lithograph was $3,500, is now $2,500. 501 W. 23rd St. (212-206-6872); M.C., V.; 7/16–7/25 (Mon.–Sat.10–5); 7/18 (10–7).

Sheila's Decorating's elegant home furnishings are currently 50 to 75 percent off; look for European fabrics, custom-made pillows, dining chairs, and more at prices starting from $55. 68 Orchard St. (212-777-3767); A.E., M.C., V.; 7/17–7/31 (Sun.–Thurs. 9–5; Fri. 9–2). ■

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE SCAFURO.

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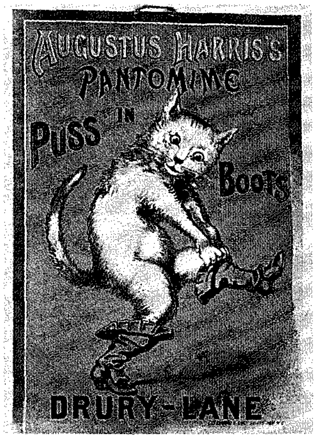
A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos



CAT SHOW: An 1897 poster, at the New York Library for the Performing Arts.

FOR KIDS
Children's Books in Performance
The New York Library for the Performing Arts devotes an exhibit to kids' stories that have gone from print to public performance, from "Cinderella" to *Alice in Wonderland.* Posters, photos, books, artifacts, and much more. **(Through October 31; see listing, page 99.)**

MOVIES
Road to Perdition
Director Sam Mendes tries to beat the sophomore jinx, following up *American Beauty* (which won Best Picture and Best Director) with this Depression drama starring Tom Hanks. **(Opens July 12; see Peter Rainer's review, page 44.)**

THEATER
The Lincoln Center Festival
The Kitchen gets hot, Stephen Sondheim travels, and the Kirov comes to town. See our Top Five picks at right. **(Starts July 9; see "Theater" and "Classical & Dance" listings for more events.)**

NIGHTLIFE
Longwave
Now that you're tired of the Strokes . . . a bill of hot New York bands comes to Bowery Ballroom, headlined by Longwave, a big, crunching guitar band that's just been signed by RCA. **(July 11; see listing, page 95.)**

DANCE
Urban Tap NYC
Not quite tap, not quite club dancing, urban tap mixes modern dance and hip-hop into a new form. Guggenheim fellow Gabri Christa—a pioneer of the genre—and her DanzAsia troupe show off their steps at SummerStage. **(July 12; see listing, page 94.)**

BOOKS
The Ringer
The first novel from *Letterman* writer Bill Scheft—a talented stand-up comic in his own right—wraps a tale around a cranky old New York sportswriter and his nephew, a hired gun for corporate softball teams. Dave's blurb: "If you don't enjoy this book, there is something wrong with you." **(HarperCollins, $23.95; in bookstores now.)**

RESTAURANTS
Bastille Day Pétanque Tournament
Veuve Clicquot sponsors a day of pétanque—the French version of boccie—to mark France's national holiday and benefit the Children's Museum of the Arts. MacDougal Street will be covered with sand to make the courts; 50 top restaurants send teams to compete, and there's a dinner afterward at Restaurant Provence. **(July 14; to reserve, call 212-475-7500.)**

ART
Target Art in the Park
The Public Art Fund's edgy installations—edgy for a show sponsored by a discount retailer, anyway, even the design-savvy Target—come to Madison Square Park for the event's third and final installment. **(Opens July 12.)**

LONG COOL SUMMER: From the filmed portion of the Lincoln Center Festival's multimedia *Logic of the Birds.*

TOP five
All the World's Onstage
Lincoln Center is doing its best to prop up the airline industry, flying in a veritable world congress of talent for this summer's Lincoln Center Festival. (For a full list, visit lincolncenter.org; for tickets, call 212-362-6000.)

1. Ta'ziyeh
This three-play cycle is the festival's sprawling centerpiece. A cast of 29 Iranian actors and musicians will perform a sprawling ta'ziyeh epic (the only form of musical theater condoned in Islam) that recounts the martyrdom of Muhammad's grandson Imam Hussein. **(Damrosch Park, July 12–21; $55 per show, $126 for the entire three-play cycle.)**

2. Logic of the Birds
A Persian fable recast as fanciful multimedia myth, this piece—a hit in a workshop preview at the Kitchen in 2001—refines the striking visual style that artist Shorin Neshat has honed in her video work and adds Sussan Deyhim's otherworldly vocals. **(La Guardia Concert Hall, July 12–13; $40.)**

3. Kirov Ballet
St. Petersburg's premier company brings *Swan Lake, Don Quixote,* Balanchine's *Jewels,* and the North American premiere of the restored Petipa ballet *La Bayadère.* **(Metropolitan Opera House, July 8–20; $20–$130.)**

4. Pacific Overtures
Preeminent Tokyo director Amon Miyamoto deploys Noh, Kabuki, Bunraku, and Rokyoku techniques to stage an inventive revival of Stephen Sondheim's musical. **(Avery Fisher Hall, July 9 to July 13; $60–$75; see interview, page 77.)**

5. The Silver River
David Henry Hwang (*M. Butterfly*) collaborates with composer Bright Sheng and Singaporean director Ong Keng Sen to reinvent a 5,000-year-old Chinese love story. **(John Jay College Theater, July 16–21; $45.)**

LOGAN HILL

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, COURTESY OF NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY; COURTESY OF BARBARA GLADSTONE.

Sins of the Godfather

In *Road to Perdition,* Tom Hanks reinvents himself with a closely drawn performance of a hard-boiled mobster; but as far as the plot goes, it feels like we've been down this path before.

FAMILY MAN: Tom Hanks and Tyler Hoechlin star in *Road to Perdition.*

TOM HANKS PLAYS MICHAEL Sullivan, a hardened hit man for the Irish mob, in the Depression-era **Road to Perdition**, and just to be sure that the offbeat casting registers right away, he wears a mustache, too. Sullivan's sullenness, his faint air of regret, is so eloquent that after a while, you forget the mustache. This is probably the most reined-in and intricately detailed performance Hanks has ever given. He's breaking new ground as an actor in a movie that otherwise gussies up old turf.

Sam Mendes, whose directorial debut was the extravagantly overpraised *American Beauty,* has a knack for converting the mush of melodrama into something doomy and portentous. *American Beauty* was essentially a male-midlife-crisis comedy with a metaphysical overlay. (In the sixties, it might have starred George Peppard or Jack Lemmon.) But a lot of people were flattered to see their randiness exalted in this way, and the film was an Oscar-winning hit. For his next film, Mendes has chosen material derived from a graphic novel written by Max Allan Collins and Richard Piers Rayner, but except for the straight-ahead narrative drive, it owes very little, in aesthetic terms, to that form. Its visual style, in the words of its cinematographer, Conrad L. Hall, is "soft noir," and the emotional textures are freighted with significance. Mendes and his screenwriter, David Self, are attempting what Mendes and *American Beauty*'s screenwriter, Alan Ball, tried for in that movie: elevating the shopworn into the classic. The ploy doesn't work as well this time, though, perhaps because *Road to Perdition* belongs to a genre that has already been thoroughly reworked.

Road to Perdition
Directed by Sam Mendes;
starring Tom Hanks,
Paul Newman, and
Tyler Hoechlin.
See Movies listings
for details.

The gangster film has been pulped and perfumed; it's been socially conscious and flagrantly low-down; it's been used, in the *Godfather* movies, to express the corruption of the American Dream. It's even been Coen-ized in *Miller's Crossing,* which in many ways this film resembles, minus the brothers' high-IQ badinage and razor-cut camera moves. With *Road to Perdition,* Mendes gives the gangster genre an overweening significance that, for the most part, it can't support. The pulp shows clearly through the high-art preening: It isn't prominent enough to be fun, and the art, with few exceptions, isn't high enough to justify all the moody-blues meaningfulness.

The overarching theme is that old Irish mainstay: fathers and sons. Michael Sullivan, who never had a dad, was raised as a son by his boss, John Rooney, played by Paul Newman. Rooney's real son, Connor (Daniel Craig), is pathologically envious of Sullivan and rubs out the man's wife (Jennifer Jason Leigh) and youngest boy. Sullivan engineers his revenge while on the lam with his only surviving son, Michael Jr. (Tyler Hoechlin), who idolizes his father and was unaware of what he actually did for a living. Their six-week road odyssey, undertaken in the winter of 1931, is meant to be one of those coming-of-age journeys in which father and son, bonded by tragedy, come to terms with who they really are.

This might look good on paper, but Hoechlin's dullish, inexpressive performance makes for a rather lopsided duet with Hanks. Michael Sullivan has a blighted, stricken look—he seems to have taken the Great Depression literally—and it's clear that he doesn't want his son following in his footsteps. And yet the way the movie is set up, there's never any danger of that: Michael Jr. may be his father's son, but he never seems tempted by the dark side. If he was, the movie would lose its wholesome patina. The boy's voice-over spells out the dreary lesson: "Was he a good man?" he asks rhetorically. The answer: "He was my father."

The real father-son relationship in this movie, the one with far and away the most emotional texture, is between Sullivan and John Rooney. Although the film could use a lot more of him, Paul Newman makes the most of his screen time. When Rooney lets Sullivan know that "sons are

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCOIS DUNAMEL.

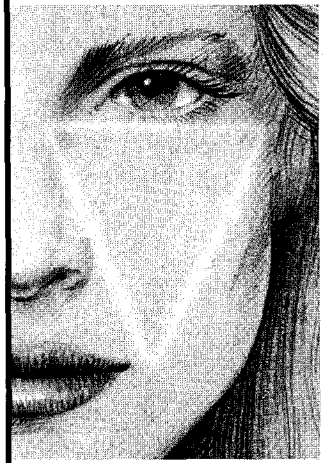
put on this earth to trouble their fathers," he's speaking from the heart. The tragedy that ensues between Rooney and his surrogate son follows from the fact that in their world, blood ties ultimately prevail. Connor may be scum, but he's still family, and so he must be protected against the man Rooney loves as his own. In the scenes between Hanks and Newman, we get glimpses of greatness. Rooney and Sullivan see themselves unapologetically for who they are—soul mates and killers. When their mutual fate is clear, there's an almost sensual abandon in the way they give themselves up to it. Hanks and Newman are so finely attuned to each other's mood that their dialogue seems like an encumbrance. We don't need words—we have their eyes.

Whenever Mendes has to play out the conventions of the gangster film—Sullivan's bank robberies, for example, or his scenes with mob boss Frank Nitti (Stanley Tucci)—the results are unspectacular. Sullivan's chief nemesis is a crime-scene photographer who doubles as a hit man, played by Jude Law with thinning hair and rotted teeth. He's a cartoon meanie. Mendes's real talent is for merging the mythic with the sentimental. In *American Beauty*, we were meant to weep for the sad sack played by Kevin Spacey and find him soulful. In *Road to Perdition*—a title that is nothing if not mythic—the sentimentality works its way into the portrayal of Sullivan himself. Powerful as Hanks is in the part, he is still required to play a man who, though a killer, is a rather nice one. He is never shown acting with unjustified malice; he even gives away a fortune to an old childless couple. It is not only Michael Jr. who has not crossed over to the dark side. His father, too, has been spared the crossing. The reason *Road to Perdition* unrolls so smoothly and finishes so neatly is because Mendes doesn't give darkness its due. Michael Sullivan is supposed to gain redemption through his son, but long before, the filmmakers have already redeemed him. Perdition has rarely looked so rosy.

THE FRENCH THRILLER **Read My Lips**, WRITten and directed by Jacques Audiard, is about an ex-con (Vincent Cassell) who pulls off a heist with a frumpy, lovelorn secretary (Emmanuelle Devos) who is near-deaf. Her expert lip-reading skills clinch their success. Given such a novel twist, the film should be better than it is, but Devos is especially fine as a woman whose inner solitude carries depth charges. ■

Peter Rainer's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/rainer.

New "Microlift" Targets Specific Areas of Aging



Early signs of aging first appear in the central area of the face. The new MICROLIFT, a sophisticated surgical procedure perfected by Dr. Jacobs, rejuvenates the triangle between the inner and outer corners of the eye and the corner of the mouth. This procedure gently lifts fallen tissues to soften facial expression. Fat bags and eyelid creases are eliminated—lower eyelid skin is made smoother —cheekbones are enhanced—and nasal labial folds are softened.

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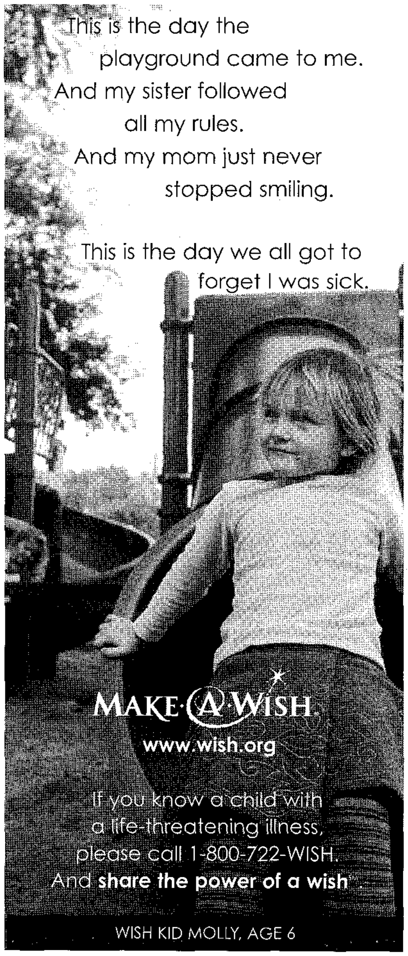

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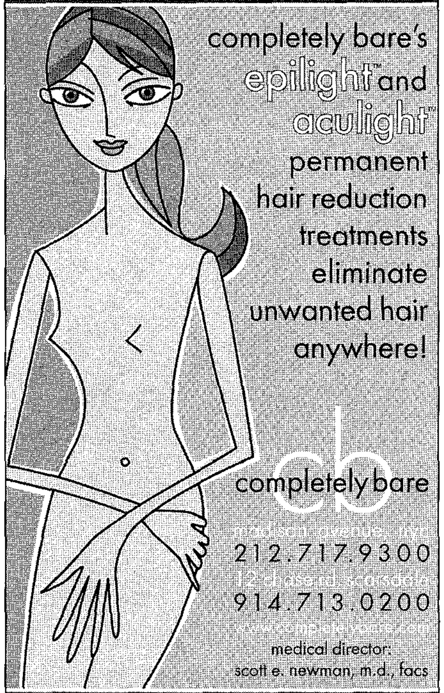

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ART MARK STEVENS

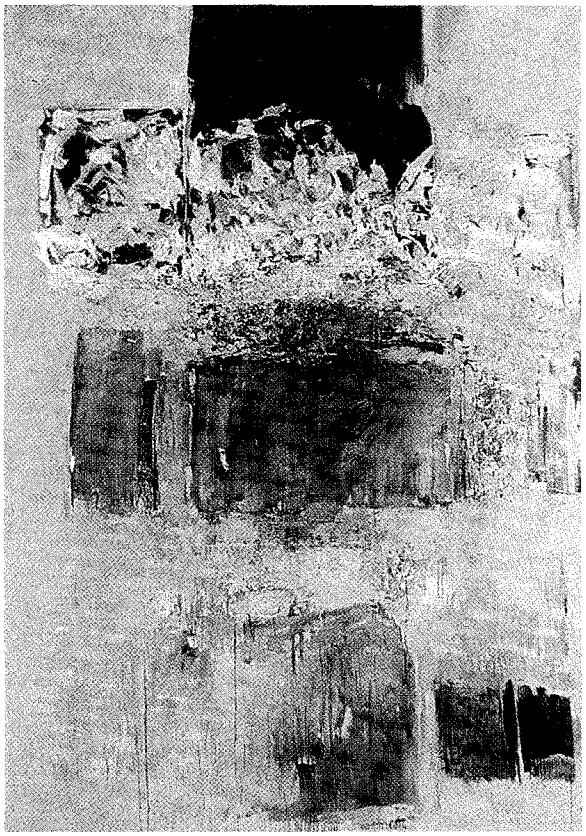
The Un-Ironist

The Whitney offers a rare look at the paintings of the hard-living Joan Mitchell, from her bleak take on Abstract Expressionism to her earthy renderings of the natural world.

JOAN MITCHELL LIVED VERY hard. She battled her lovers, drank away her nights, and maligned her rivals with unbridled ferocity. The one time I spoke to her, she dismissed a woman artist of her generation as "that tampon painter." And yet Mitchell (1926–92) also was a sacred monster with loyal friends, particularly the poets who came of age in New York during the fifties, among them James Schuyler, Frank O'Hara, and John Ashbery. Why? Partly because there was something plucky—in an era that shrugged off female artists—about a tough-talking woman who outboyed the boys. More important, however, was Mitchell's commitment as an artist to a certain intensity or scale of being. In her art no less than in her life, Mitchell never settled for the small-change ironies. She would have agreed with Baudelaire's exhortation in *Paris Spleen* to be "drunk without respite. . . . With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you please. But get drunk."

The Paintings of Joan Mitchell
At the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/29. See Art listings for details.

JOAN OF ART: Mitchell's *La Ligne de la Rupture* (1970–71).



As a young painter in the early fifties, Mitchell—who came from a literary family in Chicago—schooled her eye in the work of the older, or "first generation," Abstract Expressionists. She relished the pungent reality of paint and shared the conviction of the period that in the right hand, the brush could register every tremor of the soul. Her early work, while always well-made, owed too much to her masters. It was in the sixties that—as the exciting show organized by Jane Livingston at the Whitney Museum of American Art suggests—she found her way. Under great emotional stress, Mitchell, who never yielded to the overblown huff-and-puff typical of "second generation" artists, painted a cycle of pictures that she called her black paintings. These pictures, while not actually black, were among the bleakest of the era—an inner storm of rage and tears. She seemed to claw and smear the paint onto the canvas. And she found a certain color, a kind of clotted olive green, that perfectly defined the slow squeeze of despair.

But rage and despair were not Mitchell's principal intoxications. In 1959, she moved to France and became, in much of her work, an abstract landscape painter—a Dionysian blissfully besotted by the colors, forms, and lights of nature. Her pictures sometimes seemed as physical as a wet meadow underfoot or a heavy mist on the cheek; the paint itself often had the texture of the earth. She worked over the years with many different moods and scales—of spirit, size, and color—but almost invariably sought to raise her intense physical sensations into a kind of transcendent rapture. In the series "La Grande Vallée," she imagined the secret Edenic places in nature that children and adolescents retreat to and dream of inhabiting. She also made large multi-paneled paintings that were often likened to Monet's water lilies, a comparison that irked her. But she certainly wanted to make paintings that enveloped the eye. *Salut Tom*, probably her most direct homage to the French Impressionist, has the lazy, floating rhythm of his summer ponds.

For the art world, this exhibition should be news. **The Paintings of Joan Mitchell** is the first significant showing here of the artist's work in almost 30 years. The catalogue includes fresh biographical and critical analysis, and there are some unfamiliar paintings from her estate on view. What's particularly surprising, however, is how challenging and even remote her ambition now appears. For Mitchell, a painting could still encompass the grand passions; the gruff and sometimes angry persona concealed a sensitive romantic. Educated, smart, knowing, and sophisticated, she was somehow innocent of irony and not afraid to celebrate pleasure; the sublime intoxications that earlier societies once respected she claimed for her own. She died not long ago—but oh-so-long ago. ■

Mark Stevens's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/stevens.

PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART.

Theater | John Simon

Shoppers Carried by Escalators Into the Flames, premiere, Off Broadway, of a new play by Denis Johnson.

ONE OF THE MOST PRETENTIOUS AND INANE movies I've seen was *Jesus' Son,* from a story by Denis Johnson. One of the most pretentious and inane plays is **Shoppers Carried by Escalators Into the Flames** by Denis Johnson. I'll grant him one talent: arresting titles. *Shoppers* is a mix of trailer-trash naturalism (inane) and surreal elements (pretentious). The merely inane or merely pretentious is iffy; combined, they'll hook both the fools and the snobs, and guarantee success.

Shoppers concerns a trashy Texas family transplanted to the California boondocks. They are dys- or dis- everything: -functional, -combobulated, -gusting. Above all, they are programmatically weird. Dad is anchored to his bed, soaking up the upstairs TV. His first wife deliberately ran over their baby, and left; he missed her so much he married again. That he still missed wife No. 1 made No. 2 leave. Now he has only bed and TV.

Grandma has her microwave crackling with popcorn, her mouth with corny pop wisdom. Dad's loutish sons are Cass, an alkie, and Bro, a gun-toting ex-jailbird. Cass sponges off Dad; Bro has moved in with Marcy, a farm-owning retardate for whom he does odd jobs, shagging included. In comes Suzanne, Bro's ex-wife, with her nerdy fiancé, Gib, of whom Bro is murderously jealous. The downstairs TV keeps announcing fire in an underground mall.

Upstairs, Dad is joined by his dreary daughter, Marigold, who crawls into bed with him to watch TV. These TVs talk back at folks to sass them, or sing silly ditties to soothe them. Gib rouses a hippie minister at midnight to marry him and Suzanne; enraged, Bro almost shoots Gib, but shoots instead the downstairs TV, which is no less obnoxious.

And so on. Whenever Johnson runs out of ideas, he throws in an invisible chihuahua that keeps maddeningly yapping. If he were a young playwright bent on a splash, why not? But he is 53, a much published poet, playwright, and novelist, garlanded with prizes. Why?

The acting ranges from befuddled to execrable. David Levine's direction has the staggers. The producers, who also gave us *Jesus' Son,* are busy adapting Johnson's novel *Resuscitation of a Hanged Man.* Rather than for resuscitating the hanged, I am for hanging the resuscitators. ■

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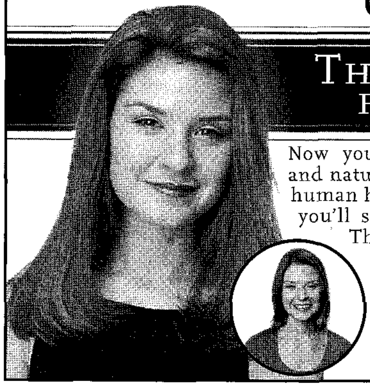

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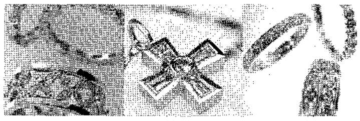

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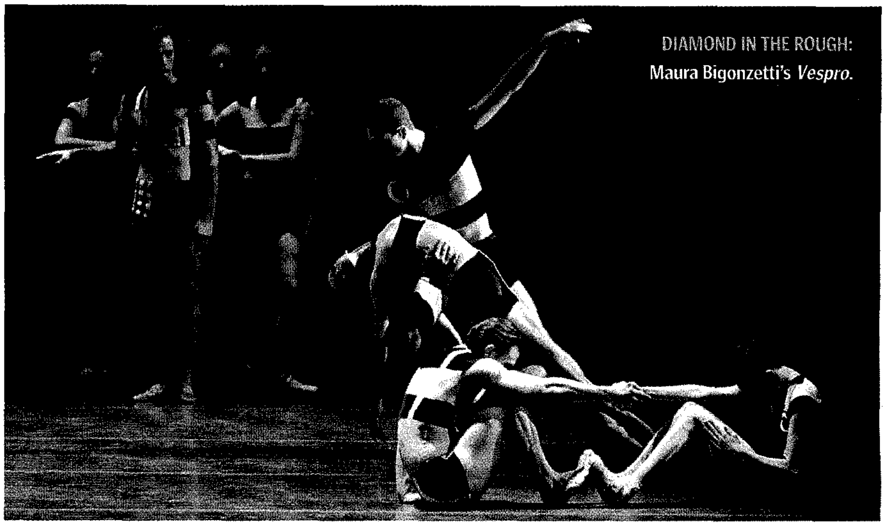
DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Eight Is Enough

The NYCB's new trove of Diamond Project commissions demonstrate, as they do annually, that the golden age of ballet choreography is long gone.

THE **New York City Ballet** IS celebrating the tenth anniversary of its Diamond Project this season. Named for its chief benefactor, Irene Diamond, it was ostensibly devised to keep the company's repertoire on the cutting edge by a periodic wholesale commissioning of new work in the classical vocabulary. Theoretically, the plan is admirable; the results so far—49 pieces by 27 dance-makers—have been dismal. This comes as no surprise, really. With the passing of Balanchine (and the genius of the British school, Frederick Ashton), ballet choreography entered the Age of Lead. Mrs. Diamond might have put her generosity to better use—the tending of the Balanchine canon, to cite the company's most urgent need.



DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH: Maura Bigonzetti's *Vespro.*

The latest Diamond Project ballets—there are eight of them—are much like their predecessors. They tend to fall into one of two categories, like furniture sold in department stores—Traditional and Modern. The ballets in the latter category claim to tell us about life today. According to their composite report, its features are hostility, rage, bad sex (requiring near-grotesque extremes of physical flexibility), violence, angst, alienation, and anomie.

Vespro, by Mauro Bigonzetti, artistic director of Italy's Aterballetto, made the biggest splash in this domain, with its cannily calculated daring. It turns disaffection into lurid semi-abstract rites animated by streamlined bodies clad in Russian Constructivist-inspired swimsuits. A small virtuosic compere opens the piece by assaulting a grand piano and its player (the composer of the commissioned music, Bruno Moretti) and proceeds to "conduct" the acrobatic exploits of two featured couples for whom love is war. A small ensemble, when not employed to flesh out the proceedings, huddles around the piano with the countertenor and soprano-sax player required by the score. At the finish, the heart-of-darkness lighting erupts into a rainbow display, and the leader of the menace-infused revels hops atop the piano to lead his flock in a paean to a highly dubious glory. Compared with Bigonzetti's effort, Peter Martins's pièce d'occasion, *The Infernal Machine,* seemed to be a mere footnote—in its understanding of coupling as an opportunity for a woman to be pretzled and tangled in her man's embrace as if they were wrestlers curiously equipped with acrobats' joints.

New York City Ballet
The Diamond Project; at the New York State Theater.

Albert Evans's *Haiku* (the charismatic dancer's first choreographic venture) is an amateurish example of the genre, its crudely disjunctive phrasing failing to connect to the urbane discontinuities of the John Cage music it presses into service. Evans is markedly unresourceful when it comes to arranging his small cast in space and downright vulgar in his obsessive use of full-frontal female crotch displays; only Balanchine (working with Allegra Kent in *Bugaku*) could make that pose subtly erotic.

Christopher Wheeldon's *Morphoses,* an echt-Modern work, was by far the Diamond Project's most sophisticated entry; the NYCB's resident choreographer, Wheeldon is nothing if not a smooth operator. Set to György Ligeti's String Quartet No. 1, the piece is modest in its ambitions as compared with, say, *Polyphonia,* Wheeldon's major contribution to date in the school-of-Balanchine vein, but it quotes fluently from the master, as if confident of being worthy of its heritage. The dance is a quartet that proposes two couples as a conjoined unit constituting both a physical and a social web; as individuals, the figures are intermittently spiders and their prey. The implications made about the human condition are expectedly bleak, yet the ballet is entirely without resonance. Its most striking features will be recalled as freeze-frame shots capitalizing on the glamour of the grotesque.

The Modern category is by far the larger one, and the choreographers contributing to it seem to display greater enthusiasm for their subject than their colleagues who are producing tepid stuff in Traditional. This smaller department may exist mainly to pacify the conservative element in the NYCB audience that likes to believe everything's beautiful at the ballet. Traditional contains both neoclassical ballets (in the vein of Petipa) and neo-Romantic affairs (in the wafting-skirts vein of Fokine and Robbins). Peter Martins's bland and blank *Bach Concerto V,* emphasizing shifting geometric patterns, sets itself up as a neoclassical entry; fatally, it fails to offset this formal land-

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL KOLNIK.

scape with any telling activity for the principals. Stephen Baynes, resident choreographer for the Australian Ballet, may well have been inspired by Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering* for his more substantial *Twilight Courante* (set to selections from Handel), but his attempt to evoke love in a nostalgic mood and a communal setting is sabotaged by self-conscious contrivance. The piece lacks not just heart but breath.

Interestingly, the two Diamond Project works choreographed by women—female choreographers are something of a rarity in classical dance—straddled the Traditional and Modern camps. Both were essentially mechanical items, dutiful and predictable in their craft and suffering from the Moderns' misguided tendency to let their chosen score dictate their every move. Both, though, were softened by a humanist subtext. Unfortunately, the emotion-driven material was banally treated, either because these choreographers lack the innate gift of giving it theatrical life or because they get no support from the climate in which they're operating—one that puts its money on sleek surface appearances, ignoring the concomitant emptiness at the core.

If By Chance, by the very young NYCB corps dancer Melissa Barak, hints at a situation in which young romance is deflected from its course by the fact that the lovers belong to opposing tribes. Set to a Shostakovich score incorporating folk elements, which Barak conscientiously reflects, the piece is done in by its stultifying schematic construction and a step-for-note fixation that prohibits musicality.

Miriam Mahdaviani's affectedly titled *In the Mi(d)st*, to music by Oliver Knussen and Aaron Jay Kernis, is a reverie for six couples who seem to exist under a tender, melancholy pall. How can we love, these pairs appear to be asking, in a time and place governed by grief? Far too much of the choreography reduces the women to a state of collapse in their men's arms, their limbs extended into a fathomless void. Other moments refer—too vaguely and too pallidly—to problems that might be resolved in couples' counseling. The celebratory finale is simply inexplicable. To view the action, one must peer through one of the elaborately suggestive glooms with which the company's lighting designer, Mark Stanley, has been obsessed of late, wondering all the while if one really wants to see more—or perhaps less. ■

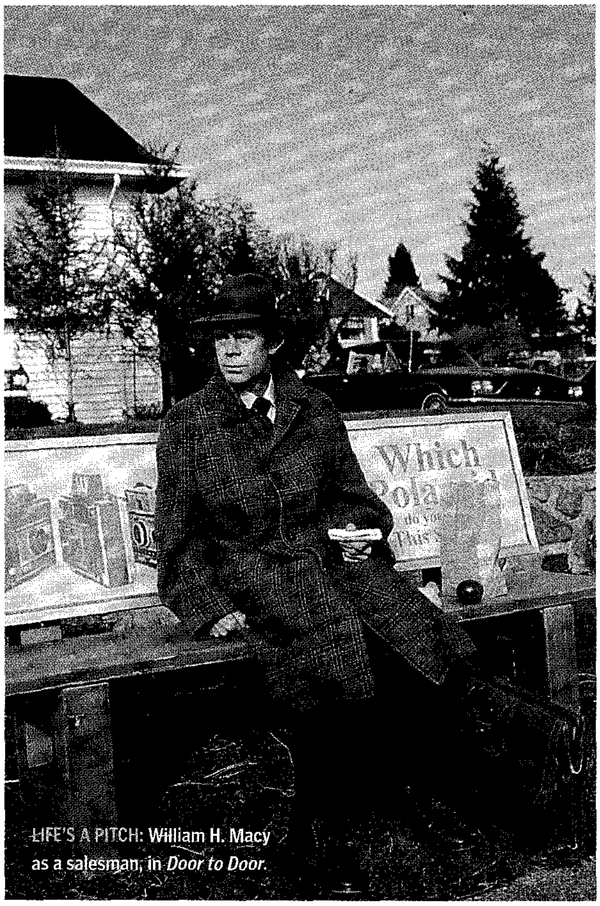
Tobi Tobias's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/tobias.

cue

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Knock, Knock

No one seems irked when the door-to-door salesman with cerebral palsy comes by. They have their own problems.



LIFE'S A PITCH: William H. Macy as a salesman, in *Door to Door.*

FOR MORE THAN 40 YEARS, ON foot and door-to-door, in spite of cerebral palsy, Bill Porter sold everything from dog biscuits to spot remover in Portland, Oregon. His customers may not have been exactly neighborly to the people who lived next door, but they had no problem with the anxious blurt of Bill's speech, or his radar-dishy ears, or the forward pitch of his body in motion, like a sail tacked leeward. As William H. Macy embodies him in **Door to Door**, a cable-television movie co-written by Macy himself and inspired by a segment on ABC's *20/20*, he seems a sort of Johnny Appleseed. *Gallant* is the word that comes to mind.

And gallantry is what a remarkable cast brings to the project. Helen Mirren plays Bill's supportive mother and best friend till her own mind slips into Alzheimer's. Kathy Baker plays his best customer, with whom he will drink vodka and fruit juice while watching a Buddhist monk on network news burn himself to death. Kyra Sedgwick plays his office assistant, part-time chauffeur, and sex-object fantasy, who tries to help him more than his dignity can stand. These three should be more than enough for any one movie, especially since Baker and Sedgwick have always heard voices the rest of us can't. Add, nevertheless, Macy's real-life wife, Felicity Huffman, who shows up for a cameo without a credit.

But even the subsidiary characters seem to work harder than we've come to expect and settle for—from the bellhop and the shoeshine man who tie Bill's tie and lace up his shoes in exchange for the latest traveling-salesman joke, to the florist and the teacher who worry about AIDS. What happens when everybody in a TV movie is more interesting than, strictly speaking, he or she has to be is that we pay more attention, which is exactly what *Door to Door* wants us to do. Behind those doors are people worse

Door to Door
Sunday, July 14, 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT.

Monk
Friday, July 12, 9 to 11 P.M.; Fridays thereafter, 10 to 11 P.M.; USA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS LARGE.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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off than Bill Porter, or at least with as much reason to feel sad. It's like the Beatles song: "All the lonely people, where do they all come from?" And so the sell—Bill's soft-shoe performance—becomes a kind of gift relationship, as if salesmen were worker bees bumbling the nectar of community from one immobile and marooned flower to the next.

This, of course, is before late capitalism metastasized into insider trading and cooked account books, and loneliness went online.

TOWARD THE END OF THE TWO-HOUR PILOT of **Monk**, we are chasing a villain through the sewers of San Francisco. Actually, it had never before occurred to me that San Francisco had sewers, though I suppose it must. But *Monk* is really referencing Vienna and *The Third Man*. We can almost hear the zither. It's a witty pilot, written by executive producer Andy Breckman, for what promises to be a clever series, with Tony Shalhoub as a homicide detective so traumatized by the murder of his wife that he can no longer function as a cop. He is afraid of germs, heights, crowds, and the dark, not to mention milk. He also counts parking meters.

On the other hand, he's also a genius who never forgets anything and a monster of awareness whose nose can tell from the curtains in a hotel room that the killer smoked menthol cigarettes. The particular killer we are after here has been hired by someone else, apparently to assassinate a popular candidate for mayor. Shalhoub's Monk is summoned from his therapy to do his Sherlock shtick because the police, personified by his envious former boss Ted Levine, are getting nowhere. When you aren't enjoying the performance of Bitty Schram as the single mother–private nurse who mothers and nurses our obsessive-compulsive antihero, you will probably suspect the candidate's glamorous black-widow spider of a wife, Gail O'Grady. But *Monk* is more complicated, and more fun.

- **Children Underground** (July 9; 6 to 8 P.M.; Cinemax) goes to Romania, where some 20,000 unwanted children, many born in the last years of Nicolae Ceaucescu's rule, when he made contraception and abortion against the law in order to increase the nation's workforce and others more recently abandoned by an economy in free fall, live on the city streets instead of inside the brutal orphanages. Five of them speak to the camera. And aside from the occasional social worker, this camera, directed by Edet Belzberg, seems to be the only attention they have ever received.

- **Hybrid** (July 9; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) asks us to care a great deal about corn and even more about Milford Beeghly, filmmaker Monteith McCollum's 94-year-old grandfather, who has spent most of his life cross-breeding corn and trying to sell the idea to suspicious midwestern farmers. A *P.O.V.* character study that doubles as a grade-school introduction to agriculture.

- **Worst-Case Scenario** (July 10; 9 to 10 P.M.; TBS) not only imagines but actually ordains the worst that could happen to us, from falling down a mountain to being trapped in a burning building, and so on. The gimmick involves rounding up volunteers to face their worst fears every week on camera. We are promised, for instance, that a single mom will overcome her phobia about heights by jumping five stories from a cliff into water while her children watch. I can hardly wait.

- **Wide Angle** (July 11; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13), co-hosted by the broadcast journalist Daljit Dhaliwal (who is only incidentally gorgeous) and the former U.S. assistant secretary of State James P. Rubin (who is not), will be going to places Americans would rather not think about, like Iraq (for a visit with the Kurds who were nerve-gassed by Saddam Hussein), Argentina (which just defaulted on $155 billion in public debt), and Serbia (where Milosevic is making a comeback).

- **Crossing the Line** (July 15; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) stars Terry Farrell as the new assistant coach for a high-school girls' basketball team who discovers that while these student athletes may think they're playing a game, their parents—including Adrian Pasdar, Sherry Miller, Barry Flatman, and Beverly Cooper—are playing for keeps. A by-the-numbers View With Alarm, but Farrell, who was an adornment on *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, is always interesting to watch, and so is some of the basketball.

- **Refrigerator Mothers** (July 16; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13)—getting an early jump on next week—introduces us to mothers falsely blamed in the fifties and sixties for having caused what the medical Establishment called autism in their children by failing to love those children enough. While it now seems clear that autism is a neurological disease, back then Bruno Bettleheim liked to lay it on what he saw as the concentration-camp-guard behavior of the female parent unable to bond. A *P.O.V.* that hurts. ■

John Leonard's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/leonard.

Risky Business

Dolly Parton flouts convention—and our expectations—with a new album that shines a fresh light on some old favorites. Note to Truth Hurts: The name's a *tad* heavy . . .

DOLLY PARTON'S VOICE, WHICH can hit intense, almost squealing high registers or whispering, soft low notes, can carry her through even the shabbiest of songs. On her new album, **Halos and Horns** (which revisits the bluegrass of recent albums like *Little Sparrow* and *The Grass Is Blue*), she renders even cutesy sentimentality ("We were just kids exploring nature / learning more than we should have known") or cliché ("It's either horns or halos") compelling. When the material is worthy—like the beautifully melancholic "Not for Me"—there are few singers more moving or emotive. And it is her voice that makes the big gambles of *Halos and Horns*—particularly a cover of Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven"—pay off. With her aching cry and plaintive phrasing, Parton emphasizes the song's quiet bluesiness over its rock-and-roll grandiosity, reviving the reflective power of this most familiar (and covered) of rock songs. Its conclusion—where Parton is backed by an ethereal-sounding gospel choir—could easily be mawkish or camp, but she gamely matches their bombast with her country squall. Like her cover of "Knockin' on Heaven's Door" with South African a cappella group Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Parton's risks here bring great, unexpected pleasures.

HEAVEN-SENT: Parton's cover of the Led Zep anthem "Stairway to Heaven" emphasizes the song's blues roots over its rock sentimentality.

WITH ITS STRAIGHT-OUTTA-BOLLYWOOD chants and slinky, percussive rhythms, "Addictive," from an R&B singer who calls herself Truth Hurts, is tailor-made for the current pop moment, when sonic wunderkinder like Timbaland and the Neptunes raise the stakes for outré sounds on an almost weekly basis. Like Tweet's "Oops (Oh My)," "Addictive," from Truth Hurts's debut, **Truthfully Speaking**, is meant to make listeners think: *Did I just hear that?* But "Addictive" falls apart under any real inspection: Its chorus ("He's so contagious / returns my pages") plays up ghetto fierceness to such cartoonish heights that it could have been uttered by Tracey Ullman's boorish African-American airport-security-guard character. And unlike Timbaland's sampling of tabla drumming on Missy Elliott's "Get Ur Freak On"—which had an effect nearly as stunning in its recontextualization as hearing James Brown drummer Clyde Stubblefield looped for the first time—the much-gushed-over snatches of Indian chants here (which can be heard booming out of just about every car in the city these days) simply serve as background exotica. The rest of *Truthfully Speaking*—which only provides heavier, blunter doses of similarly expressed take-no-shit sneer ("Queen of the Ghetto," "I'm Not Really Lookin' ")—proves that Truth Hurts's worldview is as narrow as her self-important, I-told-ya-so name.

Dolly Parton
Halos and Horns
(Sugar Hill Records).

Truth Hurts
Truthfully Speaking
(Interscope).

Oasis
Heathen Chemistry (Sony).

LIKE A BEATLES TRIBUTE band that switched mid-set into Pharoah Sanders, Oasis paid a heavy price with its fans for embracing non-rock sounds like ambient music on its last album, *Standing on the Shoulder of Giants*. So it's not surprising that brothers Noel and Liam are comfortably back where their followers want them to be—in full regressive mode—on their fifth album, **Heathen Chemistry**. With its combination of Eastern musical influences (perhaps the most endlessly recycled of revivals) and up-front drug references on songs like "The Hindu Times" and "Born on a Different Cloud," the effect, however, is more George Harrison than Lennon-McCartney. Yet psychedelia is really only compelling when ego takes a backseat to kaleidoscopic music, and the Gallaghers are, of course, incapable of such a gesture. "Yeah, I feel like a force of nature," Noel Gallagher boasts on one song. "I could make you sing like a bird released." None of this feels like release—it's more like forced Jell-O shots served by a beefy fraternity brother. The indulgences of sex, drugs, rock and roll, and sundry vision-questing on *Heathen Chemistry* might have all the hallmarks of liberation, but in the hands of the Gallaghers, it's more like what drug-abuse experts call "macho ingestion syndrome." ■

Ethan Brown's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/music.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ.

Pass the Butter

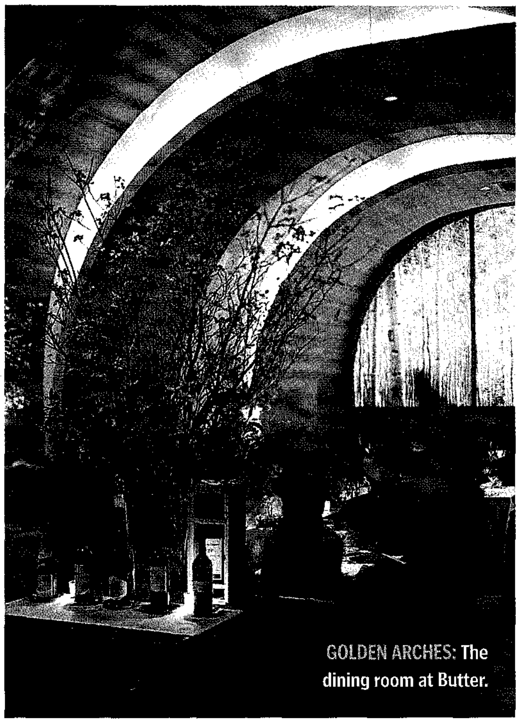
Part restaurant, part nightclub, this wood-paneled new hot spot tries to please both foodies and scenesters. It's so ambitious that it just might work.

THERE'S AN INEFFABLE, QUICKsilver quality to trends in the restaurant world, and for those of us without a keen nose for fashion, it's not always easy to know how to keep up. One trick is to keep an eye on certain restaurant spaces around town. Over the course of years (and sometimes months), a single address will mutate and change, as fads bloom, then wither away. Take the cavernous, windowless room at 415 Lafayette Street, on the western edge of the East Village. It used to house Belgo, an ambitious establishment whose splashy opening and rapid demise marked, respectively, the height and the end of the city's brief Belgian-food craze. Now comes **Butter**, a restaurant unlike its predecessor in almost every way save one: It's another ambitious establishment, designed to capture the new spirit of the times.

Let's call this new *Zeitgeist* "sylvan chic." Post–September 11, fashionable restaurateurs seem to be crowding their menus with comforting free-range foods (Ouest, Washington Park), indulging in earthy, orange-hued lighting schemes (Meet, Industry [food]), and decorating their rooms in woodsy, outdoor motifs (Industry [food], Chateau). At Butter, these trends converge on a grandiose, almost alarming scale. The vaulted walls of the great windowless dining hall are clad in cedar. At one end is a swank bar, and at the other is a lovely, translucent wall mural depicting a forest of birch trees on a summer day. I once saw a similar, less lovely photo mural in an atomic-bomb shelter outside of Washington, D.C. The intent, in both cases, was to soothe, only at Butter, there's also a frenetic after-hours region downstairs called the Birch Room, replete with a D.J. booth and rustic love seats carved from giant blocks of cedar.

Predictably, there are three kinds of butter on the table (lemon, herbed, and salted), although when I asked our waiter about the derivation of the restaurant's name, he said, "To be honest, I think it just sounded cool." The coolest of the appetizers cooked up by executive chef Keith Harry (formerly of Chanterelle) was a sizable portion of crisply sautéed sweetbreads, dripped with a nice caper-mustard sauce, over a mound of mustard greens. There was a parade of demure salads, the best of which was a combination of mâche and smoked sturgeon, with baby beets in a horseradish vinaigrette. My friend the crab nut liked the soft-shell crabs (laced with a strangely sweet reduction made from Japanese dashi), although I thought they were a little limp, and I preferred the raw hamachi, doused in ginger, to the ahi tuna tartare, which was gummy to the point of tastelessness.

Butter
415 Lafayette Street
(212-253-2828).



GOLDEN ARCHES: The dining room at Butter.

These excesses are mostly absent from the dinner menu, which is almost chaste by the standards of the city's other trendy dining establishments. On my first visit, I enjoyed a roasted breast of chicken served with mashed potatoes shot through with truffle oil and fresh morels. All of the seafood entrées were passable, and some were better than that, particularly the seared tuna (paired with a surprisingly nonsticky lemon risotto) and the turbot, which had a tender texture and was brushed with a beurre blanc tinged with sake. The grilled lamb chop and beef fillet were decent but not outstanding as those dishes go, although my eagerly awaited portion of grilled ostrich (served with white asparagus in a red-wine sauce and speckled with blobby bits of bone marrow) tasted like a gamy, week-old version of the beef fillet.

If none of the food at Butter grabs your attention, you can addle yourself with a series of loopy designer cocktails or ogle various knickknacks put up for sale by what my press kit called "notable socialites, celebrities and cultural gurus." These charity items (watches from Christian Dior, a cartoon by Gary Trudeau) were listed on the dessert menu when I was there, next to de rigueur items like a milk-chocolate walnut cake and a decently gooey chocolate gratin. I liked the less copious desserts best, like vanilla tapioca pudding (mixed with a sweet compote made from cherries and apricots) and a fromage blanc bombe served in a cooling consommé of fresh berries. Keep your eye, in the dim nightclub gloom, on the mural of rustling birch trees, and you'll swear these dishes taste almost like summertime. ■

Butter, dinner, Monday through Saturday, 5:30 to 11 P.M. Appetizers, $10–$16; entrées, $27–$30. All major credit cards.

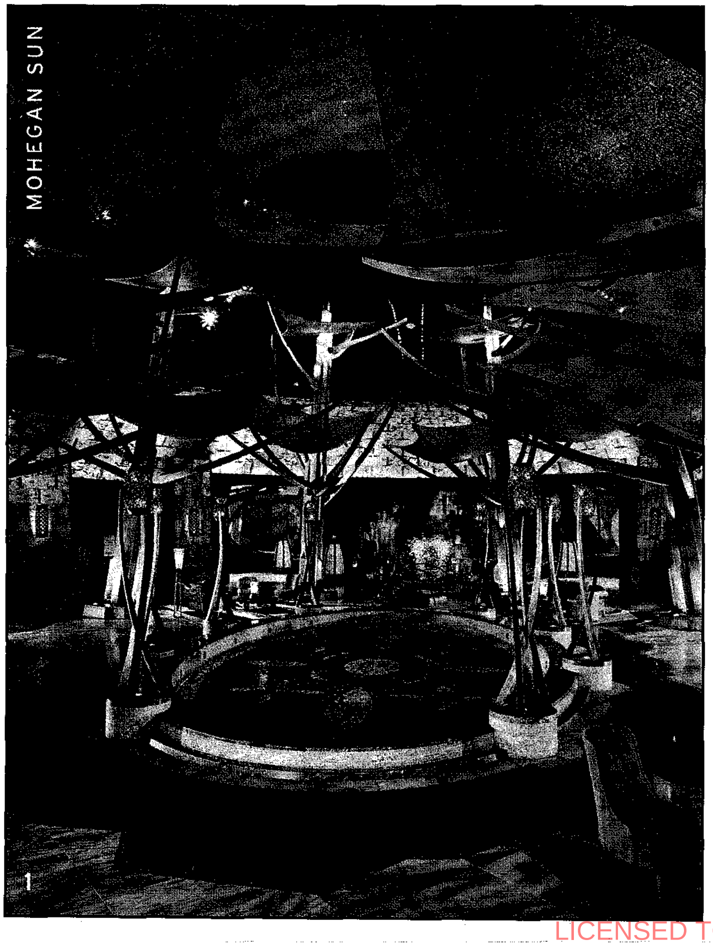
Sign up! Get our restaurant review early by e-mail at nymetro.com/signup.
Adam Platt's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/restaurants.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

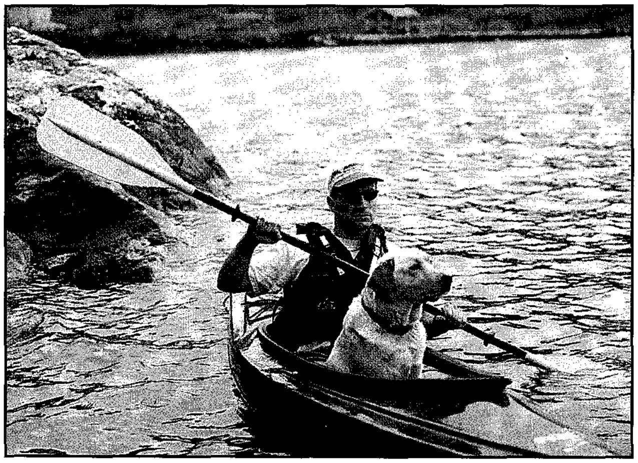
MMER IN THE CITY

THE HEAT IS ON

Summer is the quintessential season to enjoy the city. While so many urbanites head for the beach and mountains, you can have Manhattan all to yourself. And the fun starts here, as you linger at an outdoor café, stroll through a street fair, or walk the blissfully less-crowded avenues and riverfronts. Spend a few days being pampered at a top-flight hotel, and you'll soon discover why New York is such an enduring summer favorite.



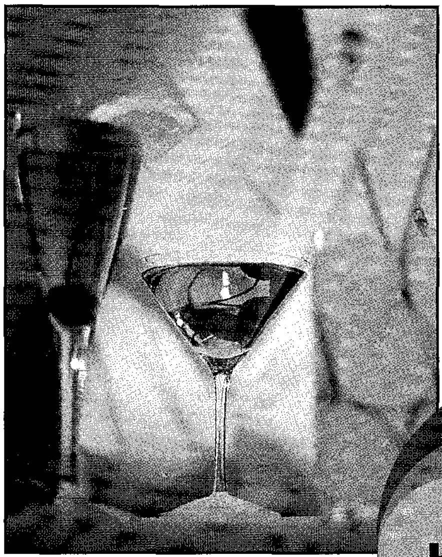
MOHEGAN SUN

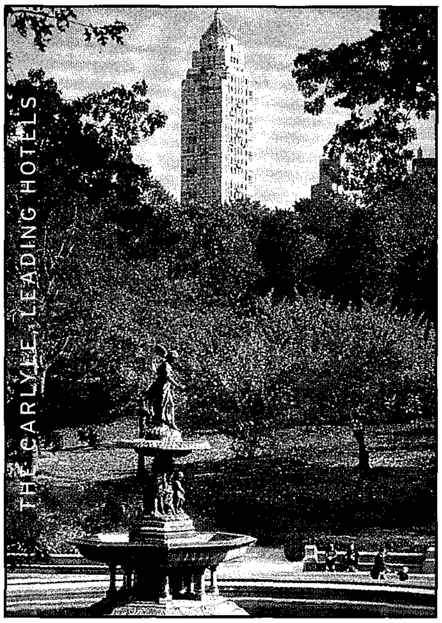


CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA EDITOR
LORY CONKLIN RESEARCH, IDESIGN CREATIVE

ROLL THE DICE

For an unforgettable three-day getaway, just head to **Mohegan Sun**—one of the largest, most distinctive entertainment, gaming, shopping, and dining destinations in the United States. Located in Uncasville, Connecticut, Mohegan Sun, owned by the Mohegan Tribe, has become a legendary destination. Just consider all that you can do in three days here: You can relax in one of the 1,200 guest rooms and suites in the hotel's glistening crystalline 34-story tower, one of the tallest buildings in Connecticut, and view the Thames River and New England countryside. Or, spend the day playing your luck in Casino of the Earth and Casino of the Sky, both of which take up over 300,000 square feet of total gaming space. Mohegan Sun also boasts over 40 retail shops and 29 dining venues ranging from food court-style to gourmet dining at such award-winning restaurants as Michael Jordan's Steak House, Todd English's Tuscany, Big Bubba's BBQ, Rain, and Jasper White's Summer Shack. You'll find casual bars and buffets here as well as cafés and ice cream shops. While you're here, stay for a concert or world-class sporting event at Mohegan Sun's 10,000-seat arena, or opt for comedy or performances at the 300-seat cabaret (which has already hosted such well-known performers as Tony Bennett and Mary Wilson). To cap it all off, book a massage at the world-class Elemis Spa at Mohegan Sun, which encompasses 15 private spa-therapy rooms, a relaxation area, salon, facial rooms, and a fitness center. For more information, call Mohegan Sun, One Mohegan Blvd., Uncasville, CT at 1-888-226-7711 or check out www.mohegan-sun.com.

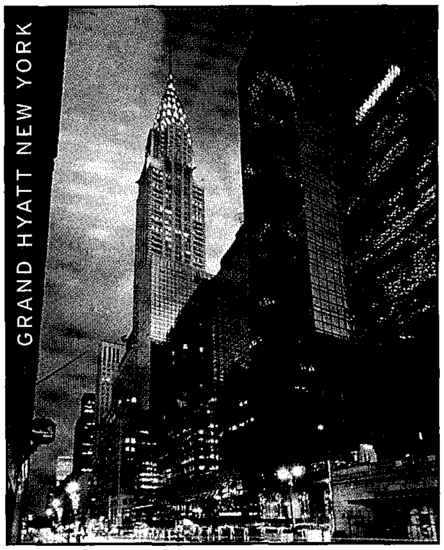


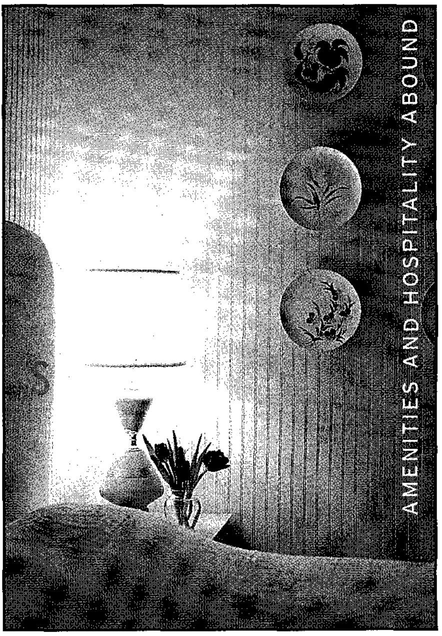


HOT HOTELS COOL NIGHTS

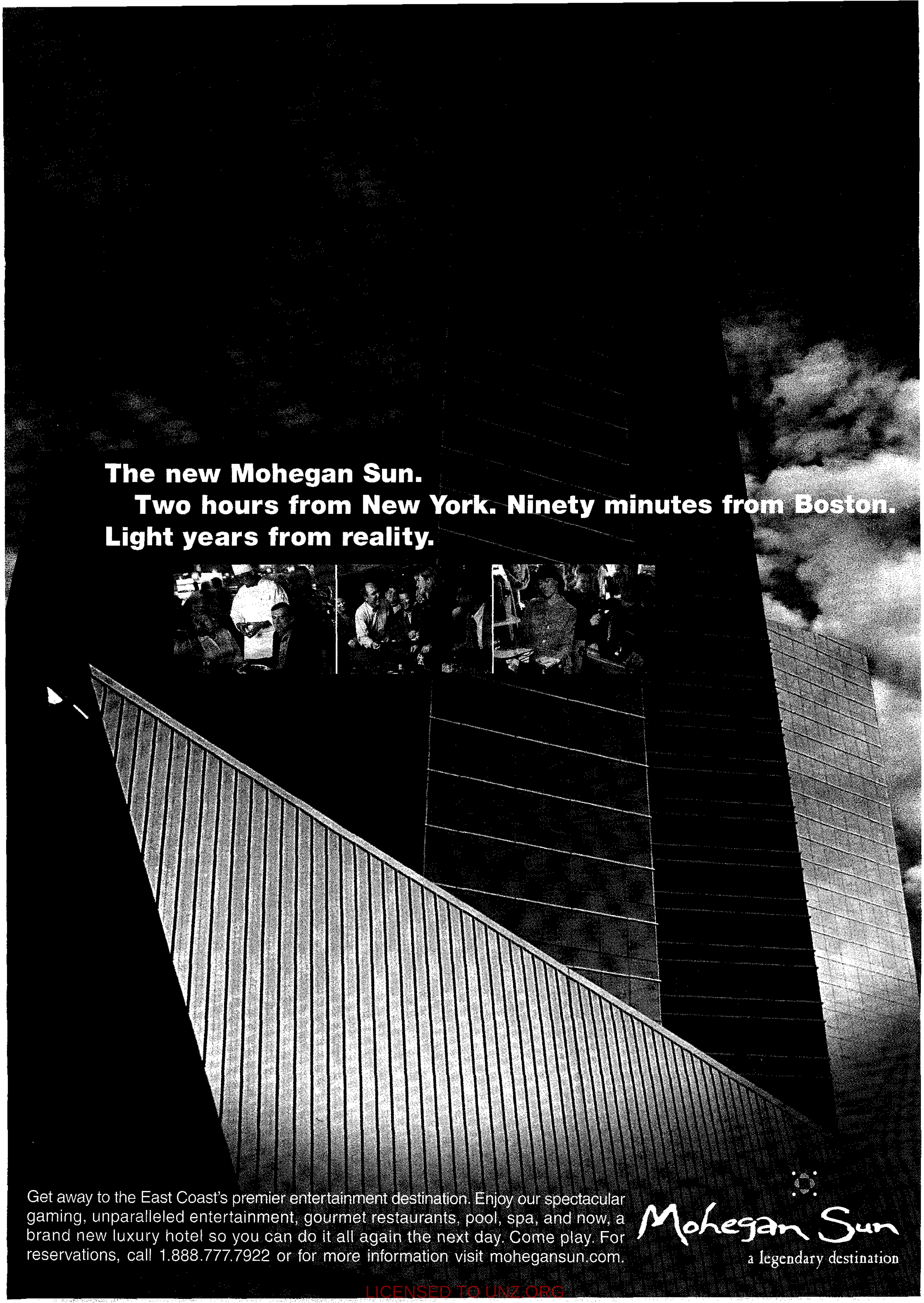
LUXURY RETREATS

There's an unmistakable energy to the **Grand Hyatt New York** (Park Avenue at Grand Central, 883-1234; www.newyork.hyatt.com). The soaring marble lobby atrium, with cascading waterfall fountain, hums with the same excitement that characterizes midtown Manhattan. Just blocks from the United Nations and Broadway, the landmark Grand Hyatt New York, Manhattan's premier leisure and family hotel, is an ideal retreat. After a day of fun, return to your midtown home to enjoy comfortable guest rooms with 24-hour room service and the latest movies, as well as an expanded fitness center. Dine at The Crystal Fountain and Sun Garden or enjoy the distinctive menu at The Commodore Grill. Then, cap off your evening at The Commodore Lounge, a sophisticated gathering place for cocktails and cigars.





At nine of New York City's **Leading Hotels of the World** (515-5600 or 1-800-223-6800; www.lhw.com), the summer sale is on with savings and red-carpet rates that last until September 15. For example, The Carlyle offers nightly rates beginning at $395, including a daily buffet breakfast, use of the fitness center, and choice of newspaper. At The Helmsley Park Lane Hotel, rates start at $272 per night, and include a park-view room and breakfast. Rates at the Hôtel Plaza Athénée begin at $310 per night and include complimentary transfer to the Theater District, access to the fitness center, daily newspaper, and a choice of continental breakfast or overnight parking.



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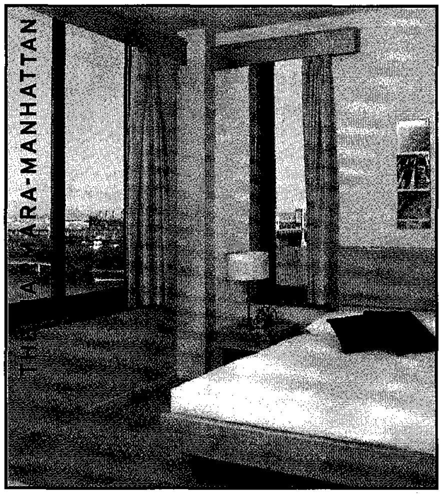
STAY A WEEKEND STAY A MONTH

At **The Phillips Club** at Lincoln Square, you can stay overnight or check in for the month or more. This luxurious high-rise, situated adjacent to Lincoln Center, offers private-club ambience, contemporary design, and spacious accommodations. Of the 180 guest rooms and suites here, 84 are available for short-term stays. These range from junior to three-bedroom suites. Elegantly appointed with Frette linens and marble bathrooms, these rooms are ideal for leisure and business travelers. Rooms also feature stereos with CD players, direct dual-line telephones, and Internet access via T1 lines. Guest services include 24-hour concierge and access to the Reebok SportsClub/NY located right across the street. (The Phillips Club at Lincoln Square, 155 W. 66th St., 835-8800; www.phillipsclub.com.)

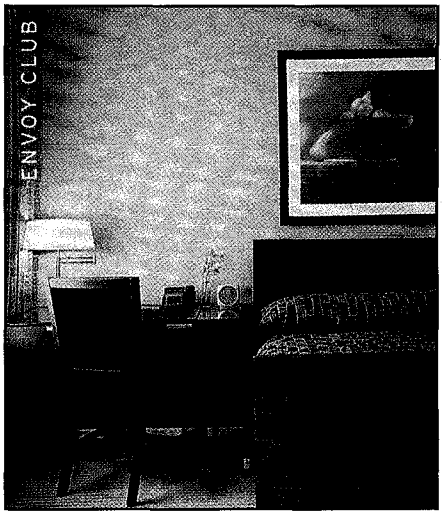
THE PHILLIPS CLUB

Elegance and grandeur await at **The Mark, New York,** the jewel of the Upper East Side (Madison Avenue at East 77th Street., 744-4300 or 1-800-THE MARK; www.mandarinoriental.com). Located in the most prestigious section of town, right at the heart of Madison Avenue, The Mark is as intimate as it is luxurious and fashionable. With 117 rooms and 60 suites, all appointed with Frette linens and neo-classical Italian style décor, the hotel epitomizes luxe. And there's no need to leave for meals, either. A sumptuous breakfast awaits at Mark's restaurant, located just downstairs, or make a reservation for dinner at this casually elegant spot known for its "no jacket, no tie, no attitude" motto. Enjoy magnificent French-American food with such Mediterranean influences as Moroccan crusted salmon with quinoa, prepared by Andrew Chase, executive chef, back in the kitchen after a decade.

THE MARK, NEW YORK



If you need to spend a month or more in Manhattan, the luxurious choice is **The Marmara-Manhattan** (301 E. 94th St., 427-3100; www.marmara-manhattan. com). This elegant high-rise features fully furnished and serviced apartments—from studios to three bedrooms—most with balconies and wraparound views. Residential in feel, The Marmara provides a workout facility, modern kitchens, and Jacuzzis, as well as such concierge services as a doorman, valet, laundry, and daily housekeeping. The Marmara is a favorite among professionals on long-term assignments, families who are relocating or renovating, former New Yorkers on extended stays, and individuals seeking treatment at the city's premier hospitals. It's conveniently located near Madison Avenue and the historic side-street brownstones. The lobby art gallery displays works of local and international artists and, on the 32nd floor, guests can unwind in a rooftop lounge adorned with stylish furnishings and a state-of-the-art entertainment system, as well as a private terrace with breathtaking views of the city.



The **Envoy Club** (377 E. 33rd St., 402-1000; www.envoyclub.com) is an extended-stay hotel with 57 beautifully appointed alcove studios as well as one-and two- bedroom suites. Located in historic Murray Hill, the Envoy Club offers spacious suites with fully equipped kitchens, dining areas, desks stocked with business accessories, and ISDN lines for speedy Internet access. Hotel amenities include 24-hour concierge services, a cinema room, health club, pet attaché, and daily housekeeping.

HOTELS TO SPOIL YOU

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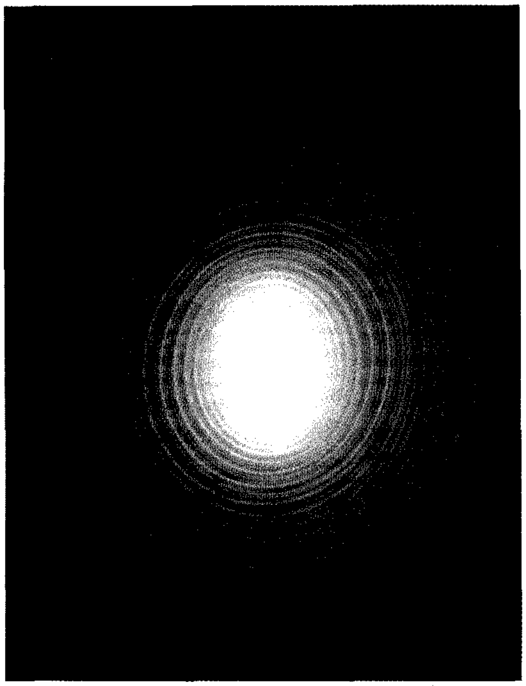
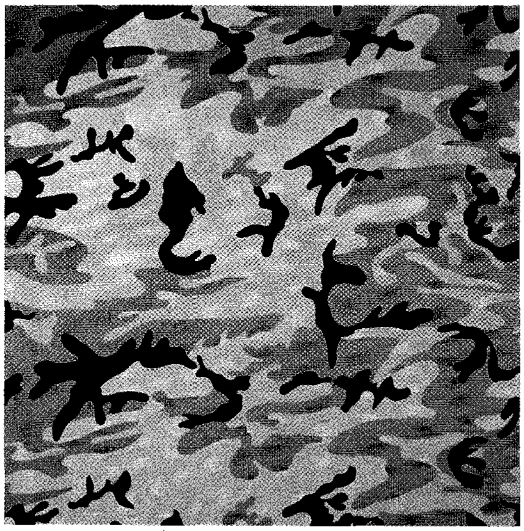


Adam Fuss, *Untitled*, 2001



Andy Warhol, *Camouflage*, 1986

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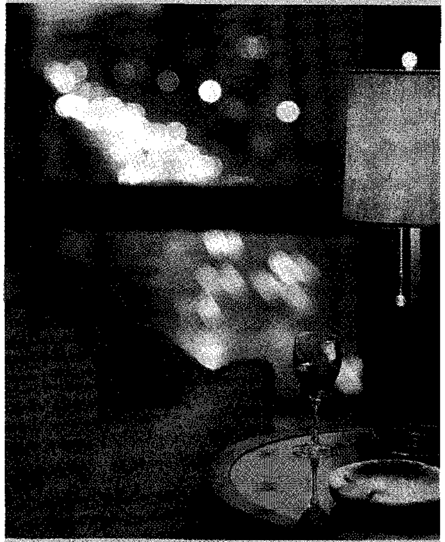

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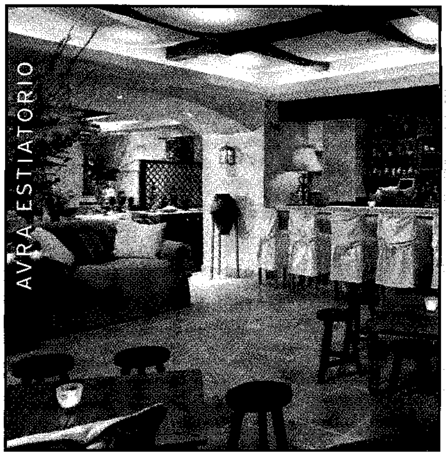
DINING IN STYLE

At **Avra Estiatorio** (141 E. 48th St., 759-8550; www.avrany.com), you can now kick back for a relaxing brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. At Avra, you'll feel like you've flown to Greece in the indoor dining rooms that evoke the Ionian islands or outside on a spacious patio filled with flowers. Highlights of the new brunch menu include fig and walnut pancakes, a special Greek French toast served with vanilla honey, and poached eggs served in cups of herb phyllo pastry—baked until crisp. And don't forget to try the Ouzo Bloody Mary, Avra's twist on the classic made with the anise-flavored Greek liqueur.

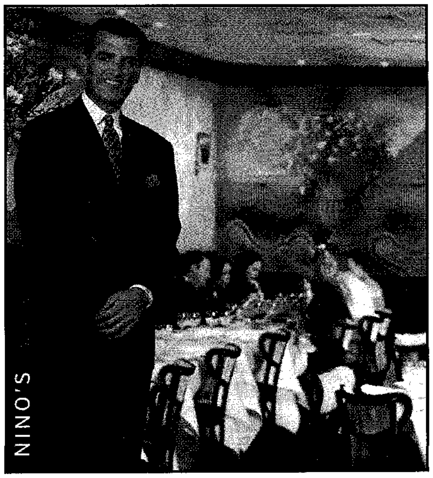
The lighter menu has debuted at **Ben Benson's Steak House** (123 W. 52nd St., 581-8888; www.benbensons.com), a New York institution that's a favorite among celebrities, like George Steinbrenner and Al Roker, who frequent this eatery regularly for superb Prime-aged steaks, great seafood, and a wine list that has garnered the *Wine Spectator*'s highest accolades. While the steak house menu is always available, the lighter lunch menu includes such summer fare as a mini-skirt steak, sea scallops, or a filet-mignon salad. You can dine on the restaurant's outdoor patio or inside in the clubby, handsome dining room filled with classic-American sporting antiques and softened with flowers and artwork.

BEN BENSON'S

You'll feel like you've arrived in Northern Italy at **Nino's** (1354 First Ave., 988-0002; www.ninosnyc.com), with its blue-hued tiled floors and formal tapestries. At **Nino's Positano** (890 Second Ave., 355-5540; www.ninospositano.com) in midtown, the siena-textured walls and fresco murals help family and friends feel that they have traveled to Positano without crossing the ocean. For parties, the midtown locale accommodates up to 100, and Nino's uptown is great for parties from 15 to 150, with complimentary valet parking. The much-loved Lobster Fra Diavolo is considered a must at either location, but menus are custom-tailored to your event. At the family style **Osso Buco** (88 University Place., 645-4525; 1662 Third Avenue at 93rd Street, 426-5422; www.ossobuco2go.com), the restaurant's namesake is an unforgettable dish. Other favorites include Chicken Paesana and Veal Piccata. Bring your appetite for the double portions served at these two fun and family filled restaurants.

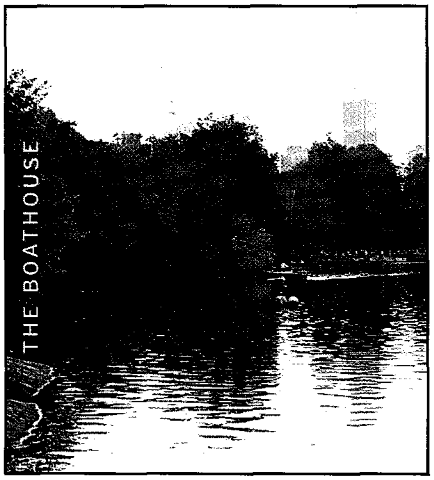


AVRA ESTIATORIO

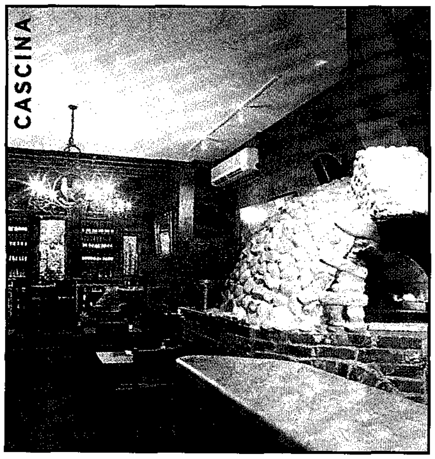


NINO'S

Every meal at the recently restored **Boathouse in Central Park** (East 72nd Street and Park Drive North, 517-2233) is peaceful—it's impossible for it not to be, in this serene lakeside-country setting. If you're strolling through the park, stop off for a delicious meal at the casual al fresco café or meet a friend here for brunch or dinner, featuring American cuisine with emphasis on fish, and a carefully selected wine list that includes wines by the glass. Whatever meal you choose, you'll find new floor-to-ceiling windows that offer a panoramic view of the lake.


THE BOATHOUSE

Monday night is the evening for a prix fixe food and wine pairing at **Cascina**, an Italian country kitchen (647 Ninth Ave., 245-4422; www.cascinanyc.com) that transports the essence of the Italian vineyards to Hell's Kitchen. For $39.50, you'll enjoy a delicious meal paired with wines from the owner's vineyard in Moncalvo, Italy. The restaurant features brick walls, rough-hewn woods, and a rosy color scheme, and is centered around a rounded stone and brick oven. The versatile menu offers signature dishes from the grill and from the oven, as well as a selection of panini and side dishes. The menu board with chefs' specialties changes daily.


CASCINA

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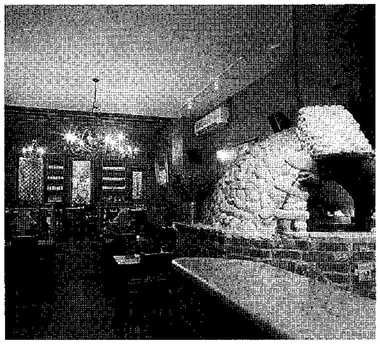

Cascina Italian country kitchen
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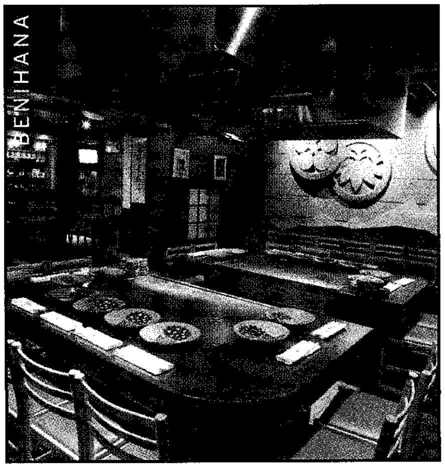
TRATTORIA DOPO TEATRO

If you're planning a party, head right over to **Trattoria Dopo Teatro** (125 W. 44th St., 869-2849; www.trattoriadopoteatro.com) located in the heart of Times Square. Party rooms are available downstairs at this restaurant, or you can opt to have a bash in many different rooms, including the Cigar Lounge and Grappa Library, which displays exotic bottles of grappa in all shapes and sizes. With recipes from all the regions of Italy, Trattoria Dopo Teatro offers classic and updated dishes. The restaurant has recently expanded its skylit Secret Garden, noted for its stone waterfall, hand-painted Italian tiles on café tables, and a unique and colorful mosaic floor.

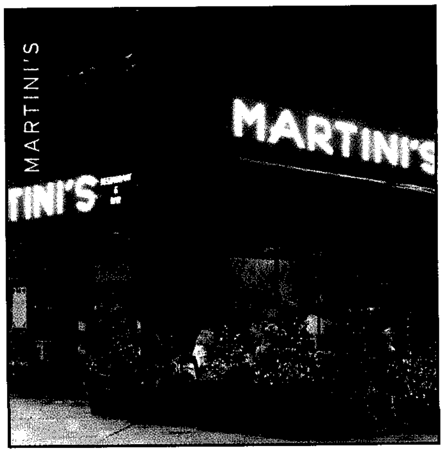
TWO TWO TWO

With a $20 prix fixe lunch, and $29 and $39 prix fixe dinners, you'll return again and again to the oak-paneled **Two Two Two** (222 W. 79th St., 799-0400; www.restauranttwotwotwo.com), perched on the street level of a charming brownstone. The restaurant specializes in such Italian-American favorites as rack of lamb and spicy salmon tartare, as well as such desserts as baked granny-smith apple in phyllo with cinnamon-honey ice cream. If you'd rather stop by for lunch, opt for the Italian Steak House lunch menu—with such options as Char Grilled Prime Filet Steak or Golden Fettuccine Primavera—served on individually chosen antique plates.


BENIHANA

Known for theatrical chefs and teppanyaki cooking on hibachi tables, **Benihana** (120 E. 56th St.; 593-1627 and 47 W. 56th St., 581-0930; www.benihana.com) promises grills that seat up to seven diners on three sides and serve the most delectable steak, chicken, and seafood. The restaurant also offers sushi, handrolls, and sashimi, and is an ideal place to entertain the family or revel in an aprés-theater knife-wielding show.

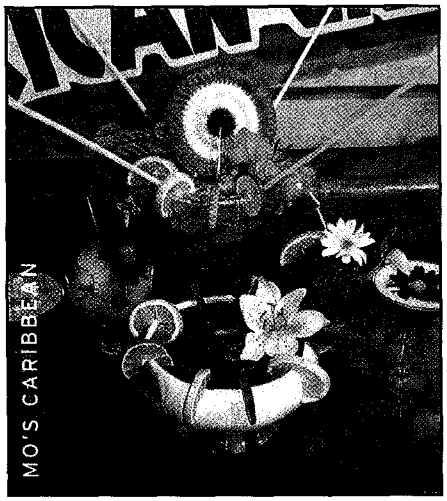
At **Martini's Restaurant & Bar** (810 Seventh Ave., 767-1717; www.rieserestaurants.com/martinis), the summer menu contains a creative mix of cuisines ranging from healthy salads and seafood dishes to savory pasta dishes and mouth-watering pizzas specially prepared in Martini's brick oven by Richard Krause, executive chef. But whatever you pick you're ensured a


MARTINI'S

casual yet elegant pre-or post-theater dinner at this restaurant nestled in the heart of the Theater District. And, in Martini's year-round outdoor café—with its sparkling canopy of light—you'll find the perfect spot for al fresco dining as well. Martini's now offers 30 different glasses of wine. Be true to the restaurant's name and try a Blood Orange or a Sour Apple Martini.

PARTY NIGHTS

Start your tropical getaway at **Mo's Caribbean Bar & Mexican Grill** (1454 Second Ave., 650-0561; www.nycbest-bars.com), the Upper East Side's vacation spot. Combine the Caribbean beach with a summertime fiesta carnival and you have one high-energy nightspot. Order The Volcano or any one of over 50 fabulous flavors of margaritas. Munch on Mexican specialties like fajitas, enchiladas, tacos, and Caribbean-inspired treats like Cuban curried chicken or Jamaican jerk chicken. Stop in on Tuesdays for live music or Wednesdays where one-dollar margaritas are served to the ladies all night long.



At **St. Andrews** (120 W. 44th St., 840-8413; www.standrewsrestaurant.citysearch.com), New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the Scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of the birthplace of golf. Prime steaks, a raw bar, and a bountiful selection of seafood await, such as chef's shellfish pan-roast or Shetland Island salmon on potato scones with watercress sauce. A $27.95 prix fixe menu is also available for dinner. And don't miss the live Celtic music available on Saturday nights.

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Rate valid at Grand Hyatt New York for stays between 5/23/02 and 9/15/02. Rate is available Thursday through Sunday. Rate is not available for Sunday night arrivals. Reservations are subject to availability and must be made in advance. Rate is for room only and does not include tax, incidental charges or other hotel specific charges. Rates are based on double occupancy and standard guestroom accommodations. Additional guests may be subject to additional hotel charges. Offer is not valid with groups/conventions and is not combinable with other promotional offers except Faster Free Nights. Limited number of rooms are available at this rate. Blackout dates may apply. For complete Faster Free Nights details visit www.hyatt.com. ©2002 Hyatt Corp.

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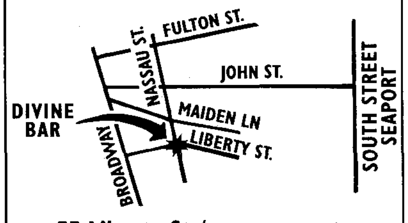
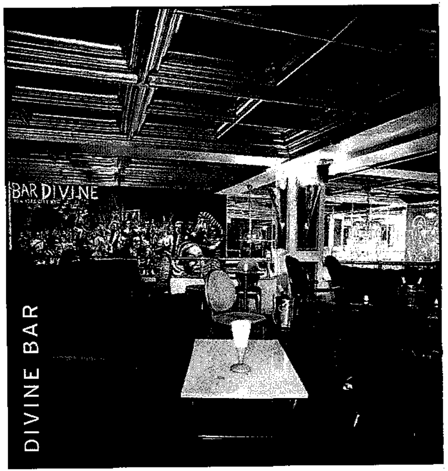
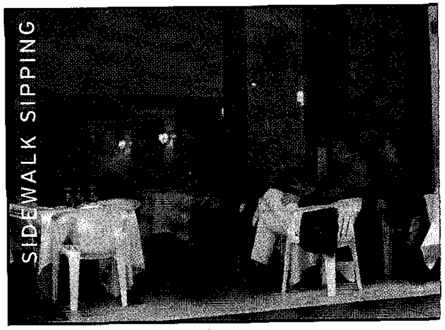


55 Liberty St./corner Nassau St.
212.791.WINE

Head down to **Divine Bar** (55 Liberty St., 2nd floor, 791-WINE; www.vino-versity.com) on August 6 for *Moulin Rouge Night*. For $35 per person, you can revel in all things French and enjoy unlimited tastes of French martinis, Pommery Brut Champagne, a selection of fine French wines as well as French cheeses and hors d'oeuvres. *Moulin Rouge* players will pass out Pommery "POP" bottles at this night of fun. Advance reservations required by phone or Web site. Next time you're uptown, check out Divine Bar's original location, a funky duplex-lounge (244 E. 51st St., 319-WINE). Both offer over 65 varieties of wine by the glass, wine and appetizer prix fixes, and 15 wine-tasting flights.



DIVINE BAR



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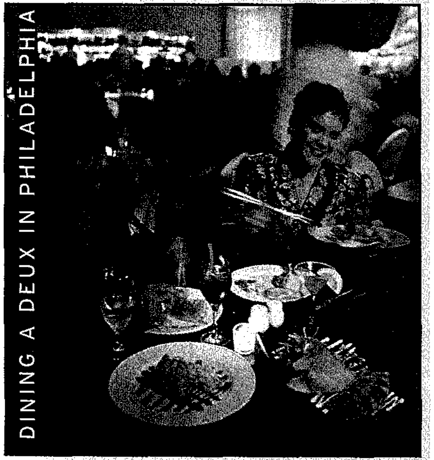

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The seventh annual Litchfield Jazz Festival is coming back to Northwest Connecticut's Goshen Fairgrounds with a weekend of under-cover and outdoor jazz music on August 2, 3, and 4. The Friday night gala concert begins with legend Diane Schuur and features Sonny Rollins, a titan on the jazz scene for more than 50 years. The lineup for the rest of the weekend, Connecticut's signature jazz event celebrating America's greatest original music, is full of just as many icons, including the Mingus Big Band and Toots Thielemans. Tickets, multi-day passes, and information are available online at www.litchfieldjazzfest.com or by calling 1-860-567-4162.

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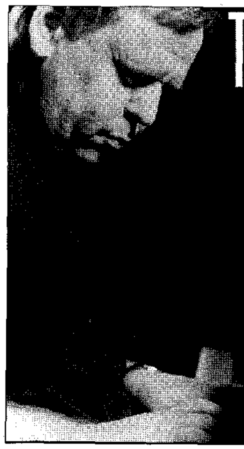

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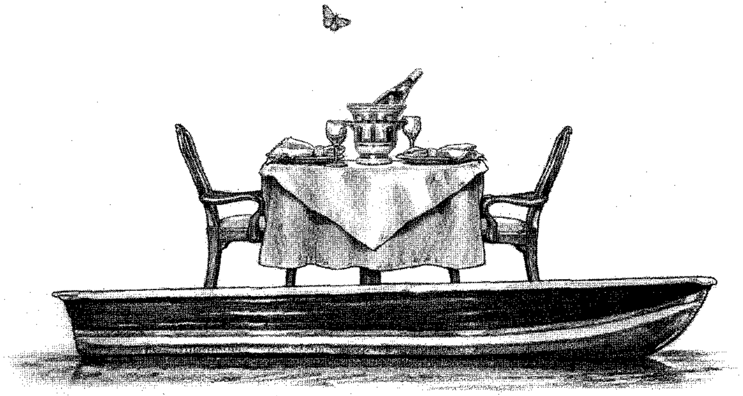

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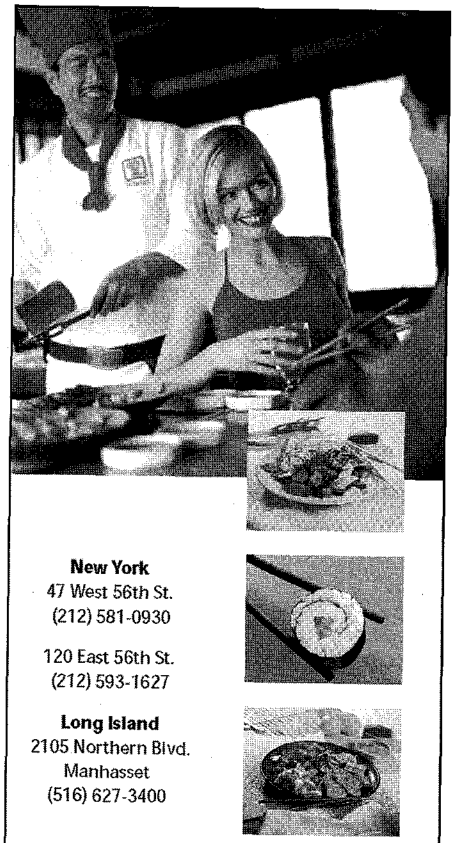

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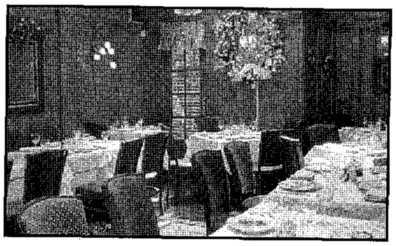

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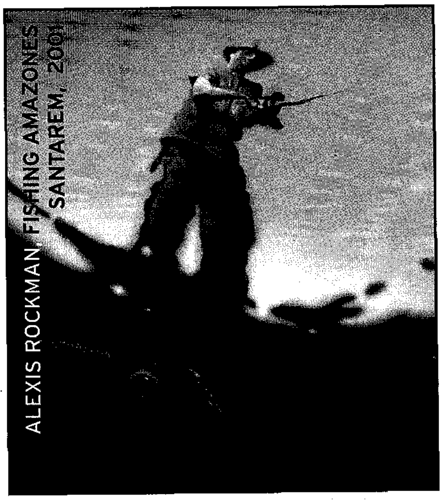
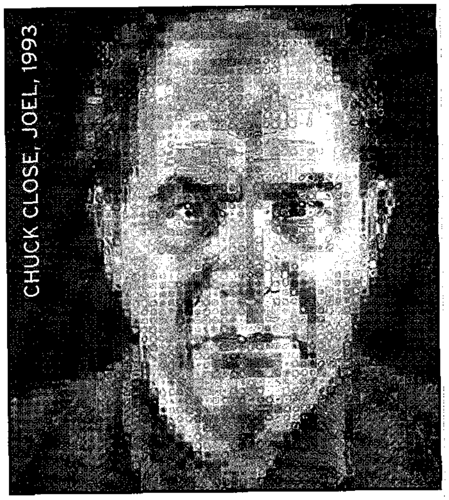
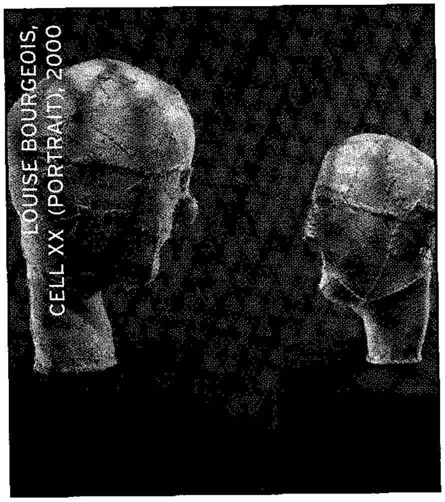
Downtown is back. And to herald the return of this most vibrant neighborhood, **Wall Street Rising** (509-0300; www.wallstreetrising.org), a 501 (c) (3) not-for-profit organization, is thrilled to announce an unprecedented free art event featuring over 100 contemporary paintings, sculptures, and photographs by world-renowned artists, displayed in five exhibitions in some of Lower Manhattan's most magnificent buildings—48 wall St., 25 Broad St., 60 Wall St., 45 Wall St., and One New York Plaza. These museum-quality exhibitions—all displayed within a four-block radius—feature major works by prominent painters and sculptors, including Jean-Michel Basquiat, Julian Schnabel, Chuck Close, Jenny Holzer, Jeff Koons, and Andy Warhol—some of which have never been shown. The work of such photographers as Nan Goldin, Cindy Sherman, and William Wegman will also be displayed. The exhibit runs until September 15. Julie Menin, founder and president of Wall Street Rising, conceived the exhibit to engage the enlivening and restorative power of art in the fight to revitalize the community. "Our goal is to highlight Lower Manhattan as a true 24/7 community like SoHo or Chelsea where residents, workers, and tourists can meander the streets, explore interesting art, and frequent neighborhood shops and restaurants. We expect Art Downtown will bring thousands of people to Lower Manhattan, thereby supporting the small businesses who are still struggling to survive," says Menin. Nearly 100 works of art by Lower Manhattan school children will also be displayed. Art Downtown's opening on June 13 drew the who's who of New York's art and political worlds, including Chuck Close, Neil Jenney, Mike Bidio, Robert Kushner, Bill Beckley, Philip Taaffe, Deputy Mayor Dan Doctoroff, and Assembly speaker Sheidon Silver. More than 2,000 people have visited Art Downtown during its first full week.



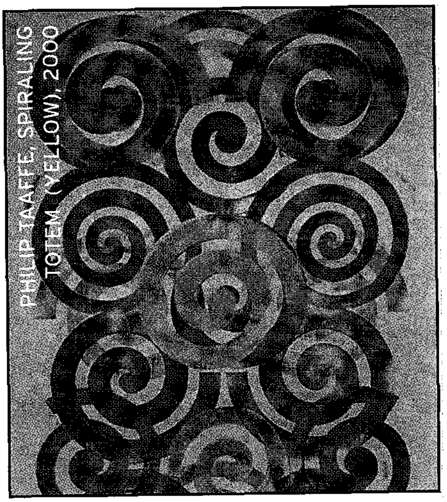
ALEXIS ROCKMAN, FISHING AMAZONES SANTAREM, 2001



CHUCK CLOSE, JOEL, 1993



LOUISE BOURGEOIS, CELL XX (PORTRAIT), 2000



PHILIP TAAFFE, SPIRALING TOTEM (YELLOW), 2000

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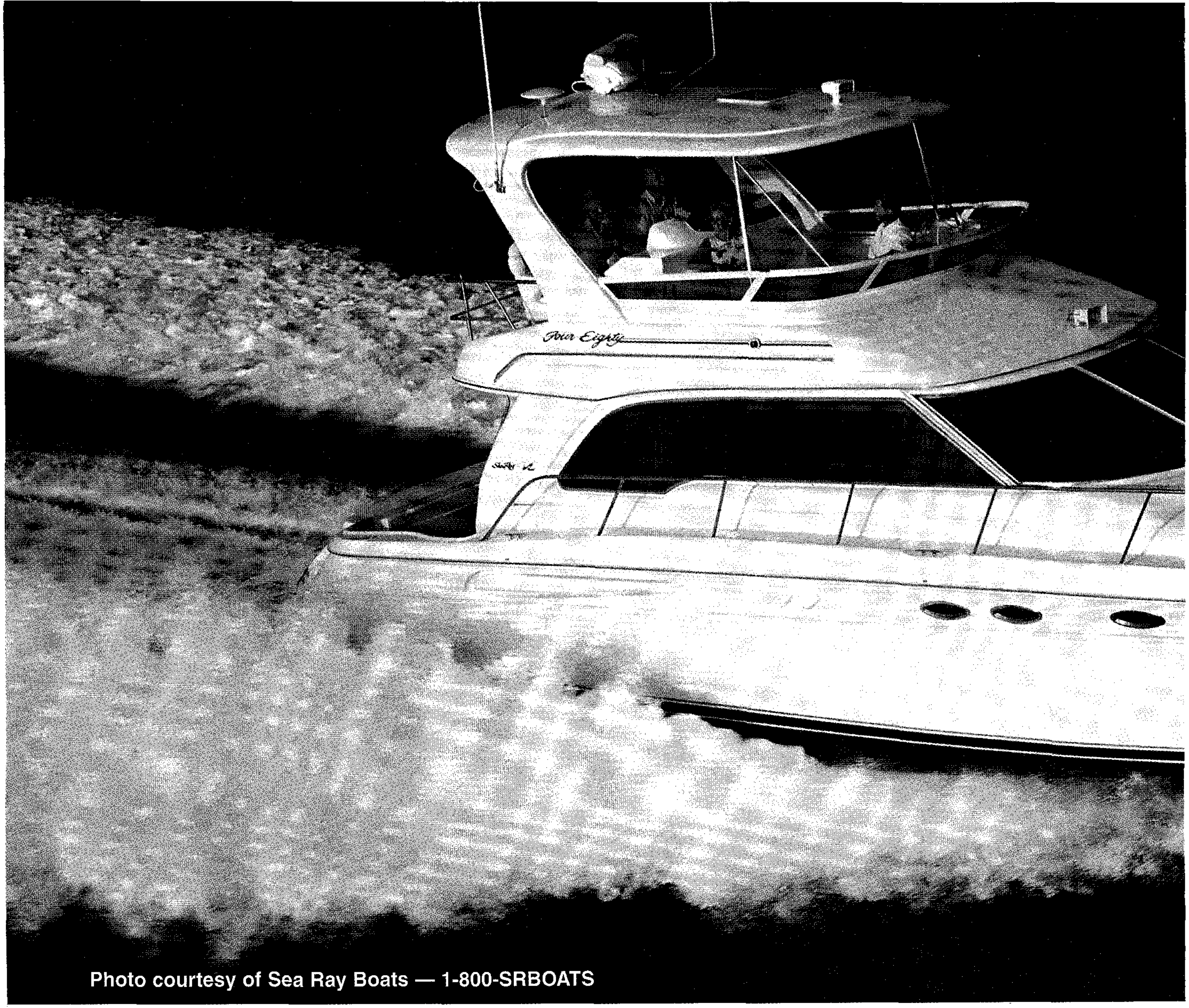

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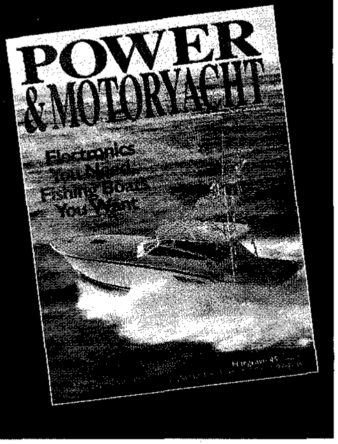
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Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEW THIS WEEK

All About Lily Chou-Chou
Ethereal, beautiful film about a Japanese teen obsessed with the titular fictional pop singer, who uses Lily's music to escape from the violence, betrayal, and general melancholy that surrounds him and his friends. Director Shunji Iwai's sprawling portrait of a technologically connected but psychologically fragmented world is endlessly inventive and disturbing. (2 hrs. 26 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/12.

The Crocodile Hunter: Collision Course
Australian wildlife personality Steve Irwin and wife Terri star as themselves in a fictional adventure about the two trying to save a crocodile from U.S.-government agents dressed as poachers, while also battling a variety of environmental dangers. Young fans of the Animal Planet TV show could conceivably find this amusing. Conceivably. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • Opens 7/12.

Last Dance
Documentary about Pilobolus, an argumentative dance troupe, and their attempt to stage *A Selection*, a recital based on the Holocaust. Directed by Mirra Bank. (1 hr. 24 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/12.

My Wife Is an Actress
Writer-director Yvan Attal also stars in his directorial debut, playing a sportswriter obsessed with his movie-star wife's fidelity. With Charlotte Gainsbourg; in French, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • Opens 7/12.

Never Again
A single, middle-aged pianist (Jeffrey Tambor) and a frustrated divorcée (Jill Clayburgh) meet by chance at a gay bar and proceed, carefully, to fall in love. It's always great to see those two leads get screen time, and Tambor is particularly excellent, but director Eric Schaeffer's romantic comedy is too enamored of its own maturity to really make an impression. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • Opens 7/12.

Presumed Guilty
Director Pamela Yates filmed the San Francisco public-defender's office for three years to put together this tough documentary showing attorneys battling for the accused in two high-profile murder cases. (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/10.

Reign of Fire
Rob (*The X-Files*) Bowman's film stars Matthew McConaughey as an American in post-apocalyptic England who fights fire-breathing dragons alongside Christian Bale. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 7/12.

Road to Perdition
See Rainer, page 44. (1 hr. 59 mins.; R) • Opens 7/12.

Sex and Lucía
Julio Medem's film begins in Madrid and then spreads out to a Mediterranean island as it explores the loves of Lucía, a young Spanish woman with a very healthy sexual appetite. In Spanish, with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) • Opens 7/12.

Tosca
Director Benoît Jacquot's version of Puccini's opera is equal parts documentary, narrative film, and staged opera. (See box.) With opera star Angela Gheorghiu as Tosca, and her husband, Roberto Alagna, as Mario Cavaradossi, a painter whose doomed by his politics. In Italian, with English subtitles. (2 hrs.; NR) • Opens 7/12.

Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders From Mars
Reissue of D. A. Pennebaker's concert film capturing David Bowie's final performance (in 1973) as the androgynous rock hero Ziggy Stardust. Chaotic footage has an immediacy that feels more like a matter of circumstance rather than artistic choice, but it all works, thanks mainly to the legendary songs. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) • Opens 7/10.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

MONSTER MOVIE: The wildlife of *Reign of Fire*.

Now Playing

★ About a Boy
Chris and Paul Weitz, the co-directors of *American Pie*, offer up a surprisingly nuanced and sophisticated comedy starring Hugh Grant as an independently wealthy slacker who learns how to care for others when a fatherless 12-year-old boy enters his life. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) • 3; 17; 18; 28; 43; 67.

Bad Company
The odd-couple Anthony Hopkins and Chris Rock are teamed in this action comedy about the CIA and nuclear terrorists. The pairing doesn't work: Rock is buzzing in his own orbit while Hopkins is dutifully collecting his paycheck. (Rainer; 6/10/02) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG-13) • 18; 44; 51; 58; 60; 63; 72.

Bobby G. Can't Swim
Gritty look at a *really* small-time drug dealer (writer-director John-Luke Montias) as he plans one big final score. The film's energy is admirable, but the episodic plot, along with some hammy performances, holds it back. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) • 8.

The Bourne Identity
Doug Liman directed this okay thriller about a CIA spy-assassin, played by Matt Damon. Some of the thrills are intelligently presented, but much of it is still familiar. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 18; 30; 31; 38; 40; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 58; 61; 63; 64; 66; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 77.

The Cat's Meow
Director Peter Bogdanovich vividly reimagines the fateful 1924 celebrity cruise aboard news tycoon William Randolph Hearst's yacht. With Eddie Izzard, Kirsten Dunst, and Cary Elwes. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) • 10; 67.

★ CQ
This debut feature from Roman Coppola is an ambitious escapade about an American director in 1969 Paris, played by Jeremy Davies. It's not a complete success, but Coppola captures the divided consciousness of sixties auteurs. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 3; 26.

Changing Lanes
Pulpy and preposterous, but enjoyable. Ben Affleck and Samuel Jackson engage in a dangerously escalating game of shot-for-shot. (Rainer; 4/22/02) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) • 26.

★ Cinema Paradiso
Giuseppe Tornatore's 1990 Oscar winner about a boy's coming of age in a small-town movie house in Italy gets the director's-cut treatment. Fans may cherish the added footage, but the narrative sprawl may leave others longing for the original's efficiency. (2 hrs. 56 mins.; R) • 19.

The Cockettes
Doting documentary about the San Francisco hippie-drag-queen musical troupe, who wowed audiences with their sexual charisma in the late sixties and seventies. The film is a fascinating look at the ravages of time. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 8.

The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys
Intriguing little growing-up story about Catholic-school pranksters discovering first love, contending with a vindictive nun (Jodie Foster), and planning one final practical joke. Ambitious film intercuts between live action and animated fantasy sequences, but the stylization grows wearisome after a while, despite some fine performances. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 6; 13; 18.

Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood
Callie Khouri's frantic slapstick weepie features a gaggle of spirited actresses—including Sandra Bullock, Ellen Burstyn, Maggie Smith, Shirley Knight, and Fionnula Flanagan—carrying on like superannuated Scarlett O'Haras. It's a southern-fried ode to mothers and daughters, and the yakety-yak quotient is off the charts. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 13; 17; 21; 26; 33; 43; 50; 67; 74.

★ Dogtown and Z-Boys
An energetic, elegiac documentary about the influential crew of teens in early-seventies California who turned skateboarding into today's fashionable, free-wheeling, daredevil sport. Narrated by Sean Penn. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) • 3.

★ The Emperor's New Clothes
Winning romantic comedy has Napoleon (Ian Holm) returning to France disguised as a peasant and discovering the joys of being a common man. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) • 9.

Enigma
A dry, occasionally smart drama about British codebreakers during WWII. (Rainer; 2/29/02) (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 9.

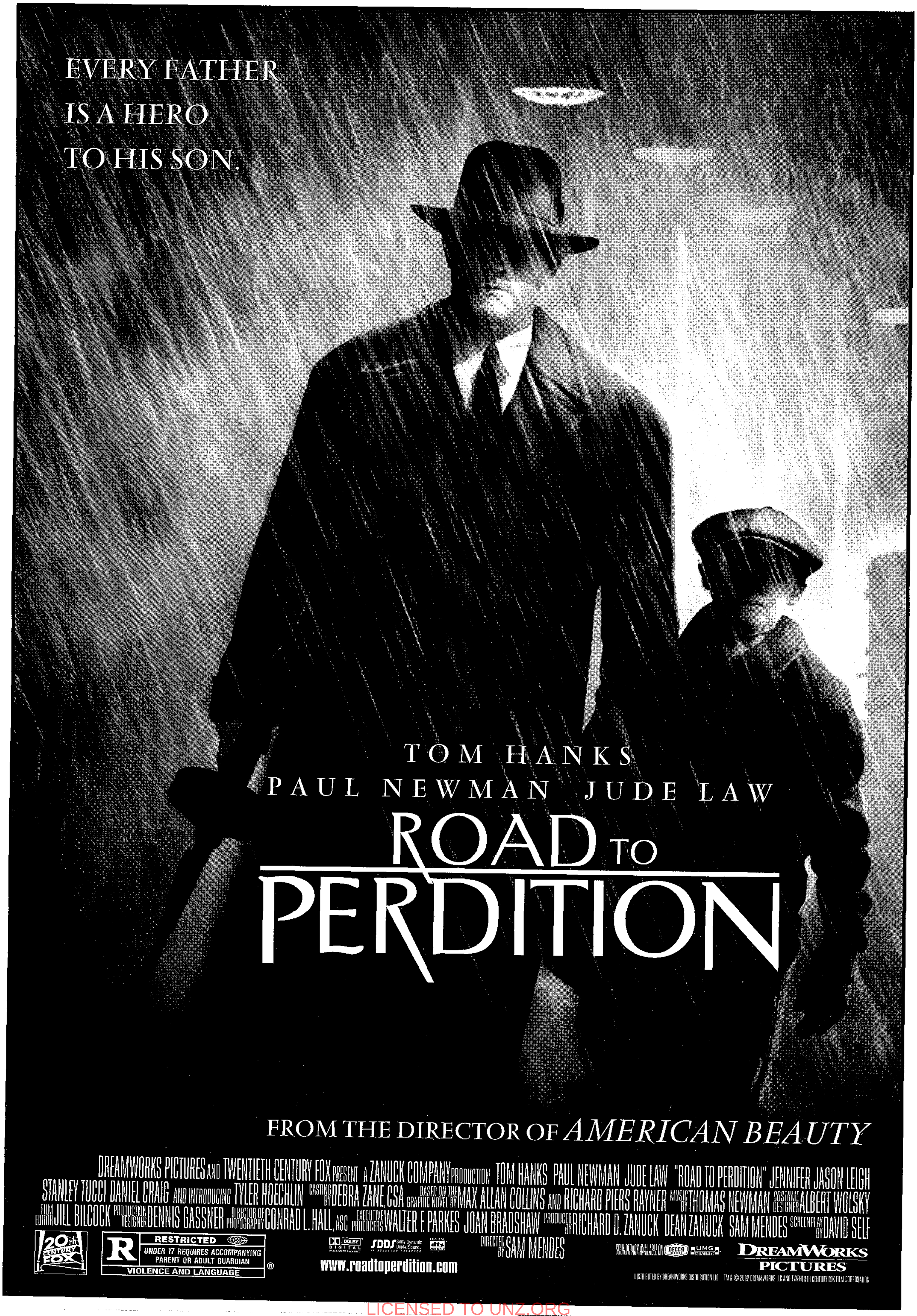
Enough
Jennifer Lopez stars in this preposterous cross between *Sleeping With the Enemy* and *Death Wish*. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) • 46.

★ The Fast Runner
A nearly three-hour Inuit movie, directed by Zacharias Kunuk, based on an ancient legend and shot in the Canadian Arctic. Heavy going, but it has at least one sequence—a naked man fleeing his attackers over spring sea ice—that is terrifyingly beautiful. (Rainer; 6/5/02) (2 hrs. 52 mins.; NR) • 6; 39; 48.

Group
Nine very different women meet in a series of group-therapy sessions, recorded simultaneously by six cam-

Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 74.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN HESSION.



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DREAMWORKS PICTURES

DISTRIBUTED BY DREAMWORKS DISTRIBUTION LLC TM & © 2002 DREAMWORKS LLC AND TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION eras, projected in six separate boxes on the screen. Fascinating film improves on Mike Figgis's *Time Code* but sometimes seems too impatient for its own good. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) • 3.

Harvard Man
Writer-director James (*Black and White*) Toback takes his sex, drugs, and improvisational filmmaking to Harvard, where Adrian Grenier plays a basketball player making time with the daughter (Sarah Michelle Gellar) of a Mafia don. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) • 4.

Hey Arnold! The Movie
Popular Nickelodeon children's show gets the big-screen treatment, as optimistic Arnold and pals try to keep their tight-knit neighborhood from being razed to make way for a giant shopping mall. Choppy storytelling and lackluster animation make it strictly for the kids. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 18; 33; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 53; 54; 55; 58; 59; 60; 61; 63; 64; 66; 70; 73; 74; 75; 77.

The Importance of Being Earnest
The cast, which includes Judi Dench, Rupert Everett, Colin Firth, and Reese Witherspoon, is excellent, but Oliver Parker's movie of Oscar Wilde's great comedy is too broadly directed, with many misguided attempts to "open things up." (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) • 2; 13; 18; 20; 43; 65.

Insomnia
Chris Nolan's film is about an L.A. cop, played by Al Pacino, who, along with his partner, investigates a murder in a small Alaska town and becomes implicated in the corruption. Robin Williams plays the murder suspect, and Pacino is fine, and the Alaska setting is novel, but most of the time it's a standard police procedural. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) • 1; 3; 15; 16; 17; 21; 24; 28; 43; 50; 51; 58; 65; 67; 74; 75; 77.

Juwanna Man
A banned NBA bad boy (Miguel Núñez) disguises himself to play for a woman's basketball team. Directed by Jessie Vaughan; with Tommy Davidson and Vivica A. Fox. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) • 24; 41; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 56; 63; 64; 70; 72; 75.

★ Late Marriage
A marvelous Israeli film from writer-director Dover Kosashvili about a bachelor who has a forbidden affair with a slightly older Moroccan divorcée. The extended bedroom scene between them is one of the most languidly realistic sex scenes ever filmed. (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 4; 39; 65.

Like Mike
Youngsta rapper Lil' Bow Wow stars as a wide-eyed teen who gets crazy ups when he dons a pair of magic sneakers, turning him into a basketball star. Mindless fluff, but it has a sense of humor, which helps. (1 hr. 33 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 12; 14; 18; 30; 34; 41; 44; 49; 56; 58; 59; 62; 63; 64; 72; 75; 77.

★ Lilo & Stitch
Disney's lovely, funny animated feature is rendered the old-fashioned way, without extensive use of computers, and with watercolor backgrounds. It's about a little Hawaiian girl and the rascally alien she adopts. They bond through their love of Elvis Presley standards. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 16; 17; 19; 24; 28; 40; 41; 42; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 57; 58; 59; 60; 61; 63; 64; 66; 68; 71; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

Lovely & Amazing
Three very different sisters—a former homecoming queen (Catherine Keener), a wide-eyed actress (Emily Mortimer), and an adopted African-American 8-year-old (Raven Goodwin)—have to deal with one another's problems when Mom (Brenda Blethyn) goes for a hospital stay. Episodic, uneven tale features good performances but little dramatic weight. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) • 2; 18; 19; 47.

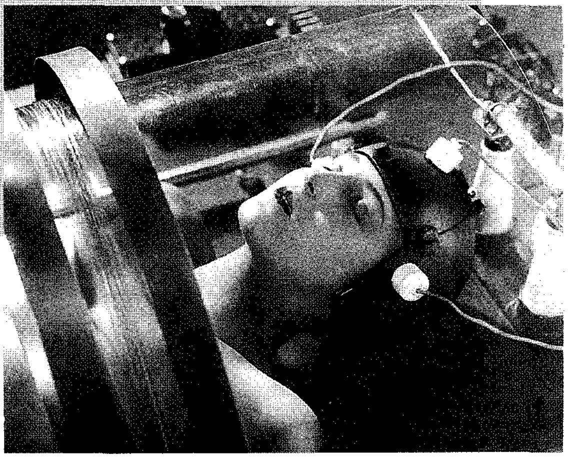
★ Me Without You
Two best friends (Michelle Williams and Anna Friel) living in England over three decades cope with the confusions of adolescence, followed by the frustrations of adulthood. Lovingly stylized, atmospheric, and hypnotic film features a genuinely star-making performance by *Dawson's Creek* regular Williams. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) • 2.

★ Men in Black 2
A knockoff sequel to the original, and mostly as enjoyable. Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones are the Ray-Banned team out to save the planet from a startling assortment of gloppy monsters courtesy of creature-effects supervisor Rick Baker. Lara Flynn Boyle and Rip Torn co-star. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 15; 16; 17; 18; 33; 35; 38; 40; 41; 44; 45; 46; 49; 50; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 59; 61; 62; 63; 64; 66; 68; 70; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

Revival

The Dream of Reason

Metropolis, Fritz Lang's imaginative, paranoid morality play about class warfare in a high-tech city, first brought its arresting Expressionist imagery (and silent film's sexiest robot, played by Brigitte Helm, pictured) to screens in 1927. Since then, studios from Berlin to Burbank have recut, rescored, reprinted, and otherwise mishandled it; even the much-celebrated 1984 rerelease with Giorgio Moroder's new score was missing more than a quarter of the film. This week—after French and German restoration experts spent four years combing film archives for negatives, digitally matching hundreds of bits of film—what's likely to be the definitive restoration comes to the city whose skyline is said to have inspired Lang in the first place. At Film Forum, July 12 through 25. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")



★ Minority Report
Steven Spielberg's visionary sci-fi movie, starring Tom Cruise as a futuristic cop in a world where murders can be predicted in advance, adapted from a long short story by Philip K. Dick, has a bleached-out look that practically singes your eyeballs and enough high-toned sci-fi tropes about the individual vs. society, free will vs. determinism, and the dangers of playing God to keep people talking for a long time. Several sequences, including one involving mechanical spiders, are as vivid as anything Spielberg has ever done, but overall it's a chilly experience, a futuro film noir that takes itself too seriously. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 13; 18; 28; 29; 36; 37; 44; 46; 51; 53; 54; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

★ Monsoon Wedding
Mira Nair's giddy movie about the preparations for an arranged marriage in New Delhi is an entertaining pastiche of Bombay movie-musical nuttiness and *Father of the Bride*. (Rainer; 3/4/02) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 6; 30.

Mr. Deeds
Adam Sandler stars in this wan, loosely reworked updating of Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. He plays a pizza-store owner from New Hampshire who inherits billions and remains the same sweet guy while all the New York baddies plot to do him in. Winona Ryder and John Turturro, in a funny turn as a Spanish butler, co-star. (Rainer; 6/17/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 13; 16; 17; 24; 25; 30; 33; 37; 41; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 51; 53; 54; 57; 58; 59; 61; 63; 64; 66; 69; 71; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

★ Murderous Maids
In 1933, two French sisters, Christine and Lea Papin, hacked to death their employer and the employer's daughter in a case that inspired Jean Genet's play *The Maids*, among others. As Christine, Sylvie Testud gives a ferociously controlled performance. (Rainer; 5/13/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) • 10.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding
Innocuous comedy about the thirtysomething Toula, who is getting too old to marry, at least by her Greek family's standards. When a decidedly un-Greek Mr. Right (John Corbett) enters her life, things get even worse. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG) • 3; 12; 18; 30; 43; 50; 65; 77.

★ Not Nude Through: A Portrait of Rudy Burkhardt
Documentary about the life and work of the Swiss-born painter, photographer, and filmmaker integrates his work with interviews of those in his circle. Haunting little film, shot over the course of more than a decade, feels like a time capsule of the avant-garde. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) • 10.

★ Notorious C.H.O.
A mostly sidesplitting filmed record of a stand-up performance in Seattle by Margaret Cho. She sometimes falls into the trap of setting herself up as an icon for taboo-busting liberation, but she's still a great bawd. (Rainer; 7/8/02) (1 hr. 35 mins.; NR) • 6.

★ The Piano Teacher
Michael Haneke's movie—about a Viennese piano instructor (Isabelle Huppert) in a prestigious conservatory whose lust for an adoring student turns into a sadomasochistic folie à deux—is not a likable film, but Haneke has a genuine gift for cauterizing experience onscreen. (Rainer; 4/8/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 4.

The Powerpuff Girls Movie
Feature based on the immensely popular (but still somehow cultish) Cartoon Network series shows how the titular trio of mini-superheroes were created, and then sends them into battle with a villainous race of hyper-intelligent apes. By-the-numbers animated film brings little new to the table, but it will definitely appeal to the show's many fans. (1 hr. 21 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 13; 16; 17; 24; 33; 35; 43; 44; 45; 46; 50; 52; 53; 54; 56; 58; 63; 64; 66; 70; 72; 74; 75; 77.

Pumpkin
Co-directors Adam Larson Broder and Anthony Abrams's satire of college life stars Christina Ricci as a self-obsessed sorority girl who has an unexpected relationship with a handicapped boy (Hank Harris). With Brenda Blethyn. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) • 2; 43.

★ Read My Lips
Writer-director Jacques Audiard's crime thriller is about an ex-con (Vincent Cassell) who teams with a lovelorn secretary (Emmanuelle Devos) who is near-deaf and is an expert at reading lips—an invaluable talent for the heist they pull off. Should be better than it is, but watchable, and Devos is compelling. In French, with English subtitles. (Rainer; 7/15/02) (1 hr. 55 mins.; NR) • 27.

Scooby-Doo
Everything you worried it might be: unflinchingly weird, hopelessly pandering, and unintentionally terrifying. (1 hr. 23 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 13; 16; 17; 18; 33; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 51; 53; 54; 56; 57; 58; 61; 62; 63; 64; 66; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF KINO INTERNATIONAL.

★ Songs From the Second Floor
Unnervingly hilarious series of surreal vignettes occurring one evening in an unspecified city. None of it makes sense, but that doesn't seem to matter in director Roy Andersson's oblique, unsettling worldview. In Swedish, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) • 5.

★ Space Station
Marvelous 3-D effects are the highlights of this Imax documentary about the building of the International Space Station. Only drawback: The comically intense Tom Cruise narration feels completely out of place. (1 hr. 8 mins.; NR) • 43.

Spider-Man
Sam Raimi's movie based on the Marvel superhero is fairly routine in its exploits and graphic design, but it has, in Tobey Maguire, a likable and sympathetic actor we at least can identify with. With Kirsten Dunst and Willem Dafoe. (Rainer; 5/4/02) (2 hrs. 1 min.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 16; 17; 24; 35; 43; 44; 46; 51; 53; 57; 61; 63; 72; 75.

Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron
Animated feature from DreamWorks about a wild mustang in the Old West. Dully accomplished, blending traditional with computer animation, it's inspirational enough to make you want to whinny. (Rainer; 5/27/02) (1 hr. 17 mins.; G) • 18; 44.

★ Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones
Much better than the previous *Star Wars* installment, *The Phantom Menace*, though not up to the first two, *Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back*. This new George Lucas episode is too somber by half, but there are a few sequences that are as exciting as anything in the series. (Rainer; 5/20/02) (2 hrs. 12 mins.; PG) • 1; 11; 13; 18; 23; 31; 61.

The Sum of All Fears
Ben Affleck plays Jack Ryan this time around in the latest Tom Clancy–derived thriller, directed by Phil Alden Robinson. It's an accomplished political melodrama but its subject—a nuclear bomb gets into the wrong hands—is too raw for contemporary audiences: The Hollywood high jinks seem pale. Morgan Freeman co-stars. (Rainer; 6/10/02) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 16; 17; 24; 32; 33; 41; 43; 44; 46; 51; 53; 58; 60; 61; 63; 71; 75.

Sunshine State
A pokey intergenerational drama about two racially divided communities on Plantation Island in modern-day Florida. The usual Sayles mix of torpor and talent prevails here. Best in the cast is Edie Falco, playing the itchy, dissatisfied owner of a motel and coffee shop. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 18; 39; 47; 48; 65; 77.

★ 13 Conversations About One Thing
A series of interlinked, nonlinear stories. Three of the four vignettes, which star John Turturro, Matthew McConaughey, and Clea DuVall, are so-so, but the one starring Alan Arkin as a poor soul who is enraged by the happiness of one of his co-workers is marvelous, and Arkin has never been better. Directed and co-written by Jil Sprecher. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) • 8; 39; 47.

Ultimate X: The Movie
Just the wipeouts are worth the price of admission. (40 mins.; NR) • 43.

★ Undercover Brother
Uproarious send-up of blaxploitation flicks and spy thrillers is a zany cross between *Austin Powers* and *Shaft*. Eddie Griffin is a hapless, but nearly invincible, agent fighting a secret organization of whites that has kept blacks down throughout the years. Some of the funniest race-based humor in years manages to be both cutting and inoffensive. Co-starring Chris Kattan. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) • 11; 24; 44; 51; 63.

Unfaithful
Adrian Lyne's glossy, depthless adultery drama stars Richard Gere, in a deliberately sexless performance, and Diane Lane as his roving wife. (Rainer; 5/13/02) (2 hrs. 17 mins.; R) • 18.

★ War Photographer
Documentarian Christian Frei offers up a remarkable portrait of a remarkable man—James Nachtwey, who has photographed the globe's worst hot spots for 25 years. It's a stirring tribute to the righteousness and artistry of someone who still believes in the power of photography to evoke humanity and combat war. (Rainer; 6/24/02) (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • 5.

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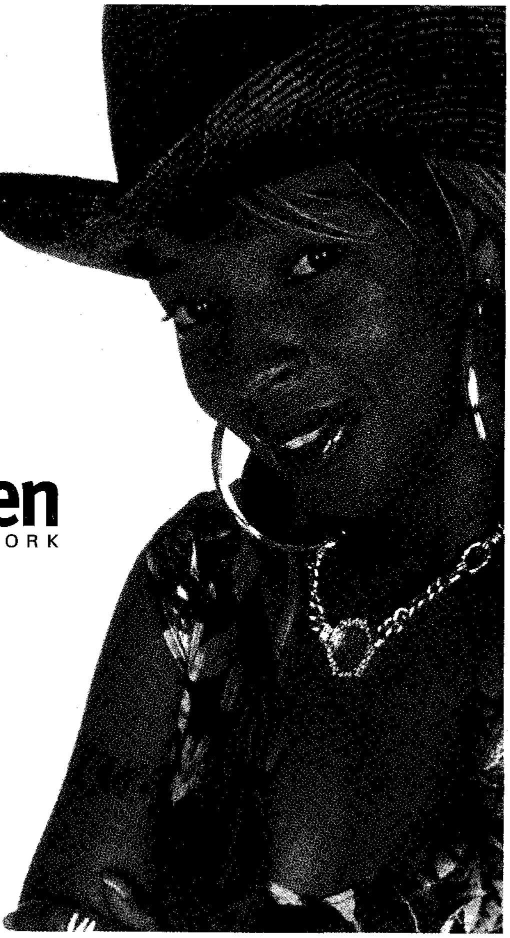

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Windtalkers
Nicolas Cage gives a grim, determined performance as a WWII Marine who is entrusted with guarding a Navajo code talker (Adam Beach) in this mediocre John Woo movie that wastes a good true-to-life subject. (Rainer; 6/17/02) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) • 11; 18; 51; 60; 67.

★ Y Tu Mamá También
Alfonso Cuarón's road movie is the funniest and freshest sex comedy of its kind since Bertrand Blier's *Going Places*. Two teenage Mexican boys set out for the beach with the disaffected wife of a cousin of theirs, played by Maribel Verdú as a mixture of slut and angel of mercy. (Rainer; 3/18/02) (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 6; 39.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; *Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones;* The Sum of all Fears

2. CC Angelika Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • Dahmer; The Importance of Being Earnest; Lovely & Amazing; Me Without You; Pumpkin

3. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • About a Boy; CQ; Dogtown and Z-Boys; Group; Insomnia; Like Mike; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie

4. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Harvard Man; Late Marriage; The Piano Teacher

5. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Songs From the Second Floor; War Photographer (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

6. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; The Fast Runner; Monsoon Wedding; Notorious C.H.O.; Y Tu Mamá También (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

7. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2

8. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • Bobby G. Can't Swim; The Cockettes; 13 Conversations About One Thing

9. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • The Emperor's New Clothes; Enigma

10. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-212-254-3300) • The Cat's Meow; Murderous Maids; Not Nude Through: A Portrait of Rudy Burkhardt

11. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Sunshine State; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

14th–41st Streets

12. CC Murray Hill Cinemas
160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) • Like Mike; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding

13. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; The Importance of Being Earnest; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

14. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Like Mike

15. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Men in Black 2

16. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears

17. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#558) • About a Boy; The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears

42nd–60th Streets

18. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • About a Boy; Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys; Hey Arnold! The Movie; The Importance of Being Earnest; Like Mike; Lovely & Amazing; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Scooby-Doo; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; Sunshine State; Unfaithful; Windtalkers

19. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Cinema Paradiso; Lilo & Stitch; Lovely & Amazing

20. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • The Importance of Being Earnest

21. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Insomnia

22. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • About a Boy; Hey Arnold! The Movie

23. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

24. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother

25. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Mr. Deeds

26. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • CQ; Changing Lanes; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood

27. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • Read My Lips

61st Street and Above, East Side

28. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • About a Boy; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report

29. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • Minority Report

30. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • The Bourne Identity; Like Mike; Monsoon Wedding; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding

31. Clearview's Park and 86th St.
125 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#604) • The Bourne Identity; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones

32. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Sum of all Fears

33. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of all Fears

34. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Like Mike

35. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Men in Black 2; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Spider-Man

61st Street and Above, West Side

36. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Minority Report

37. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

38. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • The Bourne Identity; Men in Black 2

39. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-2280) • The Fast Runner; Late Marriage; Sunshine State; 13 Conversations About One Thing; Y Tu Mamá También

40. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • The Bourne Identity; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2

41. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of all Fears

42. Nova
3589 Broadway, nr. 147th St. (212-862-5728) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Scooby-Doo

43. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) •

Opening

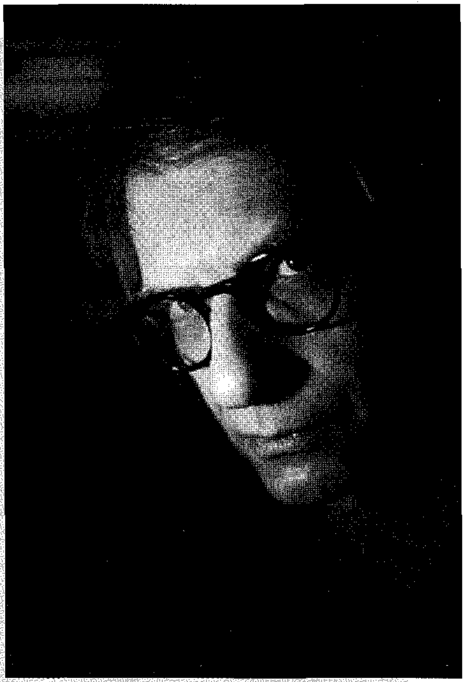
Triple Threat

"I don't know anything about opera," says **Tosca**'s director, Benoît Jacquot—an odd admission, considering that his film is a meticulously detailed rendition of Puccini's 1900 work about a painter and his mistress (Roberto Alagna and Angela Gheorghiu, pictured), a murder, and a crooked cop (Ruggero Raimondi). Perhaps to compensate, Jacquot filmed *Tosca* three ways: as a black-and-white documentary of his performers, recording at the Abbey Road studios in London; as a musical, shot on Puccini's actual locations in Rome; and on a soundstage in Germany, where Jacquot staged the whole opera. The director says the music told him what should go where. "I want pictures like the ones you have when you listen to music and close your eyes," Jacquot says. "This is a different movie for me because opera is contrary to film—cinema is all about truth, opera is all about lies." Opens July 12.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF AVATAR FILMS.

Spotlight

Creepshows



"I love the old auteur idea of filmmaking; Fellini, Bergman, even Truffaut," says **David Cronenberg** (pictured), the horror king whose "Under My Skin," a 27-film retrospective, opens this week at Anthology Film Archives. "My films are a constant voyage of discovery, a philosophical endeavor, an attempt to make sense out of my life and human existence." It's just that the dark, often grotesque images he uses—exploding heads (*Scanners*), contagious parasites (*Shivers*), randy identical twins (*Dead Ringers*), man-size cockroaches (*Naked Lunch*)—have sometimes left moviegoers befuddled. "People still ask, *Why are you trying to gross audiences out?*" the Canadian-born filmmaker says. "I don't think of my movies as gross. I want to change the aesthetic, and that can be cute, it can be entertaining, but it's not product placement. That's not the goal of my films." For the first time in New York in ten years, all of Cronenberg's work is included here, from the experimental mid-sixties shorts *Transfer* and *From the Drain* to his mid-eighties hits *The Fly* and *The Dead Zone* to the recent *M. Butterfly, Crash,* and *eXistenZ.* "In truth, you're putting up onscreen things you're afraid of, things you don't want in your life," Cronenberg says. "If you make violent films—and I wouldn't say I do, but I've had my moments—it's because I want to cage it, put it on the screen, and keep it there. My approach is very non-Hitchcock—he liked to play the puppeteer, to make the audience jump and twitch. But in my films, I'm the one who's jumping and twitching. I want the audience twitching with me." Begins July 10. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.") B.K.

About a Boy; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Pumpkin; Scooby-Doo; Space Station; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Ultimate X: The Movie

Bronx

44. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother

45. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

46. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • The Bourne Identity; Enough; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears

Brooklyn

47. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Lovely & Amazing; Sunshine State; 13 Conversations About One Thing (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

48. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • The Fast Runner; Sunshine State

49. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2

50. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie

51. Court Street 12
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears; Undercover Brother; Windtalkers

52. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; The Powerpuff Girls Movie

53. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears

54. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

55. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Men in Black 2

56. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Men in Black 2; The Powerpuff

Have you
ever given a gift
so wonderful,
someone carries it
with them the
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Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

57. UA Marboro
6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) • Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man

58. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of All Fears

Queens

59. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds

60. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Bad Company; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; The Sum of all Fears; Windtalkers

61. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones; The Sum of All Fears

62. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Like Mike; Men in Black 2; Scooby-Doo

63. Jamaica Multiplex Cinema
1 Jamaica Center, at Jamaica Ave. and Parsons Blvd. (718-291-9400) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of all Fears; Undercover Brother

64. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

65. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • The Importance of Being Earnest; Insomnia; Late Marriage; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Sunshine State

66. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

67. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • About a Boy; The Cat's Meow; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Insomnia; Windtalkers

68. Plaza
103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2

69. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • Mr. Deeds

70. UA Crossbay
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Hey Arnold! The Movie; Juwanna Man; Men in Black 2; The Powerpuff Girls Movie

71. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • The Bourne Identity; Lilo & Stitch; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo; The Sum of All Fears

72. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Bad Company; The Bourne Identity; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man

73. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo

Staten Island

74. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • The Bourne Identity; Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo

75. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Juwanna Man; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Spider-Man; The Sum of All Fears

76. UA Hylan Plaza
107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; Scooby-Doo

77. UA Movies at Staten Island
141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • The Bourne Identity; Hey Arnold! The Movie; Insomnia; Like Mike; Lilo & Stitch; Men in Black 2; Minority Report; Mr. Deeds; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Powerpuff Girls Movie; Scooby-Doo; Sunshine State

Museums, Societies, Etc.

78. American Museum of the Moving Image
36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "The Nonconformist: Jack Nicholson on Film, 1970–1980." 7/13: *Chinatown* (1974); *The Last Detail* (1973). 7/14: *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (1975); *The Fortune* (1975). 7/20: *The Passenger* (1975); *Goin' South* (1978). 7/21: *The Missouri Breaks* (1976); *The Shining* (1980).

79. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "Under My Skin: The Films of David Cronenberg." 7/10: *Stereo* (1969); *Programme X: Secret Weapons* (1972); *Crimes of the Future* (1970); *Transfer* (1966); *From the Drain* (1967). 7/11: *Shivers* (1975); *Transfer* (1966); *From the Drain* (1967); *Rabid* (1977). 7/12–7/14: *Fast Company* (1979); *The Italian Machine* (1976); *Stereo* (1969); *Programme X: Secret Weapons* (1972); *Shivers* (1975). 7/17: *The Brood* (1979); *Peep Show: The Lie Chair* (1975); *Scanners* (1981). 7/18: *Videodrome* (1982); *Peep Show: The Victim* (1975); *The Dead Zone* (1983). 7/19: *The Fly* (1986); *The Brood* (1979); *Peep Show: The Lie Chair* (1975).

80. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $9. • "New French Connection." 7/10: *A Hell of a Day* (2001). 7/11: *Replay* (2000); *Mischka* (2002). 7/12: *A Hell of a Day* (2001); *Mischka* (2002); *Roberto Succo* (2000). 7/13: *Replay* (2000); *Mischka* (2002); *Roberto Succo* (2000). 7/14: *A Hell of a Day* (2001); *Roberto Succo* (2000).

81. Bryant Park Summer Film Festival
Sixth Ave. between 40th and 42nd Sts. (212-512-5700); free. • 7/15: *The Mummy* (1932). 7/22: *Young Frankenstein* (1974). 7/29: *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946).

82. Cinema Classics
332 E. 11th St. (212-677-5368); $5. • 7/11: *Danger Diabolik* (1968). 7/14-7/15: *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* (1939). 7/16: *Clash: Westway to the World* (2001). 7/18: *Shalimar* (1978).

83. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.75. • 7/10-7/11: *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960). 7/12-7/25: *Metropolis* (1927/2002).

84. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-0576); $10. • "Midnight Movies." 7/12-7/13: *A Clockwork Orange* (1971). 7/19-7/20: *The Goonies* (1985).

85. Makor
35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $9. • 7/15-7/18: *The Komediant* (2000).

86. Metropolitan Museum of Art
1000 Fifth Ave. (212-570-3949); free. • "Hollywood Glamour." 7/13: *Dancing Lady* (1933). 7/20: *Camille* (1936). 7/27: *The Women* (1939).

87. New York Historical Society
2 W. 77th St. (212-969-0968); $7. • "Summer Film Series." 7/16: *The Crowd* (1928). 7/23: *Mean Streets* (1973). 7/30: *The Brother From Another Planet* (1984).

88. Symphony Space/The Leonard Nimoy Thalia
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $9. • "Classic French Cinema." 7/13-7/14: *Diabolique* (1955); *Eyes Without a Face* (1959). 7/20-7/21: *The Passion of Joan Arc* (1928); *Diary of a Country Priest* (1950).

89. YWCA Cine-Club
610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $7. • "Cinema of the Shadows: The Hollywood Film Noir." 7/13-7/14: *Hangover Square* (1945). 7/20-7/21: *Pickup on South Street* (1953).

TRAILERS

BOSTON-BOUND Sean Penn, who last appeared as a mentally challenged father in *I Am Sam*, has signed on to star in Warner Bros.' *Mystic River;* **Kevin Bacon** is in talks to join him. **Clint Eastwood** will direct the film, based upon **Dennis Lehane**'s 2001 novel that focuses on three childhood friends who are reunited after the gruesome murder of one of their children. The Malpaso production is scheduled to start shooting this September in Boston and Los Angeles.

CRAZY FOR YOU Notorious bad boy **Edward Furlong** and New York scenester **Natasha Lyonne** will star as a pair of depressed lovers in the indie film *Max & Grace*, which starts filming in the city next month. The two play a couple married in a psych hospital who break out in order to kill themselves, only to discover happiness on the outside. Screenwriter **Michael Parness** makes his directorial debut on the film, with Filmnext producing.

I SEE OSCAR WINNERS Michael Caine and **Robert Duvall** have signed on to star in *Secondhand Lions* for New Line Cinema. The two play the grumpy great-uncles of a young boy (**Haley Joel Osment**) whose flighty mother leaves him in their care for the summer. Production starts in September in Texas, with screenwriter **Tim McCanlies** directing.

HE SANG TO HER Jennifer Lopez has scored yet another film deal: The ubiquitous diva turned actress will appear opposite salsa sensation **Marc Anthony** (who's appeared in a few films already, like *Hackers* and *Big Night*) in an untitled feature about the tragic life of Latin legend **Hector Lavoe**. Lavoe, who'll be played by Anthony, was a popular singer who died in 1993 after battles with drug addiction and depression. Production is set to start later this year. SARA CARDACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES.

cue

Theater

Edited by Logan Hill

Broadway

Previews and Openings

I'm Not Rappaport
This revival of Herb Gardner's 1986 Tony Award–winning comedy about two testy octogenarians reunites original director Daniel Sullivan and original star Judd Hirsch, joined by new co-star Ben Vereen. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/12, for a 7/25 opening. • Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian prince, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Eye-popping sets and costumes are designed by Bob Crowley. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King,* but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

★ Cabaret
This gritty revival of the Kander and Ebb musical won four Tonys in 1998 for its portrayal of the decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret. Now starring Polly Bergen, Rick Holmes, Jane Leeves, Hal Linden, John Stamos. $45–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 3/19/98. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This delightfully raunchy musical tribute to tough women won six Tonys in 1996. Choreographed by Ann Reinking and directed by Walter Bobbie. $20–$90. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 11/14/96. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Contact
This sensational, Tony-blessed dance-theater work by John Weidman and Broadway's reigning director-choreographer, Susan Stroman, presents a triptych of inventive pieces. Charlotte d'Amboise, Alan Campbell, and Colleen Dunn now star. $90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

Fortune's Fool
Alan Bates and Frank Langella star in Mike Poulton's new adaptation of the Turgenev comedy about a gentleman who, goaded by his ribald neighbor, shocks his community with an unexpected announcement. Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) directs. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/21. • Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ 42nd Street
This revival of the Al Dubin and Harry Warren musical about the proverbial chorus girl who gets her big break is snappily directed by Mark Bramble, with exuberant choreography by Randy Skinner, and features a top-notch cast: Michael Cumpsty, David Elder, Jonathan Freeman, and Mary Testa. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Full Monty
A rambunctious yet heartfelt musical adaptation of the 1997 film about desperate, destitute men who have nothing to lose but their underwear. Music and lyrics by David Yazbek; book by Terrence McNally; directed by Jack O'Brien. $31–$86. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?
Edward Albee's Tony-winning new drama follows a successful architect (Bill Pullman) who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife (Mercedes Ruehl) and son the awful secret of his affair with, yes, a goat. $65–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's new stage adaptation of the 1967 film, opposite Josh Radnor and Alicia Silverstone. $21–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Into the Woods
Vanessa Williams stars in Stephen Sondheim's mythic musical, a shadowy journey through the fairy-tale forests of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and others. Music and lyrics by Sondheim; book and direction by James Lapine. $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
Producer Cameron Mackintosh's megahit, based on the Victor Hugo novel, still stands as the best of the big British commercial imports. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this sublimely inventive production showcases some of the best experimental theater techniques of a generation, wrought with joyful mastery by Julie Taymor, and rewarded with a bouquet of Tonys in 1998. $30–$95. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Mamma Mia!
An unabashedly silly feel-good musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mom, scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. $55–$98.75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

★ Metamorphoses
Writer-director Mary Zimmerman's striking meditation on mutability puts a 27-foot-long pool of water to perfect use, stressing the elemental nature of Ovid's classic tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway (212-239-6200).

Morning's at Seven
A strong veteran ensemble, including Elizabeth Franz,

Opening

Pacific Time

"*Sweeney Todd* did pretty well when it came to Japan, but *Sunday in the Park With George* didn't really translate," says Japanese director **Amon Miyamoto**, whose own adaptation of a Stephen Sondheim musical, *Pacific Overtures*, is traveling in the other direction—from Tokyo to Lincoln Center—this week. Although American musicals are familiar territory for the director, who wrote an homage to Ethel Merman at age 29 and has staged *The Sound of Music* and Leonard Bernstein's *Candide* in Japan, *Pacific Overtures* was a riskier undertaking. The elaborate original production by Hal Prince, which emulated kabuki drama and had an all-Asian cast (even for the Western roles), confused Broadway audiences in 1976 and closed after 193 performances. So Miyamoto tried a new tack: He had Sondheim's story, about America's 1853 attempt to open Japan to Western markets, translated into Japanese and staged a simpler, more dramatic version at the New National Theatre of Tokyo. "I didn't want it to be a big spectacle—I wanted the words and the story to be the focal point," he says. His production won raves, and also found an unexpected fan in Sondheim himself. "Stephen gave me the best compliment I ever received, which was that I had combined the styles of Peter Brook and Jerome Robbins," says Miyamoto. The show will be presented with English supertitles for five nights at Avery Fisher Hall as part of the Lincoln Center Festival (pictured, members of the New National Theatre of Tokyo). Audience members who saw the original Prince production may be surprised: With Sondheim's approval, Miyamoto has added a final scene depicting the Hiroshima bombing. "People die, but then they rise up again and sing, so it expresses a kind of rebirth," Miyamoto explains. "It's very important to me to express these issues, and not just let it remain a story about long ago." (See "Off Broadway.") EMILY GITTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY TSUKASA AOKI.

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Buck Henry, Christopher Lloyd, Estelle Parsons, and Frances Sternhagen, plays a midwestern family coping with maturity in Paul Osborn's 1939 drama, directed by Daniel Sullivan. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/28. • Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).

Mostly Sondheim
Barbara Cook returns with her musical revue, which features the songs of Sondheim, Arlen & Harburg, Berlin, and others. Musical direction and arrangements by Wally Harper. $40–$60. Sun. and Mon. at 7:30. Through 8/26. • Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Noises Off
Beginning July 16, Jane Curtin will lead a new cast in this lively revival of Michael Frayn's slapstick farce about a touring theatrical troupe. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).

★ Oklahoma!
Super-choreographer Susan Stroman and director Trevor Nunn bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. The production stars Patrick Wilson as Curly, Josefina Gabrielle as Laurey, and the terrific Shuler Hensley. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera
Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Private Lives
This terrific, crisp revival of Noël Coward's witty comedy stars Lindsay Duncan and Alan Rickman. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

★ The Producers
Mel Brooks's triumphant musical and Tony Award record-setter. Based on his Oscar-winning 1968 film, directed and choreographed with aplomb by Susan Stroman, this giddy romp remains the hottest ticket in town, even though Brad Oscar and Steven Weber have replaced stars Lane and Broderick. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof
Jennifer Jason Leigh plays a chronically depressed young woman who is jolted into the confusing world around her when a graduate student (the exceptional Josh Hamilton) finds a groundbreaking proof among her father's papers. Justly rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys, David Auburn's *Proof* is a virtuoso piece of writing. $24–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Rent
The late Jonathan Larson's hauntingly scored, Pulitzer-winning reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as lived by a gaggle of East Village hipsters at the peak of grunge and the AIDS epidemic. $35–$80. Mon., Tues., Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 4/29/96. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife
In this shticky Manhattan comedy by downtown "gender illusionist" and camp playwright Charles Busch, Richard Kind and Rhea Perlman play a hyper allergist and his frazzled self-improving wife. $30–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).

Previews

Second Act

Harry Kondoleon achieved critical success with plays like *Zero Positive* and *Christmas on Mars,* but he didn't live to enjoy it. Eight years after his death from AIDS at 39, Kondoleon's **Play Yourself** is finally making it to a New York stage. This lesser-known comedy, starring Ann Guilbert, Elizabeth Marvel, and Marian Seldes (pictured), tells the story of an aging former movie star trying to make a new life for her daughter. The New York Theatre Workshop production is directed by Craig Lucas, an accomplished playwright himself (*Prelude to a Kiss, Longtime Companion*), who also staged Kondoleon's *Saved or Destroyed,* for which he took home an Obie last year. In previews for a July 10 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

★ Thoroughly Modern Millie
Based on the 1967 film about a Jazz Age flapper, this new musical, with book by Richard Morris and Dick Scanlan, music by Jeanne Tesori, and lyrics by Scanlan, tracks Millie Dillmount (Sutton Foster) through the streets of New York. $55–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway at 45th St., (212-307-4100).

★ Topdog/Underdog
Reprising the titanic performance he delivered last summer, Jeffrey Wright stars with Mos Def in the Broadway transfer of the Pulitzer-winning Suzan-Lori Parks drama. $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. • Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).

Urinetown
A downtown hit, this weird musical, with book and lyrics by Greg Kotis and music and lyrics by Mark Hollman, is now a Broadway smash. The plot? In a corrupt city beset by a disaster of apocalyptic proportions, water is worth its weight in gold, and pedestrians are forced to comply with a pay-per-pee system. $75–$85. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

All Over
Edward Albee's stellar year continues with this revival of his 1971 drama about a dying man who is confronted by his wife and mistress. The cast features Rosemary Harris, Michael Learned, John Carter, Myra Carter, Patrick Garner, and Pamela Nyberg. Emily Mann directs. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 7/27 opening. • Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).

Comedy of Errors
The Aquila Theatre Company, always rambunctious, returns with a madcap *Errors* set in a "twenties Turkish cartoon dream." Peter Meineck directs. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/11 opening. • East 13th St. Theater, 136 E. 13th St. (212-239-6200).

Play Yourself
Eight years after his death, Harry Kondoleon's story of an aging former movie star is on the New York stage for the first time. The New York Theatre Workshop production, starring Elizabeth Marvel and Marian Seldes, is directed by Craig Lucas, an accomplished playwright himself. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 7/10 opening. Through 8/4. (See box.) • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15 St. (212-239-6200).

The Playboy of the Western World
An all-Irish production of J. M. Synge's 1907 comedy about a man whose wild tale of his father's murder earns him the adoration of his neighbors, until his father appears, in the flesh, to expose him. Charlotte Moore directs. $35–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/2 opening. Through 8/18. • Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).

Now Playing

Becoming Bernarda
Oscar Colón's new drama elaborates on the life of the title character in Federico García Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba.* $40. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-354-1293).

★ Blue Man Group: Tubes
Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, tourists, haters and lovers of performance art. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Capitol Steps: When Bush Comes to Shove
Beltway puns and shtick, delivered by the Capitol Steps troupe. $50. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 8/31. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ De La Guarda
A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsum-*

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th Street and (beginning July 9) in temporary quarters at South Street Seaport's Pier 17; call 212-768-1818 or visit www.tdf.org for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOAN MARCUS.

mer Night's Dream, with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

Endpapers

A new drama about the office politics of an independent publishing house, by Thomas McCormack, the former CEO of St. Martin's Press. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).

Fool for Love

Sam Shepard's drama about two former lovers who reunite at a run-down hotel at the edge of the Mojave Desert. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. • 29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St.(212-206-1515).

Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration

Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof of musicals past and present, which takes swipes at productions like *The Producers* and *The Full Monty.* $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Guys

Amy Irving and Tom Wopat star in first-time playwright Anne Nelson's surprisingly powerful two-person drama about a fire captain who asks a journalist to help him write eulogies for his fallen men. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 7. Through 8/9. • The Flea, 41 White St. (212-206-1515).

Harlem Song

George C. Wolfe's new musical at the Apollo Theatre traces the music and culture of Harlem from the twenties to the present, re-creating moments like Ella Fitzgerald's winning performance at Amateur Night at the Apollo. $20–$55. Sat. at 8, Sun. and Mon. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).

★ House and Garden

Alan Ayckbourn's latest plays have a wonderful gimmick—and London critics swear it works: Two plays, one in the house, one in the garden, unfold simultaneously, as actors shuttle between the two stages. John Tillinger directs. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Through 7/28. • MTC Stages 1 and 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change

They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Lincoln Center Festival 2002

The summer festival presents more than 75 performances of music, theater, dance, puppetry, and film from around the world. Highlights include *Pacific Overtures,* a Japanese revival of the 1976 Sondheim musical, *Ta'ziyeh,* an authentic Islamic music drama from the Middle East, *Logic of the Birds,* a multimedia performance of a twelfth-century Persian fable, and *Happiness: An Epic Poem,* by NYC performance artist Laurie Anderson. Call for ticket prices, schedule, and locations. 7/8–7/28. (See box.) • Lincoln Center (212-875-5928).

Love, Janis

An enjoyable new bio-musical based on *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. $45–$100. Mon, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Menopause the Musical

A parody set in Bloomingdale's. $48.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. Through 8/11. • Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing

Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$50. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

The Prince and the Pauper

A new musical based on the Twain novel, with music and lyrics by Neil Berg, additional lyrics by Bernie Garzia, and book by Garzia and Ray Roderick. $40–$55. Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Tues. at 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Puppetry of the Penis

An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Reno: Rebel Without a Pause

Reno transfers her successful solo show, one that was intended to be a vehicle for her rants but quickly became one of the first theatrical performances to incorporate a response to September 11. $45. Mon., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Lion Theatre at Theatre Row, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200)

★ Ricky Jay: On the Stem

Sleight-of-hand master, author, self-publisher, and actor, Ricky Jay is something of a phenomenon. His 1994 show, *Ricky Jay and His 52 Assistants,* sold out almost instantly, and his new one threatens to do the same. As usual, David Mamet directs. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 8/4. • Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).

Shoppers Carried by Escalators Into the Flames

See John Simon's review, page 47. A dark comedy by the fierce writer Denis Johnson (*Jesus' Son, The Name of the World*) about a California family, a yammering television set, and a hyper chihuahua. The cast features Off Broadway standouts like Betty Miller, Will Patton, and James Urbaniak. David Levine directs. $45–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 3. • Dimson Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Smelling a Rat

The New Group stages Mike Leigh's comic drama about a pest-extermination magnate who returns from a well-deserved vacation to find an array of lovers coupling in his penthouse. Featuring Brian O'Byrne, Terence Rigby, Cara Seymour, Eddie Kaye Thomas, and Michelle Williams. $32–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/14. • Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Stomp

A boisterous riot of found-object percussion. $35–$60. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Thunder Knocking on the Door

A new blues musical, with book by Keith Glover and music and lyrics by blues star Keb' Mo', Anderson Edwards, and Glover, tracks an Alabama family as the fateful stranger Marvell Thunder rolls into town. Tony winners Leslie Uggams (*Hallelujah, Baby!*) and Chuck Cooper (*The Life*) star. $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding

A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Twelfth Night

The Joseph Papp Public Theater/New York Shakespeare Festival has rounded up another crowd of stars. Zach Braff, Kristen Johnson, Christopher Lloyd, Kathryn Meisle, Oliver Platt, Jimmy Smits, and Julia Stiles star in the Bard's dark comedy. Brian Kulick directs. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 8, 7/22 and 7/29 at 8. No performances 7/24 and 8/1. Through 8/11. • Delacorte Theater, Central Park (212-539-8750).

21 Dog Years: Doing Time @ Amazon.com

Mike Daisey's Fringe hit—a comic look back at the dot-com era—returns. $45. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 9, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 9/1. • Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel

In Glen Berger's well-paced drama, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Vagina Monologues

Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world. Originally a one-woman show, it's now performed by a rotating trio of actresses. Through 8/18: Sherri Parker Lee, Peggy Lipton, and Sonia Monzano. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Vienna: Lusthaus (Revisited)

Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke, with text by Charles L. Mee and music by Richard Peaslee, this multimedia performance, originally staged in 1986, evokes the artistic spirit of Vienna a the turn of the century. $50–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 8/11. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

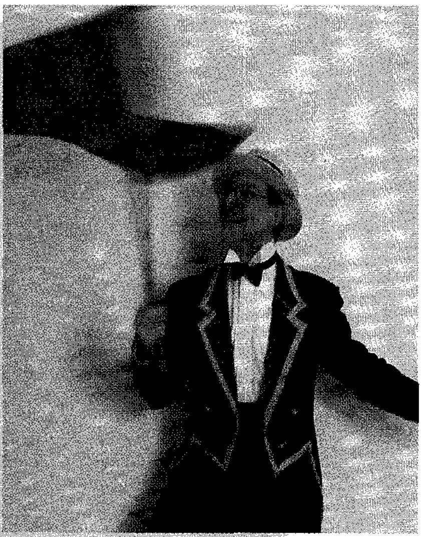
Off-Off Broadway

Alexandra's Web

Pulse Ensemble stages H. Richard Silver's drama about a woman who confronts the man who may have raped her as a teenager. $18. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. • Pulse, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-695-1596).

Opening

Armchair Theater



Every summer, Here Arts Center turns up the A/C and breaks out the squishy couches, kitschy coffee tables, and La-Z-Boy recliners, transforming its regular performance space into a typical suburban den for its annual **American Living Room** festival, produced in association with Lincoln Center Theater. Now in its thirteenth season, the festival features more than 100 works in five summer-long programs, including a "Directing Cabaret" highlighting the work of young directors (pictured, director Joel Jeske in his play *Frivolity*), a "Performance Series" of solo artists, and a "Music Lounge" with works by avant-garde composers. Also likely to be popular is a "Puppet Parlor" co-curated by Basil Twist, though parents should note that the puppet shows, which include a "triptych inspired by the works of Francis Bacon," are not necessarily kid-friendly. Starts July 13. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

PHOTOGRPAH COURTESY OF KAREN GRENKE.

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Now Playing

Cheap Feats

It's the third season for the **Midtown International Theatre Festival,** produced by *Off-Off Broadway Review* publisher—and low-tech-theater connoisseur—John Chatterton. Twenty-five plays over 28 days offer glimpses into the lives of characters like a guilt-ravaged Italian landlady, a social-climbing tennis fanatic, and a cynical wife plotting against her Superman-obsessed husband. This year's festival focuses on new musicals, including *All the World's a Stage,* a "gay-friendly farce based on *As You Like It,*" and *City of Dreams,* a drama about the intrigues of Sigmund Freud, Gustav Klimt, and the Hapsburg family in 1889 Vienna (pictured, Alison Fraser, Paul Anthony Stewart, Ben Nordstrom, Megan McGinnis, and Stephen Bel Davies). For the musical-averse, there are also a number of straight dramas, from a first play by poet Tom Sleigh to new interpretations of works by Christophers Marlowe and Durang, and Gertrude Stein. Through August 4. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROL ROSEGG, COURTESY OF DAVID GERSTEN AND ASSOCIATES.

American Dreams: Plays About NY and the Immigrant Experience
An annual summer reading series, presented by the Immigrants' Theatre Project and the Lower East Side Tenement Museum. $6. Call for schedule. Through 8/1. • Tenement Theatre, 97 Orchard St. (212-431-0233).

The American Living Room
The Here Arts Center transforms its regular performance space into a typical suburban den for its annual summer festival, produced in association with Lincoln Center. In its thirteenth season, the festival features more than 100 works in five summer-long programs. $10–$15. Call for schedule. 7/13–9/1. (See box.) • Here, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202).

As You Like It
The Gorilla Repertory Theatre, now in its tenth summer of free performances in public spaces, presents the Shakespeare comedy in Central Park and Battery Park. Lauren Edgar directs. Free. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. 7/5–7/28. Call for schedule and locations. • (212-330-8086).

The Bomb
The International Wow Company revives its 30-person production about love and nuclear weapons. Josh Fox directs. $20–$35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 7/14. • Flaboyan Theatre, 107 Suffolk St. (866-468-7619).

Distribution of Empathy
Karen Finley's latest solo show tackles the fallout from 9/11. $15. Tues. at 9. • Cutting Room, 19 W. 24th St. (212-691-1900).

Grandmotherfucker
A solo show by Pat Candaras, an Irish-Catholic Brookynite with little grandkids and a big chip on her shoulder. $10. Two-drink minimum. Call for schedule. Through 8/14. • Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788).

Ice Factory '02
The Soho Think Tank presents its ninth annual summer festival of cutting-edge new work by independent companies. This week, the Flying Machine presents *Utopians,* a tragicomic clown play set in a post-apocalyptic world. $10–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 7. 7/4–8/17. • Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-966-4844).

Jack Kerouac: Last Call
Tom O'Neil's new drama about the last night of the writer's life. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. Through 7/12. • 13th Street Repertory, 50 W. 13th St. (866-468-7619).

The Last Carburetor
Susan O'Connor plays the disgruntled daughter of a midwestern family in this revival of Leon Chase's drama. $15. Mon.–Wed. at 8. Through 7/17. • Access Theatre, 380 Broadway, nr. Walker St. (212-330-9380).

Leonce & Lena
German playwright Georg Buchner was 19 years old in 1836, when he wrote this obsessive love story, here directed by Lenard Petit and performed with a score by Aussie band Dead Can Dance. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/4 for a 7/11 opening. • Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (212-625-9848).

Lynn Harris on Ice
In this two-woman show, writer-comedian Lynn Harris (*Breakup Girl Live*) and sidekick Betsy Fast tell the story of a Minnesota dogsledding trip gone awry. Call for schedule. $35. 7/11–7/21. • Sanford Meisner Theatre, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (212-206-1515).

Midtown International Theatre Festival
Now in its third year, this summer festival dedicated to Off-Off Broadway talent presents 25 plays, ranging from "a gay-friendly musical farce based on *As You Like It*" to a "psychological thriller set in a post-colonial central African country," all in 28 days. $12–$15. Call for schedule. 7/8–8/4. (See box.) • Raw Space, 529 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

★ Monday Night Magic
Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $29.50–$32.50. Mon. at 8. • McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-615-6432).

Mono
An inventive, interactive play set in a barlike environment, with a sock puppet. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

Two Small Bodies
Indie Theatre Company's revival of Neal Bell's drama about a police detective investigating the disappearance of two children who finds himself increasingly attracted to the children's mother, a possible murderer. Scott Darby directs. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2, 7/4 at 6. Through 7/13. • Sande Shurin Theatre, 311 W. 43rd. St. (212-206-1515).

cue

Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ John Graham
Paintings and drawings dating from the forties to the fifties, by the Russian-born American artist whose circle of artist friends included Stuart Davis, Willem de Kooning, and Arshile Gorky, among others; through 7/31. • York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

★ Middleton Manigault
A traveling survey organized with the Columbus Museum of Art, of paintings, etchings, ceramics, and wood sculptures by a previously neglected American modernist (1887–1922), including *The Clown*, a work he exhibited at the 1913 Armory Show; through 7/19. • Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

★ Adrian Stokes/George Fitzpatrick
Still lifes, nudes, and landscapes by the English art critic and painter (1902–1972)/A survey of drawings from the past ten years that depict highly stylized text between bands of varying hue and intensity. Through 8/30 (gallery will be closed from July 13 to August 11). • 20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606).

57th Street Area

Kate Blacklock
Porcelain busts that explore aging and notions of feminine beauty; through 7/20. • Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (212-246-5360).

Timothy Blum/Joanne Carson
Large figurative sculptures/Painted wall sculptures. Through 7/19. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

★ Roy de Forest/William T. Wiley
Paintings, drawings, and constructions by these two prominent Bay Area artists who have explored similar narrative and personal mythologies over the past 40 years; through 8/23. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5666).

Ellen Eagle
Small pastel portraits and still lifes; through 7/19. • Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Audrey Flack
Plein-air watercolors and drawings of fishing boats off the coast of Montauk; through 7/26. • Bernarducci Meisel, 37 W. 57th St. (212-593-3757).

★ Carlos Mérida
A survey of paintings and works on paper by the Guatemalan-born modernist (1891–1984) best known for his geometric abstractions that reflected his Maya-Quiché heritage; through 8/2. • Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

★ Joan Mitchell
Pastel drawings, paintings, and limited-edition books made in collaboration with poets, among them John Ashbery, J. J. Mitchell, and James Schuyler; through 7/26. • De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

Alfonso Ossorio/Clifford Odets
Brilliantly colored paintings and mixed-media assemblages on shaped panels—works the Philippino-born artist labeled "congregations"—dating from 1936 to 1990/Humorous and occasionally disturbing "naive" paintings created during the forties and fifties by the American playwright and inspired by the works of Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, and Klee. Through 8/2. • Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

★ Pablo Picasso
The first full-scale retrospective of works inherited by Marina Picasso, the granddaughter of Picasso and his first wife, Olga Kokhlova, including paintings, sculptures, drawings, unique ceramics, and prints made between 1898 and 1973; through 7/26. • Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (212-755-7288).

Soho and Tribeca

Yoshitaka Amano
Large-scale paintings of *anime* characters by the Japanese creator of such favorites as "Speed Racer," "G-Force," and "Final Fantasy"; through 8/3. • Koenig, 249 Centre St. (212-334-9255).

Olaf Bruening
An installation of video, sculpture, light, and sound that borrows its imagery from advertising and the entertainment industry; through 8/17. • Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (212-925-2035).

Julia Chiang and Ryan McGinness
A collaborative dream-garden environment that combines everyday graphic signs with personalized iconography to create a nonlinear, nonnarrative story; through 7/27. • Deitch, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

★ Simon Frost
Ethereal ink and graphite drawings; through 7/27. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Richard Haas
A survey of paintings and works on paper by this artist known for his trompe l'oeil murals on the walls of buildings in New York and other cities; through 8/31. • Ingbar, 568 Broadway (212-334-1100).

★ Gillian Jagger
Casts of a dead pregnant doe found by the sculptor on a neighbor's farm; through 7/26. • Kind, 136 Greene St. (212-925-1200).

Minaliza1000
A site-specific installation of a suspended curved matrix of string that incorporates video and sound components triggered by visitors' movements; through 7/19. • Fung, 537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

★ Joan Mitchell
An exhibition focusing on the small-scale paintings of the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of a Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

Cyrilla Mozenter
Witty paper artworks that use drawing and sculpture; through 7/20. • Dieu Donné, 433 Broome St. (212-226-0573).

Jan Vercruysse
Camera obscura photographs of famous performers paired with images of strange dopplegängers; through 7/27. • Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

Chelsea

Karen Finley
Paintings of beds that reveal their owner's quirks; through 7/26. • Liebman Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. (212-255-3225).

Amy Gartrell
An installation of paintings, drawings, and sculpture with a gothic, rock-and-roll sensibility; through 7/31. • Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Andrew Grassie
Meticulously rendered egg-tempera paintings of American sculptures from the seventies; through 8/20. • Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2752).

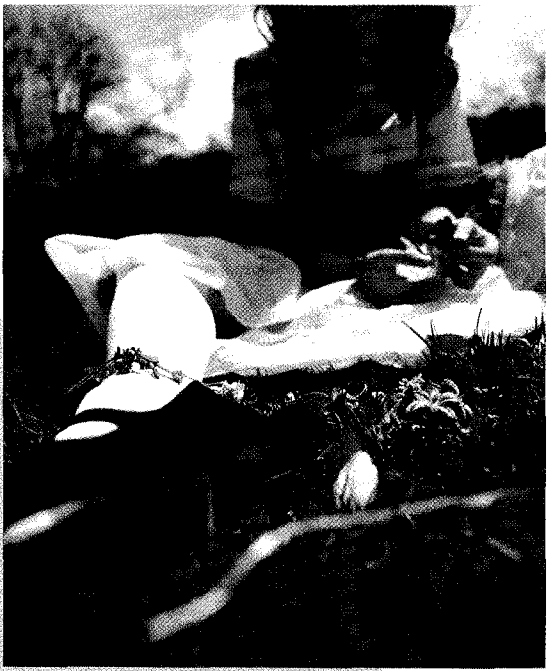
★ Tony Gray
An installation, paintings, and collages that offer a synthesized critique of American history; through 7/28. • Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

★ Keith Haring
Paintings on large, grommet-hung tarpaulins that the artist began making in the early eighties and depict such imagery as his "Radiant Baby," patterns, and portraits; through 8/10. • Van de Weghe, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-929-6633).

Yoko Inoue/Charles Clough
An installation that fills the gallery with hand-cast porcelain replicas of new or discarded do-

Photography

Shooting Gallery



Until the late sixties, when artists began documenting their performances and other ephemeral events, photography and filmmaking were stepchildren to the fine arts. Photography was shown in photography galleries, film in theaters. Now, of course, the photographic image, still or moving, can be seen in contemporary-art galleries all over town. So who's responsible? The answer lies in the Guggenheim Museum's **Moving Pictures** exhibition, which features photographs and films by such pioneers as Robert Smithson, Vito Acconci, Bruce Nauman, and Marina Abramovic alongside the more recent efforts of Cindy Sherman, Andreas Gursky, Stan Douglas, Olafur Eliasson, Kara Walker, William Kentridge, Anna Gaskell (pictured, *Untitled #5 [wonder]*, 1996), and Sam Taylor-Wood. (Through January 12; see "Museums.")

Ground Rules During summer, galleries are generally open Monday through Friday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLEN LABENSKI.

mestic objects that the artist finds most prevalent in the cross-cultural mergings of the urban street market/*Recent watercolor paintings*. Through 7/30. • Von Lintel, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Naofumi Maruyama
Paintings of children in luminous monochrome expanses; through 7/26. • Erben, 16 W. 20th St. (212-645-8701).

★ Joan Mitchell
Ten major paintings by the Abstract Expressionist whose work is currently the subject of Whitney retrospective (see "Museums"); through 8/16. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7727).

★ Bruce Nauman
A DVD video installation, *Mapping the Studio II with color shift, flip, flop & flip/flop (Fat Chance John Cage)*, filmed with an infrared video camera in the artist's studio over a period of several months in 2000 and capturing remnants of past works, works in progress, and studio detritus as interrupted by the activities of mice, bugs, and a cat; through 7/27. • Sperone Westwater, 415 W. 13th St. (212-999-7337).

Chuck Ramirez/Meg Langhorne
Photographs that depict empty chocolate boxes as Pop vanitas images/A fantasy wading pool. Through 7/26. • Dee/Glasoe, 545 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

★ Lara Schnitger
Sculpture installations of fabric, foam, wood, and plastic that suggest artificial forests; through 8/2. • Kern, 532 W. 20th St. (212-367-9663).

★ Richard Sharpe Shaver
Paintings, annotated photographs of rocks, manuscripts, and handmade books by an artist (1907–1975) who believed he had discovered the lost alphabet of Atlantis; through 7/26. • Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

Banks Violette
An installation of paintings and sculptures that explore a 1995 murder of a young woman; through 8/16. • Team, 527 W. 26th St. (212-279-9219).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Bookstein
Works by Bell, Freilicher, Kaldis, Kriesberg, Resika, Silver, others; through 7/19. • 50 E. 78th St. (212-439-9605).

Graham
"Summer in the Garden," garden sculpture from America's golden age of garden statuary and paintings of garden-related subjects by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through 8/31. • 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

★ Knoedler
"Coming to Light," paintings by Avery, Gottlieb, and Rothko that were made during their summers in Provincetown between 1957 and 1961; through 8/15. • 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

57th Street Area

Ameringer Howard Yohe
"Summer in the City: High in the 60s," paintings by Caro, Frankenthaler, Louis, Noland, Olitski, others; through 9/14. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-445-0051).

Artemis • Greenberg Van Doren
"Linger," painting, photography, sculpture, and video with summer and nature-related themes, by Andoe, Bartlett, Katz, Lichtenstein, Rockburne, Rhoades, others; through 7/26. • 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

AXA
"Testimony: Vernacular Art of the African-American South, Selections From the Collection of Ronald and June Shelp," works by Thornton Dial Sr., Mary T. Smith, Henry Speller, James "Son" Thomas, and others; through 7/13. • 787 Seventh Ave. (212-554-4818), Mon.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 12-5.

Cohan
Works by Celmins, Essenhigh, Long, Paine, Smithson, Tomaselli, others; through 8/16. • 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

DCMoore
"Boundless/Silence, States of Infinity," works exploring space and consciousness, by Beck, Brancusi, Fulton, Jensen, Michals, Reichek, Sugimoto, others; through 7/26. • 724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111).

★ Goodman
Black-and-white photographs from the 1978–1980 work *Makunaima*, by Baumgarten; Polaroid portraits by Hamilton; new etchings by Schütte; painted photographs from the series "Firenze," by Richter; through 8/30. • 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

★ Perlow
"A Family Affair," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by members of the Avery, Ernst, Kahn, Pollock, Rockwell, and Wyeth families; through 7/25. • 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-7171).

Soho and Tribeca

Egizio's Project
"Me and My Friends," new works by Bradley, Cuomo, Mulholland, and Salehi; through 8/2. • 596 Broadway (212-226-8537).

★ Exit Art
"Show People: Downtown Directors and the Play of Time," an exhibition exploring the directorial work of Abdoh, Bogart, Foreman, Monk, Schumann, and Wilson through individual installations; through 8/17. • 548 Broadway (212-966-7745).

Pelavin
"Residuum," works that define the absence of people, places, or objects, by Biggs and Cmar, Cox, Griffin, Herzog, Levy, others; through 8/16. • 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

Tilton/Kustera
Works by Abaroa, Caesar, Cruzvillegas; through 8/2. • 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer
Works by Edellbaum, Leeds, Nourdeh, Paddock, Pavlicovic, Root; through 7/27. • 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956).

Clementine
"Where the Boys Are," works by 10 male artists that express stereotypical male interests; through 7/26. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Gagosian
"Monitor, Volume 2," works by Abaroa and Ortiz, Gispert, Jankowski, Ruilova, Staehle, Tandberg, others; through 8/9. • 555 W. 24th St. (212-741-1111).

Gering
Works by Armleder, Deacon, Kauffman, Koons, Opie, others; through 8/30. • 534 W. 22nd St. (646-336-7183).

★ Gladstone
"American Standard: (Para) Normality and Everyday Life," a show organized by Gregory Crewdson of works by artists who combine realism and theatricality, among them Bechtle, Celmins, Currin, Fischl, Gallace, Sherman, Shore, Sugimoto; through 8/16. • Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Golden
"Bootleg Identity," works by Cordova, Dupont, Kalymnios, Craig-Martin, and others that explore identity as revealed in the culture of our belongings; through 7/26. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Lelong
"Goddess," feminist artists of the seventies exhibited with works by a younger generation to explore past and present truths of the female experience, by Cox, Edelson, Mendieta, Moffatt, Schneemann, Spere, Wilke, others; through 7/26. • 528 W. 26th St. (212-315-0470).

Lombard-Freid
"Friends and Family," works in a variety of media by friends and family of the gallery's artists and staff; through 7/31. • 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

★ Marks
"Something, Anything," curated by Nayland Blake and featuring works by European and American artists from several generations, among them Fritsch, Kelley, Marclay, Nadelman, Parsons, Samaras, Westermann; through 8/16. • 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

Meltzer
"Time-Share," simultaneous screenings of videos by more than 20 artists, among them Acconci, Anderson, Benglis, Jonas, Nauman, Piper; through 7/26. • 516 W. 20th St. (212-727-9330).

Metro Pictures
Installations by Lawler and Miller, video projection by Simmons; through 9/14. • 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Ricco/Maresca
"A Bird Show," birds rendered in a variety of mediums, by Dial, Finster, Hinds Bidaut, Levitt, Martone, Witkin, others; through 8/16. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

★ Rodgers
Sculpture by Dominick, Hegge, Knowlton, Ziegler; through 8/30. • 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

Silverstein
"The Accelerated Grimace," works by Bauer, Cohen, Cottrell, Fiore, Keightley, Konigsberg, Stipl, others; through 7/20. • 520 W. 21st St. (212-929-4300).

Other

★ conTEMPorary
"Artchitecture," works by artists, architects, and fashion designers, among them Acconci, Dubbeldam, Kiesler, United Bamboo; through 8/10. • 14 Charles St. (212-807-6669).

Photography

Apex Art
"Second Glance," a show selected by Sara Meltzer of photographs by Laura Carton and Jonathan Grassi, both of whom play with initial perceptions and present seemingly normal, even clichéd scenes; through 7/31. • 291 Church St. (212-431-5270).

★ Borden
"Office Space," photographs of work spaces by Barney, Baltz, Friedlander, Maul, Parr, Skogland, Sherman, Sultan, others; through 7/26. • 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

★ De Lellis
Twentieth-century Italian photographs depicting the bicycle, by Placido Barbieri, Luigi Cavagna, Nino Migliori, Mario Righetti, others; through 8/16. • 47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482).

★ Eric Fischl
Dye-transfer photographs of sun-seekers in St. Tropez, taken by the painter between 1982 and 1988 as studies for paintings; through 7/31. • Ryan, Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

★ Ron Galella
Black-and-white photographs of celebrities taken between 1960 and 1965; through 8/2. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Greenberg
"Where Is Elvis? (The Man and His Reflection)," photographs of and about Elvis Presley by Eggleston, Lyons, LaChapelle, Withers, others; through 8/3. • 120 Wooster St. (212-224-0010).

★ Milton Greene
Vintage images of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, and other Hollywood icons, on exhibition for the first time; through 7/26. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

★ International Center of Photography
"Manual: Two Worlds, the Collaboration of Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom." The first survey of the team's 27-year career, including photographs, digital animations, interactive CD-ROM works, and video displays; through 9/1. • "George Tice: Urban Landscapes." A retrospective of the photographer's images of urban and suburban New Jersey landscapes; through 9/1. • "Dust to DNA: Kevin Clarke and Mikey Flowers 9/11." Collaborative photographs documenting the collapse of the World Trade Towers; through 9/1. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-857-0045), Tues.-Thurs. 10-5, Fri. 10-8, Sat. and Sun. 10-6; $9, $6 students and seniors.

Kathleen Johnson
Images captured from below the surface of backyard swimming pools, made with a disposable camera; through 8/9. • Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Darren Kendall
Large color photographs that constitute the artist's vi-

sual diary of ordinary places that have personal meaning to him; through 7/26. • Thatcher, 529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222).

★ Klagsbrun
"Interior/Exterior," photographs of architectural spaces of all kinds, by Fletcher, Graham, Höfer, Nauman, Perlman, Pilson, Wallace; through 7/19. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Anders Krisar
Color photographs taken on the Seychelles islands and recorded music by a Swedish composer and photographer; through 7/26. • Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Russ Meyer
Photographs of buxom women by the 80-year-old pioneer of the sexploitation film; through 7/27. • Feigen, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500).

★ Morthland
An exhibition celebrating the publication of Lyle Rexer's new book, *Photography's Antiquarian Avant-Garde—The New Wave in Old Processes* (Abrams), featuring works by Carey, Close, Estrabrook, Hinds Bidaut, Mann, Spagnoli, others; through 8/10. • Morthland, 511 W. 25th St. (212-242-7767).

Sebastião Salgado
Photographs documenting the ravages of polio on children and the efforts of organizations to deliver polio vaccine to some of the most conflict-ridden places in the world; through 8/16. • Aperture's Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

★ Larry Silver
Photographs of suburban Southern Connecticut taken over the past 30 years; through 7/27. • Silverstein, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

★ George Tice
Black-and-white photographs of scenes in Paterson, New Jersey, some of which were shown in his retrospective at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1972, and recent images of Paterson; through 8/2. • Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434), Wed.–Sat. 11–6.

★ Jerry Uelsmann/Maggie Taylor
Lyrical, often humorous photographs that explore the subconscious by two photographers who use completely different techniques and are also husband and wife; through 8/16. • 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Tenesh Webber
Black-and-white images of tiny moving objects, some prints created from as many as fifteen negatives; • Milo, 552 W. 24th St. (212-414-0370).

Museums

American Craft Museum
★ "Changing Hands: Art Without Reservation." Works in a variety of mediums by 100 established and emerging Native American artists from the Southwest; through 9/20. (See box.) • "Zero Karats: Jewelry From the Donna Schneier Collection." A collection of jewelry fashioned from nonprecious stones and metals that was donated to the museum by Donna Schneier; through 9/8. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum
★ "American Anthem Part II: Masterworks From the American Folk Art Museum." More than 250 objects from the museum's permanent collection, including paintings, sculpture, quilts, furniture, and pottery; 7/11–1/5/03. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-977-7170), Tues.–Sun. 10–6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
"Baseball As America." A study of how the sport reflects our culture, with more than hundreds of artifacts borrowed from the Hall of Fame; through 8/18. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10–5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for weekly jazz concerts); $10 suggested contribution, $7.50 students and seniors, $6 children.

Asia Society and Museum
"Banaras: The Luminous City." Nineteenth-century and contemporary photographs of the Indian city; through 8/18. • "Through Afghan Eyes: A Culture in Conflict, 1987–1992." Images by Afghan photographers and cameramen documenting the closing years of Soviet rule and the gradual collapse of civil society in Afghanistan, drawn from the archives of the Afghan Media Resource Center in Peshawar, Pakistan; through 8/11. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.–Sun. 11–6 (Fri. 11–9, free admission 6–9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts
★ "AIM 22." Works by 36 emerging artists who participated in the museum's "Artist in the Marketplace" program; through 10/13. • "The Studio Portrait: A Collaborative Project by Carol Sun." An installation of nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs of African-Americans from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/13. • "María Elena González: Mnemonic Architecture." A floor installation of white beads arranged to re-create the floor plan of the artist's childhood home in Havana; through 10/13. • 1040 Grand Concourse, the Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. noon–9, Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $5, $3 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
★ "Skin: Surface, Substance + Design." A survey of developments in skin technology as seen through examples of recently designed furniture, decorative objects, fashion, and other products; through 9/15. • ★ "Russel Wright: Creating American Lifestyle." A retrospective of the American designer's work, including examples of his dinnerware, furniture, appliances, textiles, and interiors; through 9/15. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.-Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum of Art
★ "Fire & Ice: Treasures From the Photographic Collection of Frederic Church at Olana." Works by such renowned nineteenth-century photographers as Désiré Charnay, John Moran, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carleton Watkins that were collected by the American landscape painter (1826–1900); through 8/26. • 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11–6; free.

Drawing Center
★ "Ellsworth Kelly, *Tablet 1948–1973*." One hundred eighty-eight panels that were created by the artist from hundreds of smaller works, such as collages, sketches, and drawings, and served as preliminary concepts for large-scale paintings and sculptures; through 7/24. • "Clarina Bezzola: Fluid." An installation that uses ceramic, metal, and fabric to literally and figuratively forge connections between drawings on the floor and walls; through 7/27. • 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection
★ "Greuze the Draftsman." The first exhibition devoted exclusively to the drawings of the eighteenth-century French painter and draftsman (1725–1805), featuring works on loan from numerous American and European museums; through 8/4. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6 (Fri. to 8:45), Sun. 1–6; $10, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

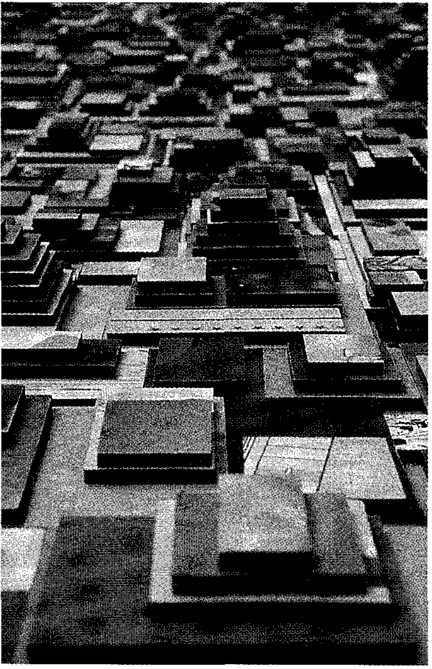
Grey Art Gallery
★ "Priceless Children: American Photographs 1890–1925/Child Labor and the Pictorialist Ideal." Vintage black-and-white images of working-class children by F. Holland Day, Gertrude Käsebier, Edward Steichen, Edward Weston, Clarence White, and other pictorialist photographers; through 7/13. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
★ "Moving Pictures." Photographs and video works from the seventies to the present, drawn primarily from the museum's collection, by Marina Abramovic, Vito Acconci, Stan Douglas, Andreas Gursky, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 1/12/03. (See box.) • "Connecting Museums." The first of a series of exhibitions marking the museum's alliance with the State Hermitage Museum and the Kunsthistorisches Museum, in which each museum will have concurrent exhibitions

Talent

The Shape of Things

Anyone who's been browsing the galleries regularly has noticed the change—art isn't just referencing architecture these days; it's also suggesting vast networks inspired by the Internet and urban sprawl. The trend hasn't escaped The New Museum of Contemporary Art, either—its latest exhibition, **Out of Site**, organized by associate curator Anne Ellegood, mulls the works of fifteen artists who depict imaginary space in a variety of media. Visions of the new world order range from Matthew Northridge's *New City* (pictured, 1998-2002), constructed from more than 3,000 pieces of cut Masonite covered with found printed materials, to Nina Bovasso's paintings of whimsical conglomerative structures to Stephen Hendee's hybrid sculptural habitat made of modular, multiplaned crystalline forms lit with primary colors. The unsettling future predicted by this show is defined by Patrick Meagher's virtual cityscape *UnitBead 2.0*, with its topography modeled after the shapes of Styrofoam packaging—downloaded from the Websites of Apple, Hewlett-Packard, and other technology leaders. (Through October 13; see "Museums.") E.N.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NEW MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART.

of a signature artwork from each museum's collection; here, the Guggenheim is showing its Manet, *Before the Mirror* (1876), the Hermitage's Rembrandt, *Portrait of Baertje Martens* (circa 1640), and the Kunsthistorisches's Velázquez, *Infanta Margarita Teresa in a Pink Gown* (1654); through 10/20. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum

★ "New York: Capital of Photography." Color and black-and-white photographs of the city taken over the past century by 60 photographers, among them Abbott, Bourke-White, DeCarava, Evans, Klein, Levitt, Marks, Parks, Plachy, Winogrand; through 9/2. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11–5:45; Thurs. 11–8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11–3, Sun. 10–5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

★ "Thomas Eakins." The first major exhibition of work by the Philadelphia artist (1844–1916) since 1982, including paintings, watercolors, photographs, and sculptures on loan from museums and private collections; through 9/15. • ★ "Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, ceramics, and prints from all periods of the artist's career, drawn from public and private collections in New York State and including more than 50 works from the museum's own holdings; through 10/20. • "The Age of Impressionism: European Painting From the Ordrupgaard Collection, Copenhagen." Eighty paintings that Danish insurance magnate Wilhelm Hansen (1868–1936) bequeathed to the Danish government, by Edgar Degas, Paul Gauguin, Claude Monet, Camille Pissaro, and others; through 9/8. • ★ "Adrian: American Glamour." Examples of fashion work and costume designs for MGM by the American designer (1903–1959) who dressed Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, and others; through 8/18. • "New York, New York: Photographs From the Collection." Images of New York City from the era of the daguerreotype to the seventies; through 8/25. • ★ "Splendid Isolation: Art of Easter Island." The first American exhibition devoted to the Polynesian art of Easter Island, featuring objects dating from the thirteenth to the nineteenth centuries; through 8/4. • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 students and seniors.

MoMA QNS

★ "Tempo." Works by 45 artists from Africa, the Americas, Asia, and Europe who address distinct experiences of time, among them Matthew Barney, Martin Creed, Douglas Gordon, Roni Horn, Cildo Meireles, Steven Pippin, and Kim Sooja; through 9/9. • "AUTObodies: speed, sport, transport." A selection of automobiles from the museum's collection, among them Pininfarina's *Cisitalia 202 GT* (1946) and the Jaguar *E-Type Roadster* (1963); through 9/16. • "A Walk Through Astoria and Other Places in Queens: Photograph by Rudy Burckhardt." Two unpublished albums of photographs taken in Queens by the Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter; through 11/4. • "Projects 76: Francis Alÿs"; through 10/30. • 33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400), Thurs.–Mon. 10–5 (Fri. to 7:45); $12, $8.50 students and seniors.

Morgan Library

★ "David to Cézanne: Nineteenth-Century French Drawings." Over 100 drawings by David, Delacroix, Ingres, Prud'hon, Seurat, and other nineteenth-century French artists, from the Morgan's holdings and private collections; through 9/8. • "A Love Affair; Drawings by Al Hirschfeld"; through 9/8. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. 12–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio

★ "Frida Kahlo, Diego Rivera, and Twentieth-Century Mexican Art: The Jacques and Natasha Gelman Collection." A nationally touring exhibition of Mexican modernist art from the collection of the late cinematic mogul and his wife, including works by Carrington, Kahlo, Orozco, Rivera, Siqueiros, others; through 9/8. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $7, $3 students and seniors (free admission Thurs. from 5–9).

Museum of the City of New York

★ "Richard Rodgers' Broadway." A centennial celebration of the legendary composer's birth, featuring photographs, sheet music, personal items, and ephemera from the museum's Theater Collection; through 1/5/03. • ★ "The Last Days of Penn Station: Photographs by Aaron Rose." The first exhibition of a group of photographs chronicling the destruction of Penn Station that were shot between 1963 and 1966 and only recently printed; through 10/6. ★ "Highlights of Manhattan: The Drawings of E. H. Suydam." Graphite drawings of New York City in the twenties by the American illustrator (1885–1940), all of which were made to illustrate the 1927 travel book *Highlights of Manhattan*; through 9/15. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology

★ "Herman Landshoff: Photographs." The first full-scale retrospective of work by the German photographer (1905–1986), featuring fashion photography, portraits of famous photographers, and still lifes dating from the forties and fifties; through 7/27. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design

★ "The Artist's Eye: Jane Freilicher as Curator." Works that the painter Jane Freilicher selected from the Academy's permanent collection, by Isabel Bishop, Thomas Eakins, Paul Georges, R. B. Kitaj, and others; through 9/22. • "Transformations: American Paintings From Frederic E. Church to Wayne Thiebaud." Forty-nine well-known paintings from the Academy's collection, including works by Winslow Homer, Reginald Marsh, Philip Pearlstein, George Tooker, and others; through 12/29. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs. noon–5, Fri. 10–6, Sat. and Sun. 10–5; $4.50–$8; students and seniors.

★ Neue Galerie

"New Worlds: German and Austrian Art, 1890–1940." Paintings and drawings by Austrian artists, among them Gustav Klimt, Oskar Kokoschka, and Egon Schiele, and by artists associated with the German movements Brücke, Blaue Reiter, Neue Sachlichkeit, and Bauhaus; through 9/1. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri. 11–9, Sat., Sun., Mon. 11–6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

New Museum of Contemporary Art

★ "Out of Site." Fictional architectural spaces in a variety of media by sixteen emerging artists, among them Cannon Hudson, Patrick Meagher, Julie Mehretu, and Adam Ross; through 10/13. (See box.) • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.–Sun. noon–6, Thurs. noon–8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society

★ "The Tumultuous Fifties: A View From the New York *Times* Photo Archives." An exhibition of photographs dating from 1896 through the eighties culled from the New York *Times* pictures archives; through 8/14. • ★ "Building on the Flatiron: The Centenary of a New York Icon (1902–2002)." Photographs, drawings, paintings, prints, souvenirs, and ephemera from the society's collection relating to one of New York's oldest and most unusual skyscrapers; through 9/1. • ★ "The Games We Played: American Board and Table Games From the Liman Collection." More than 150 examples of board games dating from the end of the Civil War through the first decade of the twentieth century; through 1/5/03. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center

★ "Mexico City: An Exhibition About the Exchange Rates of Bodies and Values." A survey of work by contemporary artists working in Mexico City, among them Eduardo Abaroa, Carlos Amorales, Miguel Calderón, Gabriel Orozco, and Daniela Rossell; through 9/29. • ★ "Heart of Gold." Projects on the theme of capitalism by Eleanor Antin, Katrin Asbury, Hope Ginsburg, Anissa Mack, Noah Sheldon, and Peter Walsh; through 9/29. • "Magnus von Plessen: Recent Paintings." Small paintings based on found photographs and the artist's own snapshots; through 9/29. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

Studio Museum in Harlem

★ "The Color Yellow: Beauford Delaney." A survey of paintings by the African-American artist who worked in New York and Paris and was known for his use of the color yellow, which he felt possessed the properties of light, healing, and redemption; 7/10–9/22. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon–6, Fri. noon–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art

★ "The Paintings of Joan Mitchell." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's paintings since her death in 1992; through 9/29 • ★ "Visions From America: Photographs From the Collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art, 1940–2001." More than 150 works dating from 1940 to the present, by Vito Acconci, Diane Arbus, Nancy Burson, Roy DeCarava, William Eggleston, Robert Mapplethorpe, Catherine Opie, Lucas Samaras, and others; through 9/22. • ★ "Oldenburg–Van Bruggen Drawings in the Whitney Museum of American Art." Works on paper by Claes Oldenburg from the past 40 years, including drawings made with his wife and partner, Coosje van Bruggen; through 9/15. • ★ "Jack Goldstein: Films and Performance"; through 9/22. • ★ "Michal Rovner: The Space Between." A mid-career survey of the artist's photographs, works on canvas and paper, and video installations; 7/11–10/20. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $12, $9.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

On View

Blanket Condemnation

NEVER FORGET
IRA-HAYES

The first of the American Craft Museum's three surveys of contemporary Native American art, **Changing Hands: Art Without Reservation,** studiously avoids the stereotypical Indian handcrafts—turquoise jewelry, Navajo blankets, *faux*-traditional pots—made for souvenir sale. It does, however, gather sophisticated works in fiber, glass, metal, wood, and clay (pictured, Diego Romero's *Iwo Jima Pot* from the "Never Forget" series, 2001) by 75 emerging and established Native American artists from the Southwest. (Through September 20; see "Museums.")

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SEXTENT AND JEFFREY DYKES.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

Opening

Charbon Copy

None of the furniture at the East Village's Flea Market Café is for sale, so we didn't actually expect to do our weekly shopping at the owners' second venture, an elaborately concealed restaurant and bar posing convincingly as a contiguous *crèmerie* (dairy), *tabac* (newsstand), and *épicerie* (grocery store)—a virtual Main Street from pre-supermarket France, transported intact to the Lower East Side. Like any reputable grocery, this trompe l'oeil **Epicerie** is convincingly stocked with fancy French foodstuffs—all for show—but the real draw is moderately priced bistro fare like escargots, beef tartare, pâté maison, and moules marinières. And **Café Charbon**, the dark, wood-beamed bar next door, evokes the days when men visited the local market to buy coal (*charbon*) to heat their homes—and meet friends for a drink. (168–170 Orchard Street; 212-420-7520.)

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New and Noteworthy

A Salt & Battery
In addition to all that wonderfully battered-and-deep-fried crispy-flaky stuff and all that goes with it, the new East Village outpost of the top-notch fish-and-chips shop has a steak-and-kidney pie machine imported from the homeland, an all-day fry-up for late-rising Anglophiles, and, in a break with tradition, 35 actual seats, not to mention delivery. • 80 Second Ave. (212-254-6610). (I–M)

★ Atelier
An intriguing diver-scallop-and-bluefin tartare and sensational roasted lobster with artichoke and rhubarb (on the sane $68 prix fixe) show that Gabriel Kreuther (Jean Georges's former chef de cuisine) aspires to the elite of our town's season-driven chefs. His morel soup with favas, peas, and mint oil is spring in a bowl. And tapioca balls in pineapple cream—the daring dessert-before-dessert—almost upstage the grapefruit tart and the rhubarb-strawberry soup with goat-milk sorbet that follow. • 50 Central Park So. (212-521-6125). (E)

The Basil
From the owners of Holy Basil and Little Basil comes this elegant addition to the sprouting chainlet, where higher prices are justified with intricate presentations of such inventive East-West hybrids as a Waldorf-like pomelo salad with coconut-peanut dressing, and a porterhouse steak with sautéed morning glory and galangal-tamarind sauce. Equally impressive is the inspired selection of food-friendly wines at infinitesimal markups—just the thing to wean spicy-food fans off Singha. • 206 W. 23rd St. (212-242-1014). (M–E)

★ Blue Fin
How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, a superior crab cake with celery-root salad, and a silken, often luminous way with fish, plus sushi to match any vowel-ending raw-fish bar in town. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M–E)

Blue Smoke
Danny Meyer, sultan of sophisticated dining, has transformed the former 27 Standard into a much more rough-hewn establishment with a woody barroom full of high-backed booths, a skylit dining room, recession-friendly prices, and, most significant, a pair of Missouri-made pit smokers. The menu goes whole hog, from pulled pork and hot links to baby-back and spare ribs. Meyer clearly plumbed his St. Louis childhood for specialties like toasted ravioli and Fitz's root beer. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-447-7733). (M)

Café Lebowitz
Brian McNally's Nolita take on the *fin de siècle* Viennese *kaffeehaus* is more French than Austrian, and more McNally than either. Which is to say, it possesses a crew of impossibly slim belly-baring gamines; a star-studded clientele that included, at one recent brunch, a bespectacled Robert De Niro; and a crowd-pleasing bistro menu of burgers, croques monsieur, and steak-frites, not to mention the spectacular graham-cracker-crusted "Lebowitz cheesecake," named, like the café, in honor of humorist Fran. • 14 Spring St (212-219-2399). (I–M)

Chango
The restaurant monopoly that owns four spots on one block of Park Avenue South—L'Express, Sushi Samba, City Crab, and Duke's—has found another culinary niche to fill. This colorful cantina with swooping dropped-ceiling panels, coyote fencing, and a perimeter of raised booths, aims to be a neighborhood pit stop for tacos, chili-rubbed chicken, and that great social lubricant the frozen margarita. • 239 Park Ave. So., near 20th St. (212-477-1500). (M)

★ craftbar
With only three daily entrées—one fish, one meat, and one pasta—craftbar might be Tom Colicchio and chef Marco Canora's laid-back answer to those still anxiety-stricken by Craft's hands-on menu. But before you get around to Tuesday's braised pork belly, Friday's fried flounder, or Saturday's bucatini with sardines, you'll have to navigate a mouthwatering minefield of Italian-accented appetizers and snacks including risotto balls, salumi, and expertly pressed sandwiches. • 47 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M)

D.O.C. Wine Bar
The wine at this rustic Williamsburg enoteca with a Sardinian slant flows like Rheingold at a frat party. Which might explain why the ebullient, mostly Italian crowd is hugging and chain-toasting one another late into the night. For sustenance, try piquant honey-drizzled sheep's-milk cheese paired with a Sardinian red Cannonau served in a two-ounce glass called a *marzianetto*, or a delicious pressed panino on crusty Sullivan Street ciabatta. • 83 N. 7th St., Brooklyn (718-963-1925). (I) ($)

Fiamma
This ultrasleek Soho triplex equipped with two bars and a glass elevator shuttling between them is Stephen Hanson's bid for Soho stardom. He's enlisted chef Michael White, a veteran of high-profile kitchens in Chicago and Emilia-Romagna, to mastermind a multiregional modern Italian menu of dishes like pan-roasted sea scallops with crispy artichokes, garganelli with prosciutto ragù, and sheep's-milk-ricotta beignets. • 206 Spring St. (212-653-0100). (E)

The Gowanus Yacht Club and Beer Garden
A picnic-table patio with a funky nautical motif, or as its admiral (if that's his correct title) Alan Harding of Patois and Uncle Pho fame, puts it, "garage-sale chic meets Gilligan's Island." The location (on the lot belonging to Bagels by the Park shop), the scent of frankfurters on a makeshift grill, plus wine and draught beer in Styrofoam cups is sure to attract passerby and straphangers exiting the adjacent F/G subway stop. • 323 Smith St., at President St., Brooklyn (no phone). (I)

Hope & Anchor
A neighborhood place catering to neighborhood people is how Hope & Anchor's owners Dianna and Kenneth Munz (who also own Carroll Gardens's Panino'teca 275) and their partner Gary Rego want you to think of their new Red Hook restaurant. That means classic diner fare, a full bar, and breakfast anytime. But cauliflower ravioli with capers or cod in tomato with

OPENINGS

Havana Central
This new Cuban cocina offers a few cholesterol-conscious variations on the rice-and-beans theme, like vegetarian alternatives to Cuban pressed-pork sandwiches and beef empanadas. There's also a paella bar, where finicky diners can customize their orders with add-ins like artichoke hearts and pineapple; a sangria and mojito bar; and Latino breakfasts (arepas con queso) and desserts (churros with a trio of dipping sauces). • 22 East 17th Street (212-414-4999). (I–M)

Stage Deli
With its new Upper East Side branch, the 65-year-old classic deli emerges from under the looming shadow of its closest competitor (the Carnegie) to ply another neighborhood with triple-decker behemoths named after celebrities like Ozzy Osbourne (pastrami, brisket, and Muenster) and Halle Berry (salami, tongue, and pastrami). If you don't feel like eating leftovers for three days, opt for the always-comforting matzo brei or cheese blintzes. • 1481 Second Avenue, at 77th Street (212-439-9989). (M)

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

New Menu

No Crust, No Fuss

You might think of the tramezzino—the Venetian take on the English tea sandwich—as the Arch Deluxe, or at least the Filet-O-Fish, of Italian fast food: In New York's ever-expanding panini-and-wine-bar world, it lives in the hot-and-crunchy shadow of the more popular pressed panino. Typically served on crustless white bread, cut into neat little triangles, and looking like an overgrown canapé, it practically defies you not to raise a pinkie. Unlike a cucumber sandwich, though, it can pack a serious flavor punch, which explains why even **San Domenico** owner Tony May has jumped on the sandwich bandwagon with a new tramezzini lunch menu, served at the bar. The selection of $4.50 sandwiches, like vitello tonnato, Gorgonzola and walnut, and prosciutto cotto and fontina, changes daily. (Two tramezzini make a nice light lunch.) There's also an expanded by-the-glass wine list to complement the sandwiches, and not a ciabatta crumb in sight. (240 Central Park South; 212-265-5959.)

chickpeas and chorizo point up a commitment to something more. • 347 Van Brunt St., Brooklyn (718-237-0276). (M)

industry (food)
What do you get when you mix a chef who worked for Jean-Louis Palladin and Jean-Georges Vongerichten, bartenders and managers from Bungalow 8 and BondSt, and a treehouse-for-grown-ups rustic design? An instant hot spot, judging by the crowds getting back to nature in this wood-paneled rec room. Chef Alex Freij offers bistro fare (mussel stew, grilled skate wing, braised short rib) at neighborhood-friendly prices. • 509 E. 6th St. (212-777-5920). (M)

Jimmy's Downtown
I'm betting that the low, lean, and sexy intimacy of Jimmy Rodriguez's sequel to Jimmy's Uptown and Jimmy's Bronx Café will lure grown-ups on the prowl to this unlikely eastern shoal of 57th Street. Slither through the all-white, candlelit lounge and settle into a booth out back where servers lyricize over yuca-crusted scallops, a huge juicy pork chop, and luscious grilled sturgeon on creamy avocado mash. And don't leave without indulging in lush coconut flan. • 400 E. 57th St. (212-486-6400). (E)

Kai
Downstairs is the Ito En tea shop; upstairs, an elegant restaurant serving food inspired by *kaiseki*, the Japanese meal served after a tea ceremony. And some of the dishes on the four-level prix fixe dinner menus ($55 to $110) are flavored with the key ingredient including salt-crusted black cod with tea leaves and dill, and green-tea noodles with tofu. Lunch is offered à la carte. • 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (212-988-7277). (E)

★ Meet
With a name that plays on its increasingly trendy location, this onetime meat locker is now inhabited by a D.J. booth, an illuminated catwalk, ostrich-leather banquettes, coconut-wood tables, and, according to consulting master Tin Sun, fine feng shui. Plus a menu that hits all the right contemporary notes, from dorade stacked on warm fennel shavings to white-chocolate ice-cream sandwiches. Next door, Meet Café features panini, crostini, and pizzette. • 71-73 Gansevoort St. (212-242-0990). (M-E)

Noche
This Latin-themed nightclub and restaurant was inspired by a popular weekly dance party at the late, lamented Windows on the World, and its design evokes a pre-Castro club with acres of mosaic tile, stained-glass panels, a domed ceiling that changes color, and roving mojito carts. Chef Ramiro Jimenez, late of Chicama, has up his sleeve a Pan-Latino panoply of tamales, enchiladas, seviches, and platters of roast suckling pig and Brazilian barbecued chicken. • 1604 Broadway, at 49th St. (212-541-7070). (M)

Nyla
Restaurateur Bobby Ochs insists this New Orleans-inflected brasserie at the Dylan Hotel isn't a theme restaurant—even though Britney Spears is one of its owners. Please note: Nobody at your table will laugh if you spill your vegetarian hominy stew and say "Oops, I..." • 52 E. 41st St. (212-212-682-2860). (M)

Plantain Café
This bare-bones cafeteria-style restaurant has some surprising names attached to it: Former Chicama and Pipa chef de cuisine Raymond Mohan rustles up a steam-table full of greatest-hits Caribbean and Latin specialties including jerk chicken, roti sandwiches, roast suckling pig, mofongo, and unusual breakfast items like a porridge made with plantain flour. Giovanni Campos, a former floor manager at Chicama, works the front of the house, such as it is. • 20 W. 38th St. (212-869-8601). (I)

Rouge
After dabbling in sushi and habanero sauce, David Ruggerio has returned to his classic-French roots. At Rouge, the one-man restaurant-hatching machine is back at the stove, reprising the type of cooking he earned a reputation for at La Caravelle and Le Chantilly. Unlike at those high-flying kitchens, though, Ruggerio will keep à la carte entrées like braised breast of veal and roasted skate with red cabbage and mustard sauce below $20. • 135 E. 62nd St. (212-207-4601). (M)

Supper
Supper is polpettone kingpin Frank Prisinzano's attempt to do for northern-Italian cooking what he's done for southern at his perpetually packed Frank and Lil' Frankie's. The crowded, convivial space is decked out with wooden communal tables, a bustling open kitchen, and floral-pattern plates that evoke Sunday supper at Grandma's house. The real attraction, though, is what's on those plates: an herby minestrone Genovese, perfectly thin veal Milanese, a luscious chocolate-hazelnut custard pudding, a daily risotto, and bollito misto on weekends. • 156 2nd St. (212-477-7600). (I-M)

teany
Trendy vegetarians have it tough in this town: There aren't many meatless places immune from that throwback earthy-crunchy vibe. To the rescue comes techno-pop star Moby, who co-opened this new tea room and café where the breakfast-to-late-night menu features "teany bagels" with melted Cheddar and *faux* Canadian bacon, tomatillo-squash soup, and vegan vanilla-bean strawberry shortcake. • 90 Rivington St. (212-475-9190). (I)

Tournesol
Rather than follow the example of countless Brooklyn-bound restaurateurs before him, Pascal Escriout, the former maître d' at Artisanal and a neighborhood resident, opted to plug the steak-frites gap in his own backyard. The apparently famished neighborhood fills the 40-seat premises for gently priced fish soup, mussels, homemade foie gras terrine, and plats du jour like cassoulet and coq au vin. • 50-12 Vernon Blvd., Queens (718-472-4355). (M) ($)

★ United Noodles
At this stylish East Village nook, chef Paul Chantharavirooj riffs on the Asian-noodle theme with "U.N.-style" chicken linguini, sashimi with cold soba, and the French and Japanese influences he picked up cooking at Patina, L'Orangerie, and, most recently, Union Pacific. And if the 28-seat interior looks familiar, with its raw concrete and Eames chairs, it's because one of the owners designed a few of Manhattan's better-looking Thai restaurants before opening his own. • 349 E. 12th St. (212-614-0155). (M)

★ Washington Park
Not since Dolly Levi descended the steps of the Harmonia Gardens has a return to a restaurant been so boisterously chronicled. The reason there is cause for high-kicking and strutting is that rather than bring us back down memory lane, eighties icon Jonathan Waxman reveals that his passion for market produce like dragon beans and ramps and his breezy touch in dropping them in pastas and alongside juicy duck confit is as vital as ever. • 24 Fifth Ave. (212-529-4400). (M-E)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ aKa Cafe
Another funky little place from the 71 Clinton Fresh Food folks. This one features a clever, inexpensive small-plates menu with nods toward the neighborhood and its suppliers. The perfectly flaky braised-pork empanada is superb; oyster soup comes with Streits's matzo on the side; and the pressed chopped-hanger steak slider on a bialy with Gus's pickle slices and onions is the best thing to happen to that onion bun since Kossar. • 49 Clinton St. (212-979-6096). (I)

Bot
After a minor refurbishing, Nolita's space-agiest trattoria has reopened with gentler prices, a new wine bar, and a wine-friendly menu of bruschetta, crostini, and Tuscan-style skewers called spiedini. And just in time for summer—the garden is as lovely as ever. • 231 Mott St. (646-613-1312). (I-M)

★ Danube
David Bouley's outrageous, lacquered, velvet-swathed

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

little dining room is beautiful, fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de cuisine, Mario Lohninger, the bone-marrow dumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel manage to be Austro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-791-3771). (E)

Delmonico's

Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

Ecco

Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

★ The Harrison

With its long, bustling bar, commodious beamy interior, and friendly neighborhood vibe, the Red Cat's Jimmy Bradley and Danny Abrams's new hot spot feels like it's been part of the local landscape for years. There are all sorts of dining options—you can spend a week snarfing the spicy fries—but we like the big dishes best: the crispy chicken served on a fat mattress of scallion mashed potatoes, calf's liver smothered in a sweet sherry sauce, and the house shell steak drizzled with crisps of pancetta. • 355 Greenwich St. (212-274-9310). (M)

★ MarkJoseph Steakhouse

"Your steak will be out any minute," says our waiter. "I just saw the chef chasing the cow." If that line plus the house specialty—porterhouse for two, three, or four, served family-style and ritually baptized with pooled juices—sounds familiar, it's no coincidence. The general manager and a cadre of remarkably friendly, seemingly rehabilitated waiters came straight from Peter Luger, and brought their meal-ending schlag with them. • 261 Water St., nr. Peck Slip (212-277-0020). (M-E)

★ Omen

The most singularly uncommon Japanese meal you can clear your senses with is to be found at this rustic home to Kyoto-style country cooking. The food looks coarse—little bowls with mackerel and daikon radish, or a quail egg oozing over a chunk of toro—and the first swallow is likely to be eerie and sharp. But the aftertaste provokes instantaneous acceptance followed by a craving for more. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M-E) AE only

Steamers Landing

Catch a glorious sunset and check out the bustling Battery Park to-and-fro at this casual American seafood restaurant with a 200-seat outdoor terrace alongside the Hudson River. The kitchen's fresh seafood preparations—crab cakes, mussels, and chilled lobster cocktail, plus an eclectic mix of international crowd-pleasers—compete with the view. • Hudson River nr. Liberty St. (212-432-1451). (M)

Below 14th Street, East

★ Banjara

In spite of its location amid all those cookie-cutter curry cookers, Banjara is an oasis on Little India's restaurant row. The room and adjoining lounge are cliché-free. And chef Tuhin Dutta's unusual dishes like juicy clay-oven chicken marinated in wine and cream, and dumpakht (think supercolossal Indian potpie) should dispel any worries that the street's mythical underground shared kitchen has taken on a new client. • 97 First Ave. (212-477-5956). (M)

★ BondSt

The crowd is too cool, the rooms too cozy, the waiters way too pretty. No way is this anywhere you're going to get chirashi worth much more than a can of Bumble Bee. Boy, are you about to be surprised. With food this fresh, original, and vibrantly spiced, the kitchen can easily take on most traditional midtown sushi houses and wouldn't have to walk out of a room backwards if Nobu's troops were in attendance. • 6 Bond St. (212-777-2500). (M-E)

ike

In some quarters, the phrase "American food" still evokes tuna casserole and TV dinners, three of which are actually on the menu at this stylish throwback to the Eisenhower era. But so are latter-day reworkings of deviled eggs, cornflake-crusted fish sticks, and lobster-and-spinach Thermidor cassolette, plus all the classic cocktails you never imagined drinking with Salisbury steak. • 103 Second Ave. (212-388-0388). (I-M)

★ Jewel Bako

The façade of this tiny East Village jewel box of a restaurant references those forbidding midtown restaurant-cum-clubs with Japanese-only clientele, but the welcome from owner Jack Lamb and his wife, Grace, couldn't be warmer. The snug 24-seat dining room is clad in dramatic bamboo arches that lead back to the six-seat sushi bar, where the sushi chef reigns over a piscatory realm of rarities like Japanese spotted sardines and ark-shell clams. • 239 E. 5th St. (212-979-1012). (M-E)

Mexico Magico

A huge carved Technicolor calendar, colorful serapes, and faux-paving-stone walls and ceiling inhabit a storefront not much bigger than a postcard. This is a family affair. The food is uneven: watery black-bean soup, fabulous cactus salad, decent guacamole, crunchy flautas. But remarkable mole—wondrously rich and bitter—cloaks a chicken paillard, prices are gentle, and combo plates are colossal. • 438 E. 9th St. (212-477-5522). (I-M) ($)

Osso Buco

Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ The Tasting Room

A poor man's Veritas, the eleven-table Tasting Room celebrates American wine with more than 300 varieties. Dishes like molasses-glazed barbecued pork ribs come in two portion sizes—one for hoarding, one for sharing. "The food takes a backseat to the wine," admits chef Colin Alevras's wife, Renée, who oversees the dining room, but that's selling her husband's talents short. • 72 E. 1st St. (212-358-7831). (M)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Annisa

Deft designer tricks like a raised dining space in soothing shades of off-white give this room a dignified grandeur, and the food backs it up. Chef Anita Lo finds inspiration everywhere from Shanghai (soup dumplings crowned with seared foie gras) to Provence (chickpea-stuffed zucchini blossoms with tomato and saffron sauces). The name means "women" in Arabic; note the gender-specific wine list. • 13 Barrow St. (212-741-6699). (M-E)

Burrito Loco

The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I-M)

★ Chow Bar

Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Da Silvano

Few of the fervent regulars—including the city's media, fashion, and art-world elite—seem to recall an Italian restaurant whose menu wasn't sopping in red sauce before Da Silvano. The roasted standing duck is crackling, the lamb tender and moist, the artichoke salad brash. And not an eggplant-parmigiana hero in sight. • 260 Sixth Ave. (212-982-2343). (M-E)

Deborah—Life Love Food

After legitimizing hemp as a cooking ingredient at Galaxy, taking an Asian-tropical detour to Miami at Chow, and grilling Korean barbecue at Woo Lae Oak, chef Deborah Stanton turns her attention to what she calls modern American comfort food. Mini meat loaf and pork chops are a given, but plundering the global larder for beer-battered fish and chips and a Cuban sandwich doesn't make her the least bit uncomfortable. • 43 Carmine St. (212-242-2606). (M)

★ Mary's Fish Camp

Here's a tip for anyone who's ever paced up and down Cornelia Street waiting for a vacant stool at Pearl Oyster Bar: Now there are *two* West Village sources for world-class lobster rolls, silken clam chowder, herb-stuffed whole fish, and extended sidewalk pacing. One of Pearl's chef-partners left to open this sunny corner spot equipped with a curved stainless-steel counter and ten tiny tables. • 246 W. 4th St. (646-486-2185). (M)

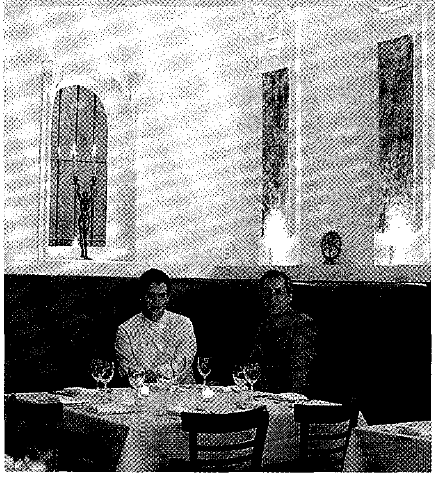
Tio Pepe

Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This

Opening

Chewing the Scenery

Just because Pascal DiNoia named his new Soho restaurant **Elysée Cafe Theatre** and structured the French menu like a three-act play, don't expect the waiters—Method-trained, we presume—to lapse into monologues between the niçoise salad and the steak-frites. The place is just DiNoia's gold-leafed, somewhat theatrical foray into the restaurant business after nineteen years on the prosaic linen-service fringes, and to him, the ritual of dinner is high drama. Behind the scenes, Argentine executive chef Fernando Trocca wields culinary props like chimichurri steak sauce, yuca chips for the salmon tartare, and a tropical-fruit "seviche." (199 Prince Street; 212-598-0303.)



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PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M)

Titou
Titou is as bewitchingly charming as the quiet tree-lined West Village street upon which it resides. Bistro staples like an herbed-goat-cheese tart, roast chicken, and steak-frites are well done and moderately priced. The tiny sidewalk café is a lovely spot to while a way a summer evening. • 259 W. 4th St. (212-691-9359). (M)

Zitoune
It's the Arabic word for olive, a beloved soccer star of the eighties, and Moroccan-born Alain Bennouna's third effort to score on this corner. Chef-partner Julian Clauss-Ehlers's French training shows in the elegance of classics like cinnamon-stippled b'steeya (smartly using moist duck) and in fragrant harira—the meaty soup eaten to break the fasts of Ramadan. Add a point for gentle prices and a $25 prix fixe with a glass of wine if you're willing to exit by 8 P.M. • 46 Gansevoort St. (212-675-5224). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou
A hint of the tropics on 14th Street: ambitiously nouvelle renderings of Caribbean cuisine, like crab cakes with avocado and molasses or eggplant soup with coconut and curry amid a relaxing, palm-fronded bar and dining room. • 243 E. 14th St. (212-358-0012). (M)

★ Beppe
Cesare Casella's devoted fans know him for his Tuscan cooking and his signature breast-pocket herb bouquet, both of which have resurfaced at this Gramercy trattoria. You'll also find an instant coziness, a pride of rustic Tuscan products stashed behind glass at the entrance, the warmth of a giant open fireplace. Casella's cozze are plump and sweet in a fiery broth; chewy handmade pinci noodles in walnut-tomato sauce are a triumph. We love braised black cabbage in toasted Tuscan bread, savory braised spare ribs, and desserts like sensational lemon "pudding" with candied orange peel. • 45 E. 22nd St. (212-982-8422). (E)

★ Campagna
The far-too-cautious interior is woefully inappropriate preparation for the whoops of joy that erupt when patrons sample Mark Strausman's gleefully game sense of Italian cuisine. The lobster broth in his cacciucco is a blast. And his grandma's lasagna makes you sorry you never met her. • 24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E)

Candela
These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. • 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M)

★ Craft
Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and similarly elegant, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

Heartland Brewery
A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café. Accompany your choice of microbrew with stout-battered onion rings, a buffalo burger, or sesame-crusted ahi tuna. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. • 35 Union Square W. (212-645-3400). Also, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 51st St. (582-8244). (I–M)

Meli Melo
This cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$31.50 for four courses. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy and rack of lamb with couscous. • 110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M)

Metronome
This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

★ Union Pacific
A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito's, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Veritas
Does the wine list make the restaurant? If you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) complements the cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

★ Via Emilia
After playing it safe for years with a greatest-Italian-hits menu, the chef-owner of the former Trattoria i Pagliacci has returned to his Emilia-Romagna culinary roots. The menu features homemade tortellini and tortelloni, a preponderance of balsamic vinegar, and best of all, gnocco fritto, a basket of puffy fritters served with great cured meats—street-festival fried dough gone to finishing school. • 240 Park Ave. S., nr. 20th St. (212-505-3072). (I–M)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

★ Above
Don't be discouraged by the proletarian to-'n'-fro of 42nd Street. A sophisticated and handsomely designed hideaway waits in the twenty-first-floor lobby of the Times Square Hilton, and so does Galveston lobster chili, a classic Caesar, butter-poached Maine lobster, and a $23 burger. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

★ Arezzo
You'd never know it from those Upper East Side trattorias whose blandly unchallenging menus probably originate from one communal kitchen under Third Avenue, but clean, simple Italian fare needn't be boring. Arezzo proves how satisfying familiar can be. The room is spartan, but let steaming plates of pea-flavored cavatelli in a hot-sweet sausage ragu, "focaccina" halved and smeared with Robiola, lamb swathed in goat cheese, and, yes, spaghetti bolognese cloud your vision. • 46 W. 22nd St. (212-206-0555). (M–E)

Arno
Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

Glass
Glass seems to have landed in its industrial no-man's-land location like some kind of high-style UFO, a glowing emissary from a civilization far more advanced than our own. (L.A., maybe?) The small-plate menu offers seviche, panini, a cheese plate, and mixed olives accompanied by some of the skinniest breadsticks around (to match the patrons, we surmise). There's heated competition for the bamboo garden's few plastic ball chairs, the hottest seat since Canteen's nubby orange number. • 287 Tenth Ave., nr. 26th St. (212-904-1580). (I–M)

★ Ilo
Though its neutral, geometric décor may appear too understated to crest the torrential wave of hotel restaurants, Ilo makes the rest of them seem like washouts. Chef-owner Rick Laakkonen's charms and talents are many: a rich lemon-thyme-scented ragout of octopus and Manila clams; pan-roasted rabbit with olives and oregano; grilled quail devilishly grounded by white hominy; and a gloriously simple roasted duck that will make you consider taking up residence at the Bryant Park. • 40 W. 40th St. (212-642-2255). (E)

★ Lotus
Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M–E)

★ The Park
Were you around during the eighties when places like Mudd Club and Area, and art in the East Village, made New York nightlife feel like the coolest in the world? If you were, then stop watching the reality-based show you're hooked on and go play in the Park, a great sandbox for urbanites who used to be kids but now have some of their own. If you've ever enjoyed the Odeon, you'll get into it. If not, this ain't your playground. • 118 Tenth Ave. (212-352-3313). (M–E)

Slate
Even if pool isn't your game, you might be willing to brave this hall's not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 W. 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises
Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown and Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

★ Caffè Linda
Caffè Linda is a refuge for homesick Italian expats as well as midtown desk jockeys hungering for good food and a warm welcome. Owner Claudio Marini graciously provides both: Every meal begins with complimentary bruschetta and ends with a stick of Wrigley's with the check. In between, there's simple, satisfying salads; sandwiches; a dozen or so pastas; and dinner specials like stewed rabbit and sautéed calamaretti with avocado. • 145 E. 49th St. (646-497-1818). (I–M)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-9463). (I–M)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

Haru
Haru means "spring" in Japanese, and the design theme at this fourth and funkiest Manhattan branch of the Haru chainlet is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the aquariums over the bar. The menu features all the usual suspects, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. • 280 Park Ave., nr. 48th St. (212-490-9680). (M)

★ Le Périgord
A recent renovation did nothing to disguise the comforting, cosseting old-world feel of this Sutton Place landmark, where tuxedo'd captains oversee tableside service. And new chef Jacques Qualin (Jean Georges) is not opposed to bathing veal chops in yogurt-lemon

sauce or molding a salmon fillet into the shape of a petite mignon. He's a wizard with lighter dishes as well, like turbot (with a lacy glaze of comte cheese) and a succession of luminous soups. Try the Floating Island for dessert, but be sure to dress in proper attire, or be banished to the back room. • 405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E)

★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

Montparnasse
This space formerly occupied by Mediterranean-flavored Scarabee has gone resolutely Gallic. From country duck terrine and escargots to braised lamb shank and steak-frites, the menu reads like a Parisian-bistro primer. But just in case the food doesn't get the message across, the décor does, with oversize mirrors, framed French advertising posters, and cozy booths. • 230 E. 51st St. (212-758-6633). (M)

Nino's Positano
Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this posh hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern French menu changes seasonally, and incorporates to-be-expected luxury ingredients like lobster (in a salad with braised mango), foie gras (with beet sorbet), and roasted Colorado rack of lamb. The $50 prix fixe dinner is a (relative) steal. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

★ Baldoria
Everyone at Frank Pellegrino Jr.'s Baldoria toils to make sure customers stay happy enough to sing along with Jimmy Roselli on the jukebox. There's luscious veal scaloppine, aromatic spaghetti with clams, a raw bar upstairs, and best of all, 136 seats. So, if you still can't get into Rao's—Junior's father's legendary celebrity hangout—now you don't have to. • 249 W. 49th St. (212-582-0460). (E)

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana
Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

Bombay Palace
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined tandoori prawns, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri in midtown for years. Try the excellent breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cascina
The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's Northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen storefront. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-roasted salmon "choucroute," grilled chicken merguez sausage, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina
Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne
Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gelee, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $29 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

★ Estiatorio Milos
Eating in this lofty Greek seafood restaurant isn't exactly fishing for supper, but it's close. Beautiful whole fish from around the world are arranged over ice in the back of the austere, dramatically lit room, where preoccupied waiters invite customers to claim their entrée before it's reeled in to the kitchen to be simply grilled with lemon, olive oil, and herbs. The menu lists prices by the pound—$25 for the Florida pompano, $32 for the Mediterranean loup de mer—so unless you've worked at a carnival guessing weights, the bill is always something of a surprise. • 125 West 55th Street (212-245-7400). (E)

Haru
This branch of the stylish, popular Japanese mini-chain, like the others, specializes in fresh, oversized sushi, fifteen house sauces, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. Natural wood tones and a wall of tree branches separating the dining room from the sushi bar brings a little serenity to Times Square. • 205 W. 43rd St. (212-398-9810). (M)

Heartland Brewery & Chop House
With hefty hunks of prime aged beef, braised buffalo short ribs, and lobster-and-crab-stuffed ravioli, this branch of the popular brewpub chain is clearly the most culinarily ambitious. But the mood is still mellow, especially at the bar, a rare, comfortable Times Square spot to toss back some of the terrific hand-crafted brews or try the $23.95 pre theater menu on the way to a show. Private rooms are available for special events. • 127 W. 43rd St. (646-366-0235). (M–E)

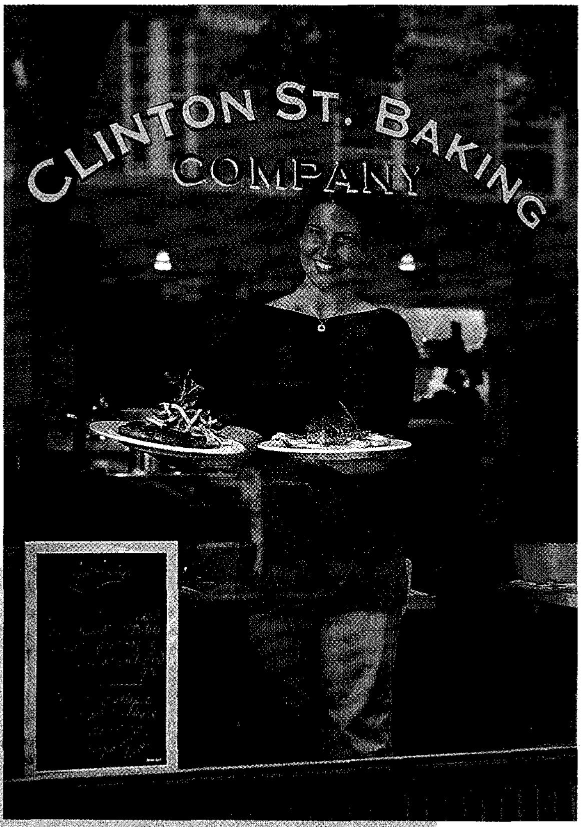
★ Le Madeleine
Don't sulk if you can't get into Esca across the street: This venerable bistro's gone modern under chef Bruce Beaty (whose lively flavors reflect stints with Alfred Portale and Gilbert LeCoze). We feel miles from Ninth Avenue in the quirky all-weather garden, sharing grilled lamb sausage and splendid yellowfin tartare. Lemon custard seals the deal. Grab a honey madeleine and catch that curtain. • 403 W. 43rd St. (212-246-2993). (M)

★ Rinconcito Peruano
The seviche at this Peruvian Hell's Kitchen hole-in-the-wall is sublime: tidbits of sea bass, whole shrimp,

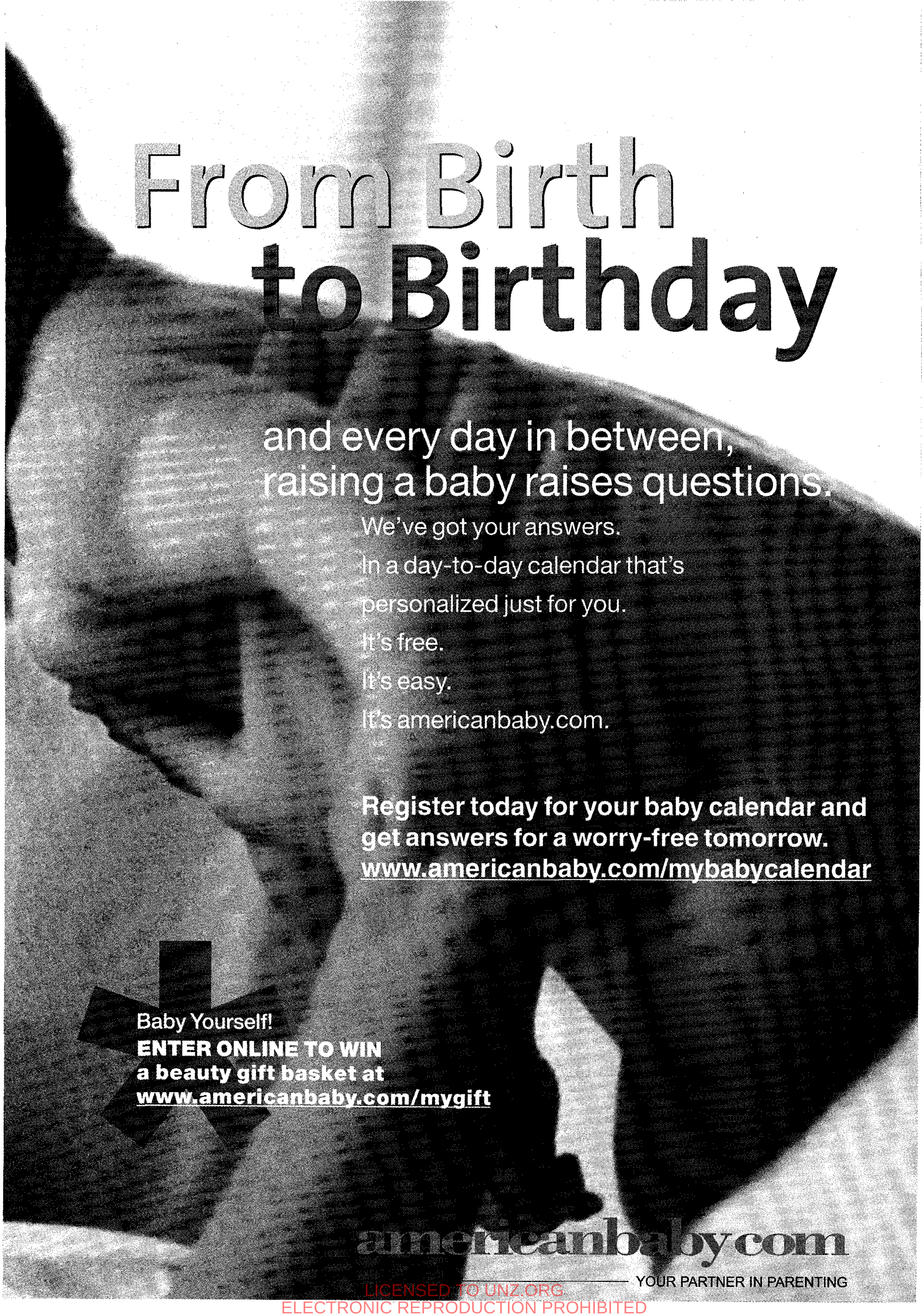
New Menu

Night Shift

Not that anyone who lives on Clinton Street is in danger of running out of dining options these days, but here's a new one: The **Clinton St. Baking Company,** which already has a devoted following for its nothin'-fancy-just-good-eats breakfast, lunch, and weekend brunch, has just added dinner to its repertoire. On the menu: lemon pasta with anchovy, fresh garlic, and olive oil; pan-fried Eden Brook trout; and a serious burger plate. And in case anyone misses breakfast, chef Neil Kleinberg will whip up a batch of his killer pancakes packed with enough wild Maine blueberries to satisfy a small grizzly. (4 Clinton Street; 646-602-6263.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.



From Birth to Birthday

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and squid in an expert lime-juice marinade redolent of garlic, ginger, red onion, cilantro, and pepper. And the caliber of the seviche augurs well for the rest of the menu, which shrinks considerably during the week. (Go on Saturday.) Don't leave without ordering something yellow—one of those national specialties suffused with spicy, marigold-yellow aji pepper sauce. • 803 Ninth Avenue, at 53rd Street (212-333-5685). (I) ($)

St. Andrews

In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro

Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

57th–60th Streets

Bukhara Grill

At the second branch of a popular midtown restaurant and the fourth Indian kitchen to colonize its raita-ridden block, one whiff is pungent proof that they don't stint on the spices, which permeate the clay-oven specialties, the myriad vegetarian dishes, and everything on the sixteen-course $13.95 lunch buffet. • 230 E. 58th St. (212-339-0090). (M)

Dawat

You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. • 210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M)

★ Felidia

In between writing cookbooks and taping segments of her TV show, Lidia Bastianich, the matriarch of the clan responsible in part for Lupa, Esca, and Becco, oversees this elegant bastion of Italian cooking. But chef Fortunato Nicotra deserves credit: Sauces are lighter, pastas still wonderful, and entrées get deftly tweaked. The wine list always impresses, and olive oil connoisseurs can spring for a $7 tasting. • 243 E. 58th St. (212-758-1479). (E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club

Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

★ Norma's

Anyone who equates French toast or biscuits with Mom and unconditional love might agree that the Parker Meridien's spiffy Norma's, with its exuberant all-day breakfast, is worthy of an award. Pancakes by a mom on Prozac. Complimentary fruit-smoothie shots and a duo of croissants oozing smoked-salmon-flecked scrambled eggs. If there really can be too much of a good thing, then breakfast here ought to be against the law. • 118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7460). (M)

ONEc.p.s.

Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

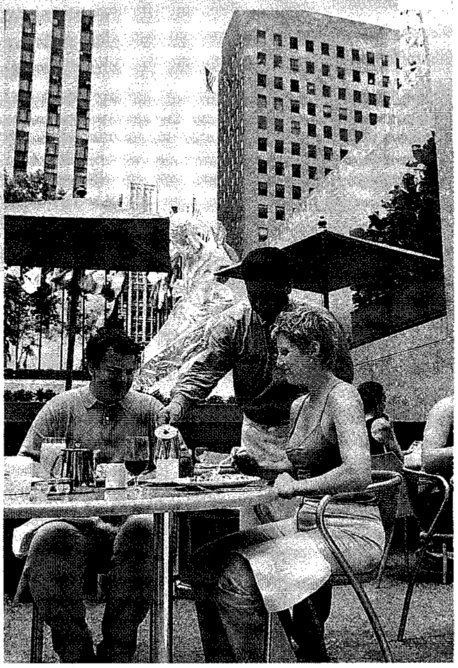
Opia

Considering that Frederick Lesort and Antoine Blech have specialized in the sort of smoky nightspot (Frederick's, Jour et Nuit, Orienta) where the preferred greeting is the double-cheek kiss, it's no surprise that their first collaboration is in a hotel that appeals to transatlantic tourists. But even less physically affectionate locals might like exotica like Kobe steak, lobster cannelloni, and Moroccan couscous. • 130 E. 57th St. (212-688-3939). (M)

Ask Gael

I crave a new spot to launch my day.

Looking for a breakfast nook without the usual suspects and nary a frisson of power? **Cucina & Co.**, in the concourse at 30 Rock, has a welcome languor (at least this morning) and a numbingly huge frittata. It's a rustic and luscious tumble of sausage, onion, and peppers today, with a side of rösti potatoes. And the egg-white omelette with asparagus and tomato, ebulliently generous too, comes minus the guilt. Prices are coffee-shop gentle: $6 for the Continental breakfast, $6.50 for two eggs with rösti, fresh juice, and coffee. What do New Yorkers like for breakfast? Low-fat yogurt smoothies, fresh fruit salad, brioche French toast, granola and berries, pancakes with Vermont maple syrup, outsize muffins and scones. It's all here. Find a quiet table to gossip or cinch a deal, or steal a few minutes longer with your mate (or someone else's) and no busybodies to call "Page Six." (30 Rockefeller Plaza, concourse level; 212-332-7630.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARINA SALVI.

★ Shelly's New York

The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Above 60th Street, East Side

★ The Bar @ Etats-Unis

This might be the Upper East Side's best gourmet bargain. And considering it's only got 24 seats—seven of them bar stools—the joint's low profile is a blessing. The bar shares an impressive cellar with Etats-Unis, its sister restaurant across the street, whence comes some of the hearty fare like a seriously satisfying beef stew. For a lighter bite, you can't go wrong with farmhouse cheeses and charcuterie paired with one of the terrific by-the-glass selections. • 247 E. 81st St. (212-396-9928). (M)

The Boathouse in Central Park

Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Drive N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Café Sabarsky

Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style kaffeehaus at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, and cod strudel for lunch. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

★ Cello

Every appointment (Bernaudaud dishes, monochromatic flowers, and almost reflective mahogany walls) serves as an elegant yet unobtrusive backdrop for the whisper-light delicacies that emerge from chef Laurent Tourondel's kitchen. Rougets glistening like bloodstones in a raw tomato sauce. Turbot that melts like cotton candy. Lamb as velvety as foie gras. And frozen crème brûleé that must have the Häagen-Dazs people turning like dervishes. • 53 E. 77th St. (212-517-1200). (E)

Coco Pazzo

Pino Luongo's Upper East Side temple of Tuscan is a neighborhood spot for a particularly demanding neighborhood. For everyone else, dishes like rigatoni with sweet and spicy sausage and peas in a tomato-cream sauce, and bistecca alla Fiorentina—not to mention an award-winning wine list—definitely merit a special trip. Try the jazz brunch. • 23 E. 74th St. (212-794-0205). (E)

Haru Sake Bar

Very fresh sushi, sashimi, tempura, plus Japanese fusion fare, and an expanded selection of sake and sake cocktails are the draw at this popular uptown branch of the Japanese mini-chain. Take-out service too. • 1327 Third Ave., at 76th St. (212-452-1028). (M)

Mark's

Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows. Fine French-American cooking (roasted beet salad with goat cheese, thyme-crusted tuna with tomato and black-olive vinaigrette), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Nino's

Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe

A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ Payard Patisserie & Bistro
You'll never shiver and blush the way François Payard's Nôtre Dame, Fontainbleau, St.-Honoré, or devilish chocolate tart make you when they hijack your taste buds. If all this sweetness weren't enough, Payard's chef Philippe Bertineau concocts first and second courses that match François's touted thirds. • 1032 Lexington Ave., nr. 73rd St. (212-717-5252). (M-E)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Rain East
Like its Upper West Side sibling, the spices at this East Side branch are slightly tamed for American consumption, more fragrant than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like Thai chicken-and-coconut soup, pad Thai, and curried beef. • 1059 Third Ave., near 62nd St. (212-223-3669). (M)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ A
Mom-and-pop partners Blue Grant and Marc Solomon have infused a bleak stretch of upper Columbus with downtown flavor and a mellow, neighborly vibe. Solomon uses what might be the city's tiniest professional kitchen to maximum effect, turning out simple, inventive French-Caribbean creations like jerk duck-leg confit with guava-mango purée and escargot in cilantro-chili butter. • 947 Columbus Ave., near 106th St. (212-531-1643). (I)

★ Calle Ocho
Who'd a thunk it? That the West Side could ever boast a restaurant as uncalculatingly sexy as Calle Ocho, with its far wall's spectacular Caribbean sunset of glazed terra cotta and its jewel-toned banquettes curving through the space like waves along the gulf? Let a staff so winning you at first suspect they're a few mojitos ahead of you steer you towards tangy lobster seviche, seafood paella, and terrific yuca fries. • 446 Columbus Ave., near 81st St. (212-873-5025). (M-E)

Compass
It didn't work as Marika, not even when talented Neil Annis took over. With a shift of partners, the newly dubbed Compass has finally found a winning West Side mojo. This time around Annis's tweaked menu (a clever chopped salad, luscious vichyssoise, shimmering halibut, a first-rate veal chop, short ribs on fingerling purée) should garner as much attention as the design. • 208 W. 70th St. (212-875-8600). (E)

Jean-Luc
Ed "Jean-Luc" Kleefield aspired to bring downtown uptown, and he started out by recruiting former Raoul's chef Eric Le Dily, whose menu supplements standards like steak au poivre and lobster bisque with such newfangled notions as bison carpaccio and crab-crusted Chilean sea bass. The room is equally eclectic, mixing brick-red velvet banquettes and Biedermeier chairs with second-century mosaics. Bar menu, too. • 507 Columbus Ave., near 84th St. (212-712-1700). (M-E)

Lenox Lounge
Maybe your budget can't swallow a coveted townhouse on Striver's Row. But fabulous barbecued chicken and devilishly rich ribs at this recently renovated Art Deco nightclub, which only recently started serving dinner, will barely make a dent in your cash flow. We take our buffalo chicken wings torrid, love the corn bread, and liquidate the macaroni and cheese, but can't handle smothered pork chops that are like plywood. • 288 Lenox Ave., nr. 125th St. (212-427-0253). (M)

★ Ouest
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

Restaurant 222
Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The new prix fixe Italian steakhouse menu ($20 at lunch, $39 at dinner) and $29.95 pretheater menu are particularly good deals. • 222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E)

Scaletta
A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

@SQC
At Avenue, Scott Campbell reacquainted New Yorkers with the often overlooked pleasures of brunch, and now he's brought his rich repertoire of soufflé pancakes, scallion-and-Montrachet scrambled eggs, and pudding-thick hot chocolate thirteen blocks south. Later in the day, there's fragrant stuffed chicken, and an apple tart with caramel and ice cream in three acts that's wondrously good. Ditto frites in parchment. • 270 Columbus Ave., near 72nd St. (212-579-0100). (M)

Brooklyn

★ Gingko Leaf Café
If you don't believe secret gardens grow in New York, check out this urban oasis, with its stone waterfall, bamboo shoots, and granite sculptures, all built by Toshio Sasaki, a sculptor whose wife, Miyo, runs the tranquil café behind her Japanese gift shop. Collecting thoughts and contemplating life require sustenance, available in the form of tea, bean-paste confections, and delicious bento boxes. • 788A Union St. (718-399-9876). (I-M) ($)

The Pod
Chef Darrell Raymond specializes in fusion dishes like sautéed lobster and calamari in a clay pot with green-tea noodles and wasabi aïoli, and lamb chops with hoisin-and-mint sauce at this funky Williamsburg restaurant and lounge. The lofty space tricked out in glowing green and orange colors is as trendy as the food. • 141 N. 7th St. (718-302-3754). (I-M)

Queens

★ Sripraphai
A superb Thai kitchen housed inside a nondescript storefront that looks as cheerful as an H&R Block office. But with all due respect to Mets fans, we can't think of a better reason to board the No. 7 train than feeding on crispy dried catfish in a piquant mango, red-onion, cilantro, and chili-pepper salad; fiery beef panang redolent of basil and lemon leaf; and mouthwateringly good minced pork with chilies, peanuts, and lemon juice. • 64-13 39th Ave., Woodside (718-899-9599). (I)

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Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Lincoln Center Festival

★ Kirov Ballet
World-renowned Russian company presents the painstakingly reconstructed 1900 version of Petipa's *La Bayadère*; also, Balanchine's *Jewels*, *Don Quixote*, and *Swan Lake*. Call for details. 7/8–7/20. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $20–$130.

★ Urban Bush Women
With members of the National Song and Dance Company of Mozambique, presents the New York premiere of *Shadow's Child*, inspired by the puppetry and dance of Mozambique. 7/9 at 8:30; 7/10–7/12 at 7. • Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $45.

★ "Ta'ziyeh"
The only form of musical drama indigenous to the Islamic world. Three different ta'ziyeh, performed in Persian, tell the epic tale of Imam Hussein, grandson of the prophet Muhammad. Call for details. 7/16–7/21. • Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $55.

★ North African/Middle Eastern Music Festival
Four concerts of music from Algeria, Israel, Morocco, et al. Call for details. 7/16–7/20. • LaGuardia Concert Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $25.

★ "The Silver River"
Composer Bright Sheng and librettist David Henry Hwang's chamber opera, based on a 5,000-year-old mythical Chinese love story, fusing elements of Western music and theater with traditional Chinese opera, has its New York premiere. Call for details. 7/16–7/21. • John Jay College Theater, Lincoln Center (212-875-5928); $45.

Classical Music

Bargemusic
Chamber music on the water: Beethoven, Schubert, and Mozart, 7/11 and 7/12 at 7:30; all-Brahms, 7/13 at 7:30 and 7/14 at 4. • Fulton Ferry Landing, next to the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-2083); $35.

★ Caramoor International Music Festival
Will Crutchfield leads a recital of Handel's solo and duo cantatas, 7/12 at 8; Orchestra of St. Luke's performs works by Mozart and Benjamin Britten's *Serenade*, a song cycle for tenor, horn, and strings, 7/13 at 8:30; Emerson String Quartet performs works by Beethoven and Bach, 7/14 at 4:30. Visit caramoor.org. • Spanish Courtyard and Venetian Theater, Katonah, N.Y. (914-232-1252); $15–$57.50.

The Swing Dance Orchestra
German swing band performs thirties classics by the likes of Benny Goodman, Cab Calloway, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw, and their ilk. 7/11 at 7:30. • Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., at 33rd St. (212-307-7171); $50.

"Music in Abe Lebewohl Park"
With the Third Street Music School Settlement Players. 7/11 at 12:30. • Abe Lebewohl Park, Second Ave. and 10th St. (212-777-3240); rain location, St. Mark's Church; free.

Ginette Bernard
French-Canadian cabaret singer celebrates Bastille Day in an outdoor concert of romantic chansons and classic songs by French icons like Piaf and Moustaki. 7/14 at 5. • Alliance Française, Madison Ave. at 60th St. (212-355-6100); free.

International Keyboard Institute & Festival
Seventy-five pianists from around the world descend on the city to tickle the ivories. 7/14–7/28. Call for details or visit mannes.edu/IKI. • Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. (212-580-0210, ext. 336); $15.

"Music for Women's Voices"
The women of St. Bartholomew's Choir perform Fauré's *Messe Basse*, a setting of a George Herbert poem by Nancy Wertsch, and Gwyneth Walker's *Magnificat*. 7/14 at 11. • St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (212-378-0222); free.

"Summer Sings '02"
Join the West Village Chorale and the Masterworks Chorus and Orchestra for an audience-participation performance of Fauré's *Requiem* and Haydn's *Theresienmesse*. 7/15 at 7:30. • Church of St. Luke in the Fields, 487 Hudson St. (212-570-7301); $10.

★ "Naumberg Orchestral Concerts"
Richard Westerfield leads the Naumberg Orchestra in an all-Brahms program, including the Violin Concerto in D Major. 7/16 at 7:30. For details, visit clubfreetime.com. • Naumberg Bandshell, Central Park, nr. W. 72nd St.; free.

Dance

★ Midsummer Night Swing
Dance under the stars to live Latin, swing, and funk. 7/10: Andrej Hermlin and his Swing Dance Orchestra. 7/11: Viento de Agua. 7/12: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks: The Cotton Club Revisited. 7/13: Coco Merenson. 7/16: Tanguardia. 7/17: Dick Hyman with Jim Cullum's Jazz Band. Lessons at 6:30, dancing at 8. • Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $12.

New York City Tap Festival
Weeklong festival includes performances, classes, talks, etc. 7/10: Tap Choreography (new works). 7/11: Tap City Benefit with Gregory Hines, Savion Glover, Dianne Walker, and others. 7/12: Tap All-Stars. 7/13: Tap Masters/Mentors. Call for details. • The Duke on 42nd St., 229 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $18–$32 (7/11 benefit: $150).

★ Pilobolus
New York premieres include *The Brass Ring*, the full-company commission for the 2002 Olympics Arts Festival, set to Copland and Joplin and featuring dancers as action heroes; the quartet *The Four Humours*, exploring emotional and physical being; and *Ben's Admonition*, a dance for two men; other works. Through 7/20. • Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $38.

"MELT"
New dance festival launches with *Shuffle*, a multimedia work-in-progress by Yasuko Yokoshi, about the spirits of her deceased family; and Sara Shelton Mann's movement-sound piece, *Blacksmith/Weaver—for the Body Elemental*. 7/12 and 7/13 at 8:30. • University Settlement, 184 Eldridge St. (212-539-2611); $12.

★ Central Park SummerStage
Presents Urban Tap, a company born of club dancers, fusing tap, hip-hop, and serious international flavor, led by acclaimed tap artist Tamango. Also, Dutch Caribbean-born Guggenheim Award recipient Gabri Christa's DanzAsia draws from sociocultural themes. 7/12 at 8:30. • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park at 69th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (212-360-2777); free.

★ Mane Kadang
Musicians from West Africa and dancers from Senegal, Guinea, and the Ivory Coast perform in the tradition of joyous call and response and teach the movements, too. 7/13 at 6:30. • Battery Park City, Esplanade Plaza (212-267-9700); free.

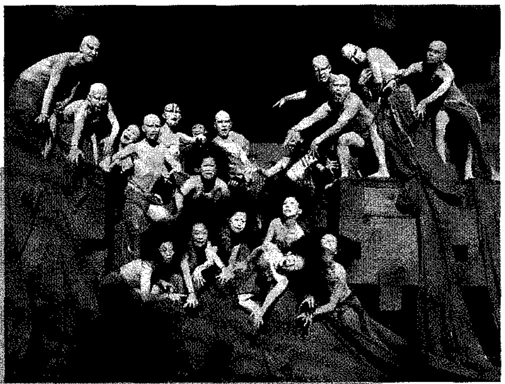
★ Dairakudakan
Butoh company performs four U.S. premieres. (See box.) 7/16 and 7/17; 7/19 and 7/20 at 7:30. • Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $25.

★ Eiko & Koma
New York–based Japanese duo join composer-clarinetist David Krakauer for the world premiere of *Offering*, a "living sculpture" intended to "bring a glimpse of the breathing universe into our wounded urban landscape." 7/16 and 7/17 at 8. • The Belvedere on the World Financial Center Plaza (212-528-2733); free.

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Performance

Dark Shadows



When the butoh company **Dairakudakan** first visited the United States, in 1982, the response was notorious: Mothers with children in tow fled the theaters in horror. And when the troupe performed in New Jersey last year, the word *nightmarish* came up more than once. Butoh, the eerie, avant-garde Japanese dance-theater form that began in the late fifties, very much in response to World War II, literally means "darkness." (Company founder and director Akaji Maro takes that an ominous step further, saying it "exists at the edge of death.") Beginning July 16, the company's run at the Japan Society includes four U.S. premieres, in which bald, nearly nude dancers range from frenetic to almost painfully deliberate in their movements, which can be graphic, sexually suggestive, and sometimes coupled with grunts, groans, gasps, explosions of maniacal laughter, and distorted facial expressions. There is something absolutely primal about butoh, and despite its relative newness, it can feel ancient. "Our body itself is ancient," says Maro, a former actor who discovered butoh through its founder, Tatsumi Hijikata, and thought it had "the potential to become the ultimate physical expression." One of the driving principles of Dairakudakan ("Great Camel Battleship"), he explains, is *temputenshiki*—"to be born into this world is a great talent unto itself." (See "Dance.") A.Z.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEWSHIP.

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

★ Gillian Welch
7/12 at 9. What "alt-country" should be: dark and confessional and not regressive. • Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St (212-307-7171).

★ Heart
7/10 at 8. Like that of a lot of big, epic rockers—Queen comes to mind—the music of Heart can either be transcendently campy ("Crazy on You," "Barracuda") or just in grimly bad taste ("What About Love"). Still, even the Wilson sisters' worst fantastical rock, all earthquakes and fairies, is preferable to pop's milquetoast molls like Mandy Moore and Ashanti, who certainly won't have their staying power. • Beacon Theater, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171). $35–$75.

Talent

Diamond in the Rough

From Phil Spector to the Neptunes, great producers often have an entire galaxy of stars orbiting around them, and Jim Diamond is no exception. The Detroit native has produced just about every garage-rock band to come out of the Motor City of late, including the White Stripes, the Go, the Red Aunts, and his own group, **The Dirtbombs** (pictured). "Right now, I'm producing the Clone Defects and the Come Ons, but I've also produced Bantom Rooster and a lot of other bands I can't think of," says Diamond, speaking by phone from the offices of his Ghetto Recorders Studios. "But we're all playing for fun; there's no grand scheme here. There's no sense of 'Oh, my God, we gotta get on the radio.' We just want to like what we're playing." Often, however, the feedback-heavy, mistakes-encouraged sound fashioned by Diamond and his peers on the Detroit rock scene has been criticized—so unpolished, some say, that it's nearly atavistic. "Look, the only sense that what we do is retro is that we play electric guitars and have drum sets," Diamond responds. "It's straight-ahead, fun music. That's all." Indeed, listening to songs like the Dirtbombs' "I'm Through With White Girls" (where Diamond sings of a *Soul Train*-inspired ban on Caucasian girlfriends), you get the sense of a completely rocking, hilarious future rather than a humorlessly glorified past. The Dirtbombs bring their raucous sensibility to the Bowery Ballroom on July 12 and 13, with fellow Detroiters Bantom Rooster and the Buzzards opening. "It's gonna be one big party weekend with all of us there," Diamond says. E.B.

★ Marc Anthony
7/12 at 7:30. A great singer whose English-language albums can be nonetheless weighed down by melodramatic ballads and swaggering Latin pop. Live, none of that should matter, however, as Anthony is sure to mine his great catalogue of Spanish-language albums from *Todo a Su Tiempo* to *Libre*. • 7/7 at Jones Beach, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $34–$91.50. 7/12 at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. and 34th St. (212-307-7171). $44–$99.50.

New Edition; En Vogue
7/13 at 7:30. Two mediocre R&B groups return, sans their most vital members (Bobby Brown; Dawn Robinson) no less. • Beacon Theatre, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171). $49.50–$77.50.

Rush
7/15 at 7:30. As full of magisterial prog pomp as ever; a new CD, *Vapor Trails*, is full of big, thrusting rock songs like "Ceiling Unlimited" and "Ghost Rider." • Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $30–$75.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
7/10: Israel Vibration. 7/11: "Beetlejam' " Jammin' on the music of the Beatles. 7/12: Peaches and Herb. 7/13 and 7/14: Etta James. 7/15: Mountain. 7/16: Jimmy Vaughan. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
7/10: Nick D'Virgilio. 7/11: Brave Combo. 7/15: Coco Montoya; Kerry Kearney. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

Bowery Ballroom
7/11: "New York NextWave" with Zero Zero; Dopo Yume; the Realistics; Longwave. 7/12 and 7/13: Detroit Cobras; Dirtbombs. 7/16: Dave Alvin Band. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

Brownies
7/10: Spacerace; Points West. 7/11 and 7/12: The Walkmen. 7/13: The Bright and Desperate Sparks; the Heroine Sheiks. 7/14: Black Belts; El Diablo Valentine. 7/15: Arlo; the Gang. 7/16: Frank Bango; Brian Charette. 7/17: "Double Zero Records Showcase" with Retro Morning; Seville. • 161 Ave. A (212-420-8392).

★ "Celebrate Brooklyn"
7/12: Yo La Tengo; Everton Sylvester. 7/13: "African Festival" with Femi Kuti; Hassan Hakmoun; WUMNI; more. • Prospect Park Bandshell (718-855-7882, ext. 45). $3 suggested donation, except for benefit concerts.

★ "Central Park SummerStage"
7/10 at 7: Bonga; D.J. set from Bajofondo Tango Club. 7/11 at 3: Magnum Band; Cool Crooners. 7/12 at 8:30: Urban Tap NYC; Gabri Christa's DanzAsia with Burnt Sugar. 7/13 at 3: Res; Joi; Raphael Saadiq. 7/14 at 3: "Bastille Day" with Super Rail Band; more. 7/17 at 7: Lucinda Williams (benefit concert, $30). • Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, enter at Fifth Ave. and 72nd St. (no phone; www.summerstage.com). All shows free except for benefit concerts.

★ Irving Plaza
7/10: Dolly Parton. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

★ Joe's Pub
Through 7/13: Richard Thompson's "1,000 Years of Popular Music." • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

Knitting Factory
7/10: The Lawrence Arms; the Exit; the Break. 7/11: Blake Hazard CD-release party. 7/12: Gang Green; No Redeeming Social Value; Eyes of Hate. 7/13: Silkworm; Consonant; Saturnine. 7/14: The Explosion. 7/15: Sweep the Leg Johnny. 7/16: Eyedea; Ill Ease; Fog. 7/17: The Locust; Arab on Radar; Lightning Bolt, Orthrelm; Wolf Eyes. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
7/10: Irene Farrera and Venezuela Viva. 7/11: "Loser's Lounge" tribute to Elvis Presley. 7/13: "Salsa Fievre." 7/16: Les Yeux Noirs. • 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000).

Maxwell's
7/11: Link Wray. 7/12: Southern Culture on the Skids. 7/13: Palomar; Team USA. 7/14: The Blue Dogs. 7/15: Josh Rouse; Archer Prewitt. 7/17: Alfie. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

Mercury Lounge
7/10: Wayne Kramer. 7/11: David Kolker. 7/12: Champale. 7/13: Sea Ray; Grant Hart. 7/14: Archer Prewitt; the National Trust. 7/17: Radar Brothers. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
7/12: Semi-Automatic. 7/13: Mr. Lif. 7/15: Swearing at Motorists. 7/17: The Pat McGee Band. • 66 N. 6th St., Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

S.O.B.'s
7/10: Blackalicious. 7/12: Rhythm Republik. 7/13: "Samba Saturday" with Silvana Magda. 7/15: "La Tropica Monday" with Bambaleo. 7/16: "VP Gold Tour" with Freddie McGregor; Sean Paul; Tanto Metro; more. 7/17: Me'shell Ndegeocello; Zap Mama. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

★ Southpaw
7/13: Conquistador. 7/17: Awek; the Fit. • 125 5th St., Brooklyn (718-230-0236).

The Village Underground
7/11: Dujeous; Higher Circle. 7/12: Stubborn Monkey; Next Tribe. 7/13: Link Wray; Liars. 7/15: Raul Malo Band. 7/16: Jim Lauderdale Band. 7/17: Dash Rip Rock. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

Clubs

APT
An apartment-themed lounge with a surprisingly good lineup of hip-hop, soul, and house D.J.'s. Mondays: Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: Jaymz Nylon. Wednesdays: *Fader* magazine presents Rich Medina. Thursdays: Small Change. Fridays: Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Arc
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: "Made Saturdays," trance and progressive-house spun by the likes of Deep

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Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBBIE SMYTH/RETNA UK/RETNA LTD.

Dish. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." • 6 Hubert St. (212-226-9212).

★ "Bang the Party"
Lori and E-Man's sweaty Friday-night house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322). $10.

Centro-Fly
Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. Saturdays: Energetic house and big beat with "Plant"; in the Pinky Room, Chez Music honcho Neil Aline hosts "We and the Music." 7/12: Donald Glaude; D.J. Disciple; "Neo-Subversive" presents BMG of Ectomorph; Hungry Wives; Magda; Satronica. 7/13: Anthony Pappa; Steve Porter. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Club Shelter
Thursdays: Muscular, macho house music—one producer in this camp even calls himself "Thick Dick"—from Subliminal Records. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's long-running deep-house party "Shelter." • Club Shelter, 20 W. 39th St. (212-439-4141). $.

Luxx
Fridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: D.J. Larry Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K and D.J. Gomi. Sundays: More Larry Tee with "NYFC." Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: D.J. Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." • 256 Grand St., Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

★ "PS1 Warm-Up Series"
7/13: Doc Martin; Daniel Wang and Brennan Green. • 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th St., Long Island City (718-784-2084). Free.

The Roxy
Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s, including Razor of Razor and Guido. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Spa
Wednesdays: Rock and roll and electro spun by D.J.'s like Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: A-listers and fashionistas take over with "Ultra," featuring hip-hop, house, and rock and roll spun by D.J.'s Mark Ronson, Lady Bunny, Cameron Douglas. Saturdays: Overdressed Euros line up for "Jet Set" with D.J. Eric LaPeau. • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Performance

Fuzz and Buzz

It's easy to hate **The Walkmen** (pictured) for their résumé (several members come from the truly dislikable, over-hyped early-nineties alt-rock act Jonathan Fire Eater), the next-big-thing media coverage they receive (yes, we share the blame), or their manicured good looks (think the Strokes sans the premeditated shagginess). But the Walkmen make inspiring, spacious rock in the vein of U2 and Echo and the Bunnymen, and a handful of their songs (like "Wake Up" and "We've Been Had") are so sweepingly beautiful that they should muffle even the most cynical listeners. Decide whether or not they deserve your devotion when the band plays Brownies July 11 and 12. (See "Small Stages.")

Jazz

Birdland
7/10: Gary Morgan's "Panamericana" Big Band. 7/11–7/13: Paul Motian & the Electric Bebop Band. 7/17: Barbara Carroll. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
Through 7/14: "Tribute to Milton Nascimento." 7/15: Charles Owens. 7/16–7/21: Take 6. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cafe St. Barts
Tuesdays through Fridays from 7 to 10, through 7/31: "Jazz on the Terrace." 7/10: Steve Elmer Quartet. 7/11: The John Malino Band. 7/12: Grupo Caliente. 7/17: Steve Elmer Quartet. • Cafe St. Barts, 109 E. 50th St. (212-888-2664).

Iridium
Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Through 7/14: George Coleman Quartet. 7/16–7/21: Yosuke Yamashita trio. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

Jazz Standard
Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. Through 7/14: Hilton Ruiz. 7/16–7/18: Lucky Peterson. • 116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).

Red Blazer
Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz Band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. • 32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Smoke
In July: Sundays: Chris Washburne and the Syotos. Tuesdays: "Hanmond B3 Organ Grooves." Wednesdays: Hot Pants Funk Sextet. Thursdays: Jim Rotondi and David Hazeltine's Electric Band. • 2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).

Tonic
Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 7/10: Erik Friedlander's Broken Shadows. 7/11: Steve Coleman. 7/12: Um with Hal Crook, John Medeski, Rick Peckham, Dave Zinno, and Bob Gullotti. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503).

Village Vanguard
Mondays in July: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 7/14: Buster Williams Quartet. 7/16–7/21: Mulgrew Miller Trio. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway
Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/11–7/14: Wanda Sykes. • 1626 Broadway, nr. 49th St. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.

"Chicago City Limits' Directors Cut"
The comedy troupe opens its twenty-ninth revue. Performances Thursday at 8, Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10:30. • Chicago City Limits Improvisational Theater, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (212-888-5233). $20.

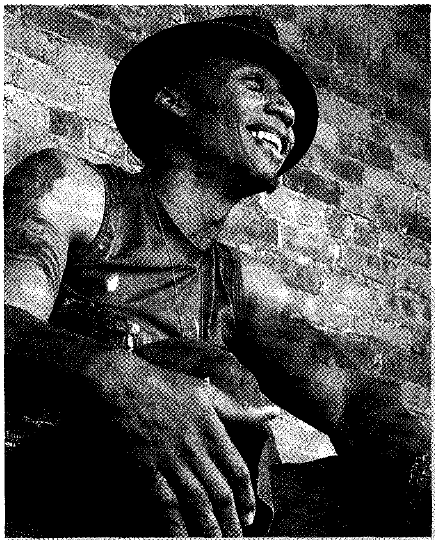
Comedy Cellar
Through 7/14: Colin Quinn; Greg Giraldo; Nick DiPaolo; Godfrey; Jim Norton. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Dangerfield's
Through 7/14: Russ Meneve; Carrie Karavas; Justin McKinney; Billy Burr; Hood; Nancy Redman. Shows at 8:30 and 10:30. • 1118 First Ave., nr. 61st St. (212-593-1650).

Cabaret

Don't Tell Mama
In July: Thursdays at 6: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays at 8:30: Ron Poole's "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

Judy's
7/12: Tony Fusco. 7/13 and 7/14: Thom Warren. 7/15: "Leer Mondays." 7/17: Chris Barrett and Joe Utterback in "Barrett Sings and Utterback Swings." • 169 Eighth Ave., nr. 18th St. (212-929-5410).



Performance

Soul in Control

By now, we're all too familiar with neo-soul's rules of the game: sparse, barely-there production, by-the-numbers Afrocentrism, and—God help us—endless resurrections of Stevie Wonder's more unfortunate moments. But **Raphael Saadiq** (pictured) has injected some much-needed freakiness as well as a multi-instrumental production sensibility into the genre with his recently released CD, *Instant Vintage*, an ahead-of-its-time future classic. (He's been ahead of the trends before: He fronted the early-nineties group Tony Toni Toné.) Best of all, when Saadiq plays Central Park SummerStage on July 13, he'll have R&B adventurers Res and Joi along with him. (See "Small Stages.")

Find a bar or club. Search our listings of more than 500 bars by type and location.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, JOSH ROTHSTEIN; JON RICARD.

cue

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

Studio 360: "Flaws"
Director Todd Solondz joins host Kurt Andersen to examine the flawed characters of his films and the way other artists use imperfection to their advantage. • 7/13 at 10 A.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM; 7/14 at 7 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

"Live From Tanglewood"
During the last summer of Seiji Ozawa's tenure as director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood, Ozawa-led performances are broadcast live for an afternoon. • 7/14, 2:30 to 4:30 P.M. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Thomas Keneally
The author talks to the eponymous host of "The Lewis Burke Frumkes Show" about his latest book, *American Scoundrel*. • 7/14 at 8 P.M. WPAT, 930 AM.

Lectures and Panels

"Slavery in the 21st Century"
Maria Sliwa, an activist with the American Anti-Slavery Group, draws attention to the millions of people enslaved today around the world. • 7/11 at 7:30 P.M. Makor, 35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $12, $15 at the door.

"Line vs. Color"
Jennifer Tonkovich, the library's associate curator of drawings and prints, gives a gallery talk on the drawings of Ingres and Delacroix. • 7/12 at 6 P.M. Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008, ext. 539); free with $8 admission.

"Ta'ziyeh: Performing Iran's Living Epic Tradition"
In conjunction with the Lincoln Center Festival, a day-long symposium explores the traditions and transformations of Islam's only form of musical drama. • 7/13, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Asia Society and Museum, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-327-9276); $15.

Anne Matthews
The author of *Wild Nights: Nature Returns to the City* talks about signs of nature's stubborn reaction against our efforts to expel it from our cities. • 7/14 at 3 P.M. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 77th St. (212-769-5200); $30.

Curating New Media
Curators Anne Barlow, Anne Ellegood, Anthony Huberman, and Michelle Thursz show some of their work and discuss the joys and challenges of displaying and distributing new-media art. • 7/16 at 7 P.M. Engine 27, 173 Franklin St. (212-219-9401, ext. 106); free.

The Written Word

"Russian-American Poetry"
Andrey Gritsman curates an evening of immigrant verse read by Julia Kunina, Eugene Ostashewsky, Igor Satanovsky, Matvey Yankelevich, and NY1 sports reporter Budd Mishkin. • 7/10 at 6 P.M. Cornelia St. Café, 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319); $6, one-drink minimum.

Eric Kraft and John Griesemer
Kraft, the author of *Leaving Small's Hotel*, reads from his whimsical new book, *Inflating a Dog*, alone on Wednesday and with Griesemer—the author of *No One Thinks of Greenland*—on Sunday. • 7/10 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free; with Griesemer: 7/14 at 7 P.M. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-505-3360); free.

Eve Ensler
The *Vagina Monologues* creator reads from her new play, *The Good Body*, about liposuction, breast implants, and other sick cultural fixations. • 7/11 at 6 P.M. Cornelia St. Café, 29 Cornelia St. (212-989-9319); $6, one-drink minimum.

Jennifer Belle
The author of *Going Down* and, more recently, the real-estate novel *High Maintenance*, reads from the latter as it comes out in paperback. • 7/11 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Adam Haslett, Haven Kimmel, Melissa Pritchard
Haslett reads from his first short-story collection, *You Are Not a Stranger Here* (see box), Kimmel from her first novel, *The Solace of Leaving Early*, and Pritchard from her new collection of linked stories, *Disappearing Ingenue: The Misadventures of Eleanor Stoddard*. • 7/11 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Trisha R. Thomas
The author of *Nappily Ever After* reads from her new novel, *Roadrunner*. • 7/12 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 290 Baychester Ave., the Bronx (718-862-3945); free.

Gotham Chopra
The second-generation guru reads from *Familiar Strangers: Uncommon Wisdom in Unlikely Places*, his amalgam of spiritual writings and war correspondence. • 7/15 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-1322); free.

Lillian Ross
The eternal *New Yorker* writer talks about her latest collection, *Reporting Back: Notes on Journalism*. • 7/16 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Stephen L. Carter
The widely read nonfiction author, also a Yale law professor, reads from his highly acclaimed first novel, *The Emperor of Ocean Park*. • 7/16 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Jonathan Ames
The comic author of *What's Not to Love* reads from his new collection, *My Less Than Secret Life*. • 7/16 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

Touré
The *Rolling Stone* journalist reads from *The Portable Promised Land*. • 7/16 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., at 6th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (212-832-9066); free.

Special Events

Tours

Historic Harlem
The haunts of Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes, along with Striver's Row and the Abyssinian Baptist Church, are stops on a comprehensive neighborhood tour. • 7/12 at 1 P.M. Meet in front of the Schomburg Center, Lenox Ave. and 135th St. (212-439-1090); $12.

Marlon Brando Tour
The places where the icon lived, performed, studied, and worked as an elevator operator are part of an extensive afternoon survey. • 7/13 at 4 P.M. Meet at 155 W. 58th St. (212-475-6914); $20.

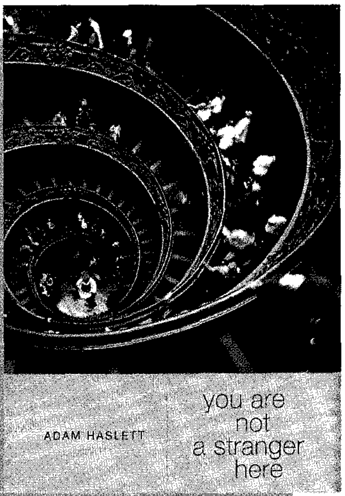
Upper West Side
It may not be Greenwich Village, but Central Park's left bank has its own legacy, as illustrated by visits to Lincoln Center, the Dakota, and the New-York Historical Society, among other cultural touchstones. • 7/13 at 5 P.M. Meet at the northeast corner of Columbus Circle, at the USS *Maine* memorial (212-439-1090); $12.

Bastille Day Tour
The day before the holiday, visit the posh site of the French embassy's Cultural Services office, the French Institute, and other Francophile settings. (See box.) • 7/13 at 10 A.M. Call 212-265-2663 for reservations, meeting place; $5.

The Nostalgia Train to Coney Island
Travel to the shore on a genuine twenties D-Type Triplex, a vintage subway train departing from 59th Street. Then enjoy a two-hour layover at vintage (but not as well-tended) Coney Island before rattling back. • 7/14 at 10 A.M. Departs from Columbus Circle station, Broad-

In Print

Sob Stories



The characters populating **Adam Haslett**'s melancholy story collection, *You Are Not a Stranger Here* (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday, $21.95), can be variously described as co-dependent, bipolar, schizophrenic, and just plain clinically depressed. Not that Haslett would use those terms. "In this country, there's this sense of compulsory happiness," he says. "Unhappiness is labeled as some sort of mental illness. I like to write about people in states of psychic extremis. If they were not diagnosed, it would seem simply melodramatic." Haslett, 31, is coy about his personal acquaintance with such illnesses ("None of the stories are literally autobiographical—there's an emotional autobiographical element"), and both his demeanor and his résumé belie the sad tales he tells. Having graduated from Swarthmore, Haslett, admitted to Yale Law School, had to defer his legal studies for three years to polish his fiction at Provincetown and the Iowa Writers Workshop, where he earned an M.F.A. Back at Yale, he'd barely finished a year when Doubleday's Nan Talese, impressed by a story in Francis Ford Coppola's fiction magazine, *Zoetrope: All Story*, signed him up. Haslett, who should finally earn his J.D. next year, insists he'll nourish "my analytic side and my expressive side" in equal measure by writing a novel and working in criminal law. As his title might suggest, Haslett says his fiction is more extroverted than it may seem. "I don't think stories that take you into a dark place are depressing or negative," he says. "To me, the result is a form of acknowledgment, which is what the reading process is about—not feeling alone." Haslett meets his readers July 11 at Barnes & Noble Astor Place. (See "The Written Word.") BORIS KACHKA

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

STRICTLY PERSONALS

Where do [illegible] [illegible] and fun people meet? [illegible] of course! We have been making [illegible] for over [illegible] What are you waiting for? [illegible] (212) 463-0024 and [illegible] on [illegible]

Happening

Sweet Land of *Liberté*

What with Jerry Lewis's recent hospital stay and the National Front's advancing past the first round—unlike the national soccer team—it hasn't been a banner year for the French. Nevertheless, for **Bastille Day**, New York's Francophiles are prepared to party like it's 1998 (when France took the World Cup). Shirt seller Anne Fontaine will offer pastries, wine, and musical accompaniment during a patriotic July 10 sale in the Gallic stomping grounds of Soho, but the weekend belongs to the Upper East Side, beginning with a July 13 tour of the French embassy's posh Cultural Services building (at 972 Fifth Avenue) and its Francophile environs. The seventh annual Bastille Day Festival on July 14 commandeers 60th Street from Lexington to Fifth Avenues. The easternmost block offers local restaurants' *cuisine française*, the middle one a cacophony of French and West African song and dance, and the third a variety of kids' activities capped off by that strange highlight, the French-waiters' race (pictured). (See "Special Events.")

way at 59th St. (718-694-5139 for required reservations); $30, $10 children, under 3 free.

Benefit

September Concert Fund-raiser
The September Concert Foundation, which will establish an annual citywide music festival to remember September 11, hosts an evening of music and cocktails to raise funds. • 7/9 at 7 P.M. Sundaram Tagore gallery, 137 Greene St. (212-677-4530); free, donations encouraged.

Exhibits

"Elevated City"
Subtitled "A History of Els in New York," the exhibit culls historical photos, magazine covers, train models, postcards, and artifacts depicting the once-ubiquitous rail lines now found mostly in the outer boroughs. • Through 9/29. New York Transit Museum Gallery Annex, Grand Central Terminal, Park Ave. at 42nd St. (212-878-0106); free.

"My Brooklyn"
The fruits of the Brooklyn Public Library's photography and essay contest—which solicited evocations of Brooklyn's neighborhoods, lives, and experiences—are displayed at its flagship branch. • 7/9 through 8/18. Grand Lobby, Brooklyn Public Library, Grand Army Plaza, Brooklyn (718-230-2100); free.

"We Interrupt This Workday . . . "
For those who can sneak off from nearby offices on their lunch hour, the museum opens its air-conditioned screening room Wednesdays for classic television shows. First off: a sampling of *The Jon Stewart Show*, which paved the way for the comic's career high point, *The Daily Show*. • 7/10 at 12:45 P.M. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $6 admission.

Other Events

SummerNights Debut at the Jewish Museum
The summertime series of music and TV screenings kicks off its fifth season with jazz from the Andrew Wolper Quartet and clips depicting New York people and culture, followed by a panel discussion. • 7/11, 5 to 9 P.M., screening at 7 P.M. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); pay what you wish.

Festival of Mongolia
Among the activities displaying Mongolian culture are music on the horse-head fiddle and harplike *yatga*, a Mongolian wrestling tournament, snow-leopard face painting, and actual snow leopards, too. • 7/13, 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Central Park Zoo, near Fifth Ave. and 64th St. (212-861-6030); $3.50 zoo admission.

Bastille Day Festival
The event promises the famous waiters' race and children's games from Fifth to Madison, traditional French and West African song and dance eastward toward Park Avenue, and food from top restaurants between Park and Lexington. (See box.) • 7/14, noon to 6 P.M., 60th St. bet. Fifth and Lexington Aves. (212-355-6100); free.

Sports

World Team Tennis Tournament
Freed from *The Chair* and having already bared it all in his memoir, John McEnroe brings his game to the New York Hamptons, a professional team that includes his brother Patrick and other obscure or aging players. July 11 marks the first home game against the Delaware Smash, July 13 is Kids' Day with free clinics, the 24th benefits the South Fork National History Society, and the 27th may bring the Bobby Riggs Slayer herself. The two Macs begin their quest for doubles supremacy on July 20. "We still think we can play a little bit," says John. • 7/11 to 7/27. Amagansett EastSide, 320 Abraham's Pass, Amagansett (631-267-1039); $20 to $55.

Macy's Fishing Contest
Children 15 and under get a free catch-and-release fishing clinic and the chance to win their own rods and tackle boxes in this six-day Prospect Lake contest. The grand prize for the biggest haul is a half-day fishing trip off Sheepshead Bay. Corn kernels serve as bait, and most of the lake life will be bass and catfish. • 7/12 to 7/13 and 7/16 to 7/20, 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Parkside Ave. at Ocean Ave., Prospect Park, Brooklyn (718-965-6975); free.

Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge
Don your hat and your divot-stomping shoes for this high-goal tournament at the Bridgehampton Polo Club. The six-week showdown features some of the world's best goalies, "the Michael Jordans of polo." There's a strict policy against bringing your own booze on the grounds (you can buy theirs), but we hear everyone gets good and soused in the parking lot. • 7/13 to 8/17, Saturdays at 4 P.M. Two Trees Farm, Hayground Road, Bridgehampton (212-421-1367); $20 per car.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Events

For Children

In the Beginning Was the Book
Classic kids' books have long been a source of inspiration for all other forms of entertainment. Now the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts opens "Children's Books in Performance," a multimedia exhibit and film series that shows how books make the world go 'round. • Through 10/31; New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center (212-870-1630 or www.nypl.org); free.

Rich Boy, Poor Boy
Set in medieval London, this musical version of *The Prince and the Pauper* tells the story of look-alikes who change places in an effort to alter their destiny. From Leftfield Productions. • Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200); $40-$55.

Tied Up in Knots
Move those tabletop plants to some place more interesting. In a walk-in workshop at the Staten Island Children's Museum, kids will create rope hangers for their favorite greenery. • 7/11 from 1:30 to 4:30 P.M.; Staten Island Children's Museum, Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terr. (718-273-2060); $5, grandparents are free on Wednesdays.

Let's Go Fly a Kite
Design and build your own kite, then launch them from the outdoor field on Staten Island. A program of the National Park Service. Materials provided, reservations suggested. • 7/14 at 1 P.M.; Miller Field Ranger Station, Staten Island (718-351-6970); free.

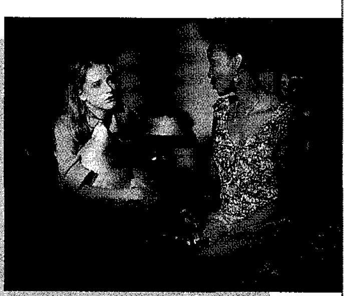
Would You Eat Them in a Box?
Mostly Mozart Festival 2002 presents *Green Eggs and Hamadeus*, a special family event that adapts the Dr. Seuss classic to music, opera, comedy, and audience participation. Composer Robert Kapilow will also conduct an interactive, kid-friendly exploration of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*. • 8/24 at 2 and 4 P.M.; Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500 or www.lincolncenter.org); $30.

Candy Land
A young boy, a piece of chocolate, a golden ticket, and a wacky entrepreneur make for a delicious tale, *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory*. • Through 7/20 at 1 P.M.; Airport Playhouse, 218 Knickerbocker Ave., Bohemia, Long Island (631-589-7588); $7.

The Art Start
The Brooklyn Museum of Art's Studio Program offers an eight-session, in-depth instruction on both viewing and creating art. Kids explore the collection, then create their own works as inspired by the exhibits. Media include painting, drawing, printing, and sculpture, as well as mixed media. Classes are divided by age and accommodate kids 6 to 17. Registration must be in person. • Classes begin 7/10 and are two hours long; Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000); $135.

On Film

Family Ways



In the new Disney flick *Lilo & Stitch*, the lovably squeezable hula girl Lilo grabs hold of the concept of *ohana*—"family, which means no one gets left behind or forgotten." A righteous objective. Yet some parents with blended families, and their kids, know well the feeling of exclusion that comes from seeing films in which non-biological relationships are rife with stereotypes. But a bunch of this summer's G- and PG-rated films include adoption and foster-care themes, and three stand out as particularly sensitive. "Basketball was just a setting," says John Schultz, director of the newly opened **Like Mike**. "Adoption was the main thing." Calvin, a diminutive 13-year-old orphan played by Lil' Bow Wow (pictured, left), achieves fame and fortune when his hoop skills are found to rival those in the NBA. However, he slam-dunks the glamour when he realizes what he really wants is a family, which comes about in the form of a single guy who has his own epiphany. In **Little Secrets**, opening August 23, Emily (portrayed by Evan Rachel Wood, pictured above with Vivica A. Fox) is a teenage confessor who is good at keeping everyone else's secrets yet harbors one of her own. Her open-minded parents lovingly encourage her to talk, but it's Emily who must figure out that being adopted is nothing to be embarrassed about. During a recent showing of **Lilo & Stitch**, some kids teared up when the family was threatened with being pulled apart, but in the end, the film shows that love and caring are more important than a clean house. "If Hollywood is moving forward in dealing with adoption themes, it's because of the work of the past decade," says Kathryn Creedy, an executive at Celebrate Adoption, a grass-roots lobbying group that works to expose stereotypes and change attitudes in Tinseltown. "With a third of the country having adoption within their own families, it behooves Hollywood to go beyond superficial treatment." S.A.

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, SAMUEL GOLDWYN FILMS; SIDNEY BALDWIN.

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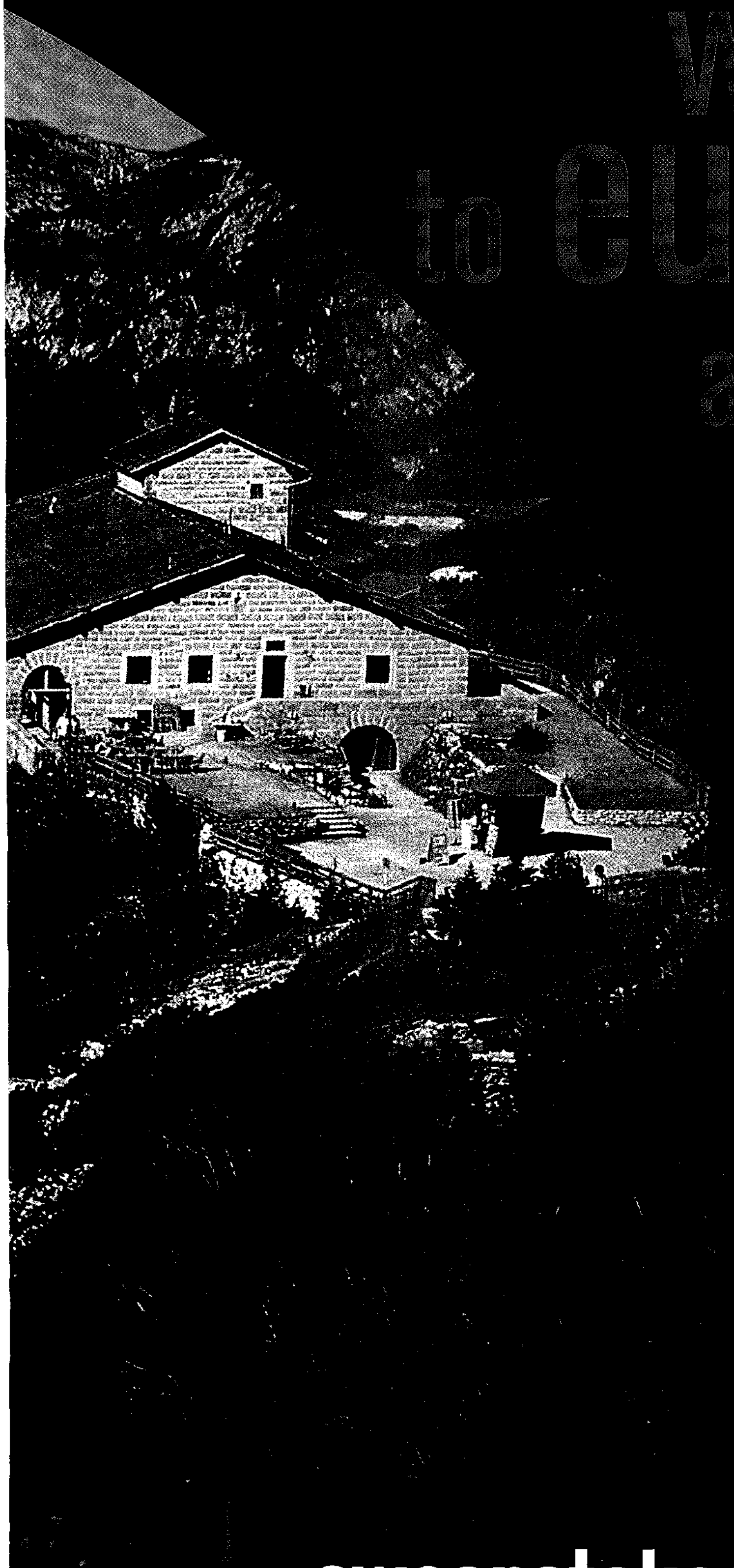

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THERNSTROM *Continued from page 25*

of last resort (their boards are often dominated by people who work directly for credit-card companies). Although BuCCS is one of the better agencies, A.J. wasn't able to adhere to the plan it created for her because the psychological problems that got her into debt had not been addressed.

"Like personal bankruptcy, debt-consolidation agencies are Band-Aid solutions to addiction," Ron says. "They call themselves counseling bureaus, but they don't really offer any. People immediately get new cards, and a year or two later, they're in more debt than ever."

THE NEXT TIME A.J. COMES IN, SHE'S BEEN promoted to the position of "breakdown writer" (someone who generates plots rather than dialogue) with a raise in salary—a turn of fortune Ron sees as "potentially dangerous for someone trying to stabilize on a plan." A boost in salary can temporarily hide a spending disorder and thus actually feed it.

Indeed, backsliding is in evidence today. A.J. has celebrated the news in her usual fashion, and plops down in front of her several big bags of celebration. When she holds up a silver-tipped chocolate *faux*-fur coat from Benetton, I exclaim, "Oh, that's a deal!" and Ron glares at me. One of the spending-plan rules is never to buy on sale. "If it's on sale, you tell them you want to pay full price. You are through buying things to 'save' money," he says. (I know sales create a unique mind-set. My friend Amanda and I have a system we call Princess Math, based on the principle that a penny saved is a penny earned. We calculate our sale "earnings" and leverage them into more sale clothes!)

A.J. says that while she was shopping, she reassured herself that Ron would take away her privileges during the next session, which, of course, made her want to buy everything she wanted now (if you can't follow the plan in a given category, the category is eliminated for a few months).

But Ron declines to rescind her privileges. "In your case, it would only trigger a major binge," he says.

BEHIND THE EXPENSES PEOPLE OWN UP TO are always the expenses they don't own up to. On her sixth session, A.J. reveals a small detail: She has to pay for her upcoming wedding. Weddings can drive any bride crazy, but for a compulsive spender, they're like New Year's Eve for an alcoholic. When Ron takes out his calculator and she gives the estimates, the 100-person event comes to $33,500—"at least" ($5,000 for rental of Landmark on the Park, an event space on Central Park West, $10,000 for the caterer, $4,000 for flowers, $5,000 for the band, $3,000 to $5,000 for the photographer, $1,000 for a Vera Wang sample-sale bridal dress, $1,000 for hair and makeup, $2,500 for liquor). Eleven thousand dollars has already been put down in deposits, which leaves $22,500 to pay and only three months in which to save it. Her parents will contribute, and she hopes her fiancé will, too.

"But he can't even live on what he earns," Ron snorts.

"But he could if he spent it more carefully," A.J. says.

"What makes you think he's going to change?"

A silence falls on the room. A further silence ensues when Ron presses the issue of what will happen when she doesn't have money in her account to pay on the wedding day. She says she asked her guests to give cash in lieu of presents. But, Ron points out, if every couple gives $150, the total would still come to only $7,500. "You want to come home from Venezuela to a slew of angry calls from vendors?"

The crossroads is suddenly clear. Would she rather be the Princess Bride of the hour, surrounded by illusions of riches, or take the first step toward forging a new, solvent family?

"You want your checks to bounce?" Ron juts his head forward, his dramatic, inflected voice fills the room. "Blecch!" he says. "Blecch!"

A.J. flinches. It's clear he's lost her, as she tears up. "I just want to be a beautiful bride," she says.

YET THE CONVERSATION HAUNTS HER. ONCE the financial details of her wedding have been brought to consciousness, they feel like an elephant trampling her dreams. "Every element of fun and joy has been turned into dollars and cents in my head," she says.

A few weeks later, A.J. is given notice at her job. Though she knows it's a fickle business, she's still crushed. "I feel so defrocked," she says. She has $1,500 in the bank and all the old debt. She cancels her sessions with Ron and her plans to go into psychotherapy on the grounds that she can no longer afford them. She goes to the 50 percent discount rack at the drugstore to buy cheap shampoo. But she decides to go ahead with the $30,000 wedding. When the turnstile at the subway one day rejects her MetroCard, she has a flashback: Has Discover somehow found her again? Then she realizes the card is simply bent.

Her birthday fell in her final week of work. As an adopted child, she has always felt sensitive about it because she pictures her birth as an unhappy event. She decided to go with Tony to Da Silvano, the downtown Italian restaurant, and bought a $160 dress at "the crack house across the street," the department store Century 21. She told Tony—whose company is going under—that she would pay for dinner. But as soon as they sat down, she realized she wanted him to pay. Her stomach began to hurt. She doesn't remember the vintage of wine they ordered, only that it cost $89. When the tab came, she felt sick. It was $300: one quarter of her remaining assets. Could she discern a fine bottle of wine in a blind taste test?

She doesn't remember the vintage of wine they ordered, only that it cost $89. **When the tab came, she felt sick.** It was $300: one quarter of her remaining assets.

"It wasn't blind," she says without irony. It had a familiar taste—one that satisfied an old craving. It tasted expensive.

"SHE HASN'T REACHED BOTTOM," RON COMments philosophically. "When she's bottomed out, getting better—not having a fancy wedding or buying a new outfit—will be her top priority. But these kind of deep problems don't develop overnight, and they don't disappear in a matter of months! Some people get better before they get worse; some bump along the bottom for a long time."

He says he hopes he'll hear from A.J. again. "I think she'll get better. I certainly hope so. But," he adds, the customary certainty of his tone receding slightly, "the truth is, in any kind of addiction counseling, we never know who is going to get better—if I were to say at the beginning of this process, I'd be wrong as often as I'd be right." ■

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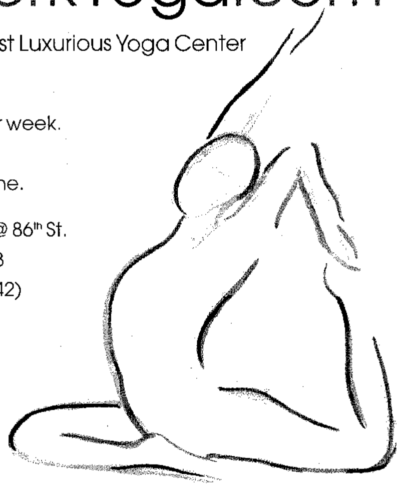

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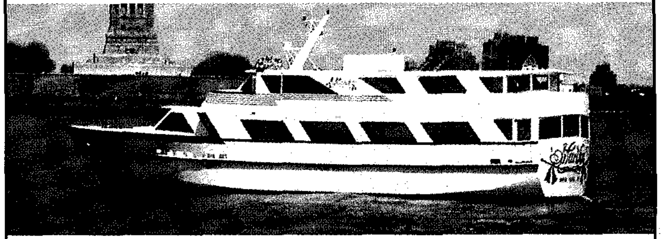

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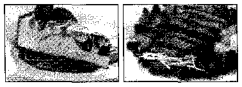

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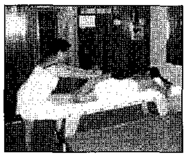

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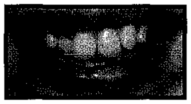

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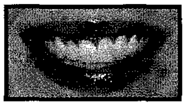

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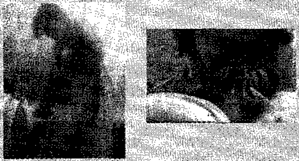

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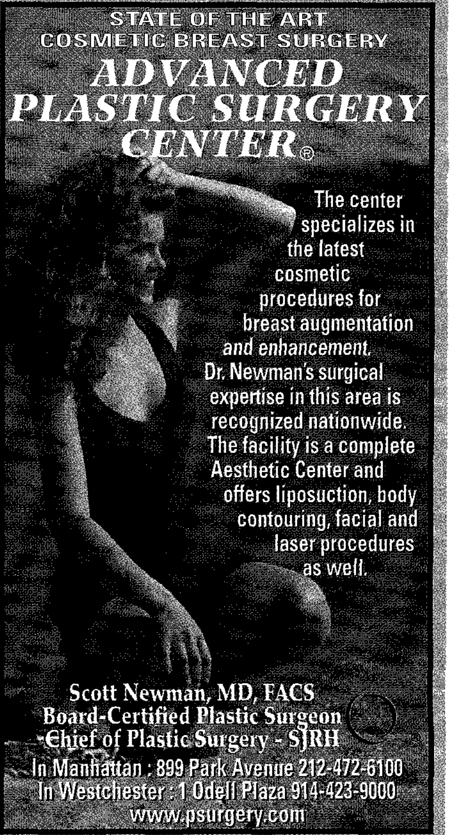

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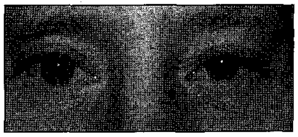

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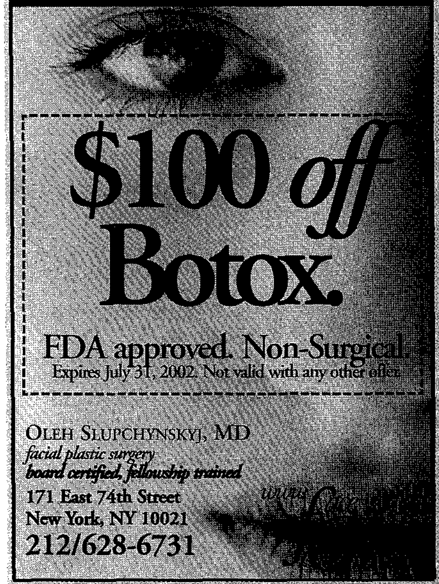

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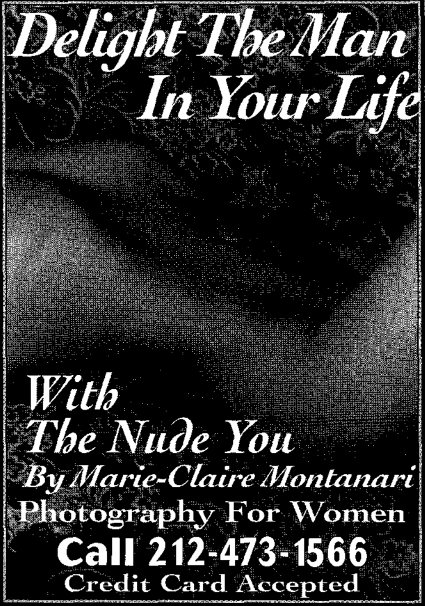

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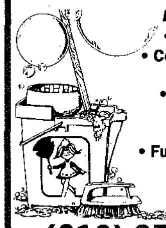

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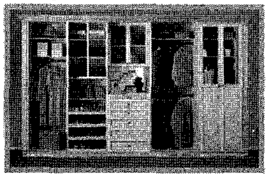

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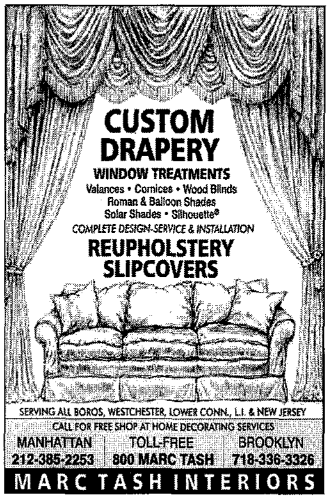

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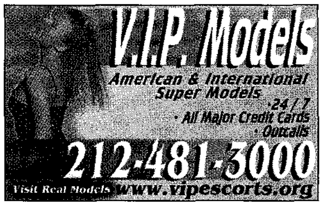
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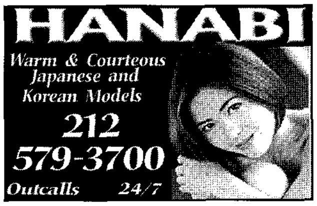
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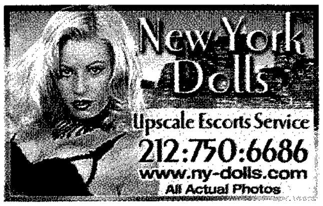
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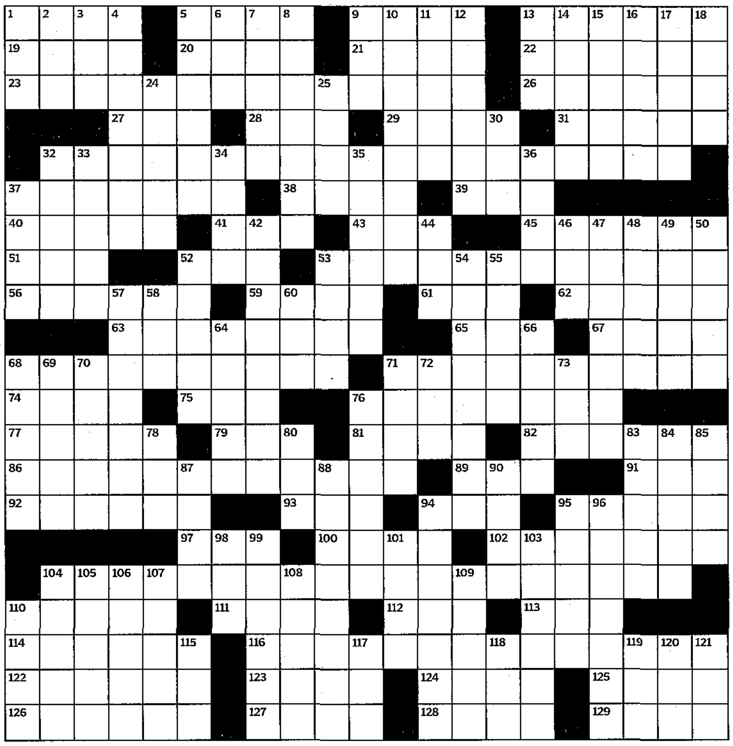
'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



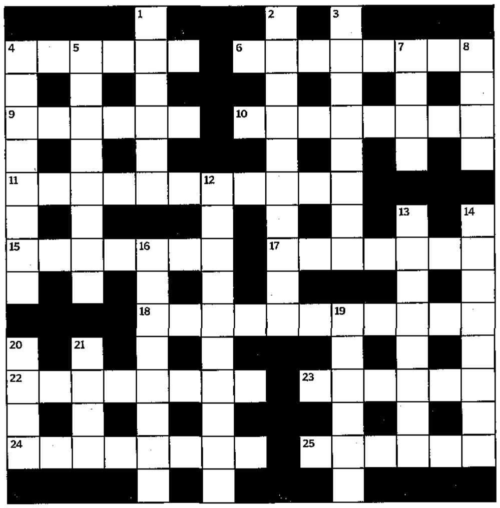
ACROSS

1 U.S. territory in the Pacific
5 Eldest of the Baldwin brothers
9 Capital on a fjord
13 Young pigeons
19 Time —— half
20 Effect a makeover
21 Hot-day utterance
22 Starting point
23 How is liquor made?
26 Muss, as hair
27 Between chicken and king
28 Suffix for nectar or tambour
29 Stiffly proper
31 Trick's alternate
32 What do former enemies abide by?
37 Layouts
38 "Now it's clear to me"
39 Actress Scala
40 Diva's repertoire
41 Aries-Taurus mo.
43 This is dynamite
45 Cleanser brand
51 Employ
52 Cold-day utterance
53 Why was an auto mechanic fired?
56 Horse of the Year, 1955
59 Word on the 0 phone button
61 Australia's national bird
62 Submarine detector
63 Devices for setting off explosives
65 Ugandan first name
67 One of Old King Cole's requests
68 What is a pickpocket's talent?
71 What is the answer to the common cold?
74 Seed encasement
75 Where Okeechobee is: abbr.
76 Kind of cooker
77 Fanatical fad
79 Lts.' training center
81 Turkish liqueur
82 Not wholesale
86 Why can't a bicycle stand on its own?
89 Kin of a sonnet
91 Org. opposing the Brady bill
92 Snapple competitor
93 Vim
94 Scottish single
95 Witches' group
97 Classic Capek play
100 Sonny Corleone portrayer
102 Sounding raucously
104 What is a typical Mexican weather report?
110 Neighbor of Curaçao
111 Rank above viscount
112 From —— Z
113 Hanoi holiday
114 Ex-senator Alfonse
116 What do snowbound ladies want?
122 Missouri mountains
123 —— out a living (squeezed by)
124 Yalies
125 October birthstone
126 Feels intuitively
127 The scarlet letter
128 Flat fee
129 —— a one (none)

DOWN

1 Slang for a leg
2 "The Faerie Queene" heroine
3 Commercials
4 Gandhi's title
5 Out-and-out
6 Name of thirteen popes
7 "Frasier" dog
8 The "C" in N.S.C.
9 Choose
10 Goods sent
11 Arrowsmith's wife
12 Possessing
13 Tippler
14 Cite verbatim
15 Driver's about-face
16 Opposite of liability
17 Lugosi, and others
18 Proofreader's "leave it in"
24 Entreaties
25 Corp. VIPs
30 1501, to Caesar
32 Backs, in anatomy
33 Great Lakes Indians
34 Pre-Soviet ruler
35 Taxis' tickers
36 Hari of spydom
37 Debussy's "Afternoon of a ——"
42 Lengthen the time of
44 Pedicure site
46 Extinct: abbr.
47 Seer
48 Country singer Frickie
49 Giraffe's kin
50 Basque hat
52 Resort near Lake Louise
53 Thyme, e.g.
54 Something left out
55 Large African antelopes
57 Gangland roster of potential victims
58 Hugh, Italian style
60 Type of jacket
64 Home in an ice neighborhood
66 Toughen to hardships
68 Waif
69 Infuriated
70 The end
71 Successful sr.
72 Shrieking sound
73 Rap's Dr. ——
76 Ante up
78 Didn't go hungry
80 Draw on a straw
83 Blacksmith's block
84 Vernon Castle's dancing partner
85 Fritz or k.d.
87 World —— (1914 conflict)
88 Summoned back for repairs
90 Financial obligation
94 One more of the same
95 Bumpy beast
96 Pompous speech
98 Salt Lake City collegian
99 Itinerant one
101 Solvers' exclamations
103 What's most current, with "the"
104 Same as 77-Across
105 "To err is ——"
106 Certain construction beams
107 Potato pancake
108 Duckling's dad
109 Peter O'——
110 Trifling tumults
115 Wild Bill Donovan's org.
117 Author LeShan
118 Wine, chez Maxim
119 Therapeutic spring
120 It paves the way
121 Foxy

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Gordius



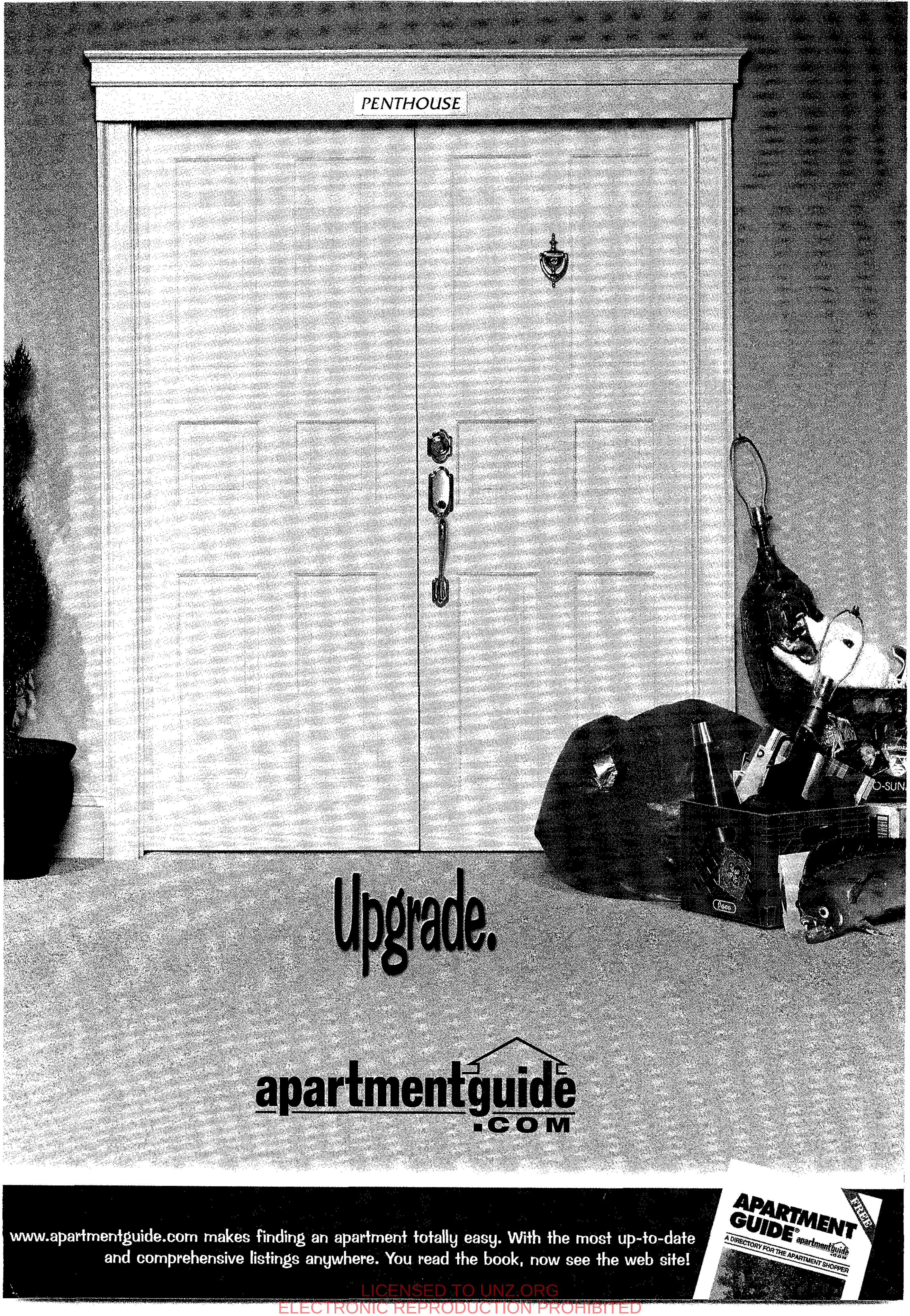
ACROSS

4 Diner consumes Sunday feast. (6)
6 Excess of dubious help to artist. (8)
9 Party minister backed in speech. (6)
10 Old resistance fighter given prize by governor. (8)
11 Bar terms. (5,6)
15 Model left part-time involvement with church dignitary. (7)
17 Some baby, small enough to be bottomless. (7)
18 *Titanic* orchestra playing to order? (7,4)
22 Sea captain—not half a terrible wretch. (8)
23 Get away—piss off, in common parlance. (6)
24 Little by little, a man takes over—he's over there. (8)
25 Inferior competitor follows Cambridge lead—but not so far behind. (6)

DOWN

1 Lament rise of fear in the party. (6)
2 Whereof George is 15. (3,7)
3 They lean precariously in Somerset. (8)
4 Covering letter? (8)
5 Logis are inappropriate accommodation for concubines. (8)
7 Type of ring to give a friend? (4)
8 Like have a degree in sums. (4)
12 A mean fellow is not unusual. (7,3)
13 Stress breaking up ship; mate's lost heart. (8)
14 Lightweight journal? (8)
16 Pioneer of the web site? (8)
19 Donkey and another old one. (6)
20 Father participates in Hebrew Sabbath observance. (4)
21 Trick of speaking at length. (4)

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 50.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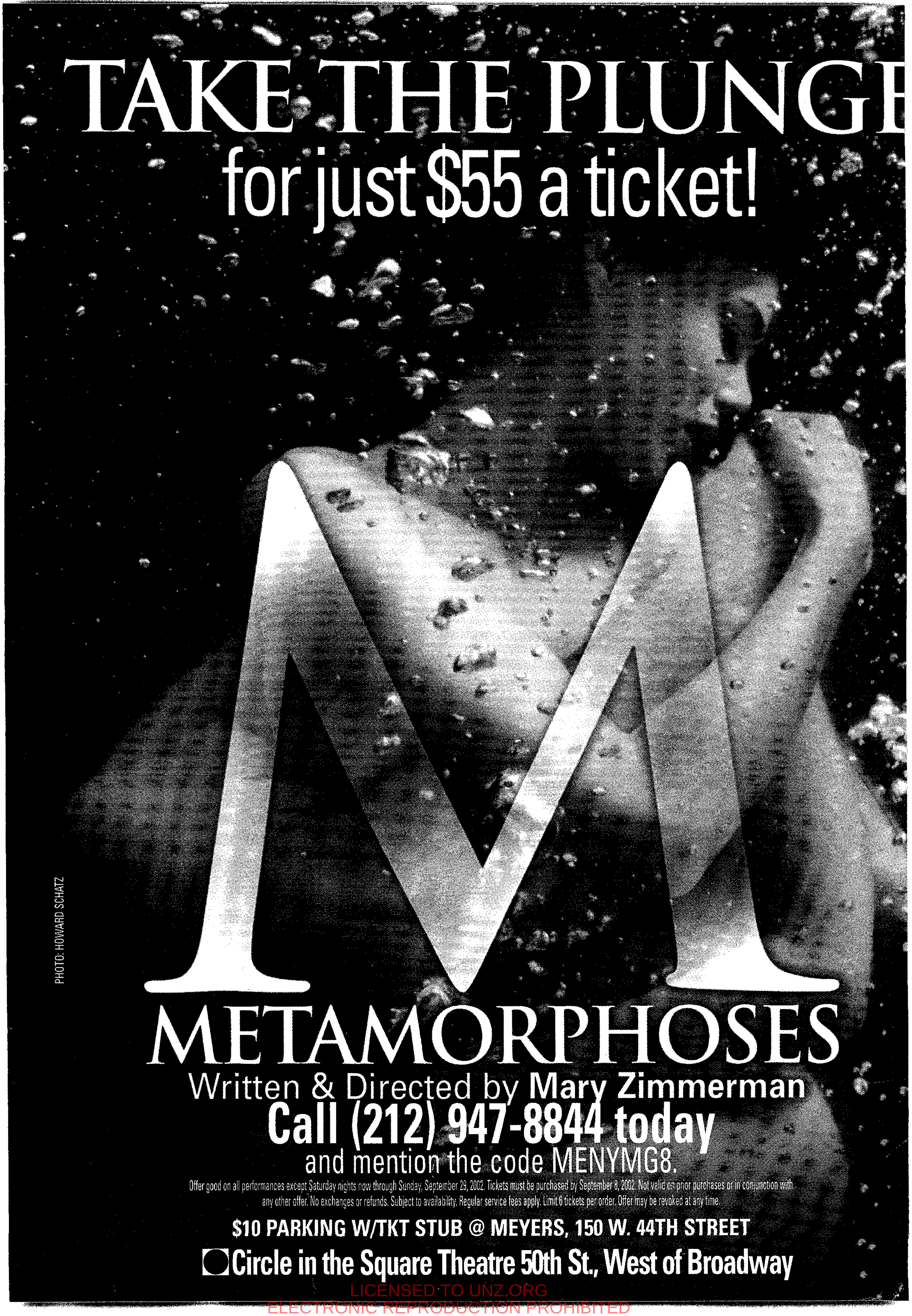

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